

Broadhurst of Ashby de la Zouch



Arthur G Broadhurst

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Written and Published in 2007 by Arthur G Broadhurst, 173 Eric Drive, Palm Coast, Florida 32164

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Introduction

Broadhurst is an old English name. We have traced its origins back to its earliest appearances in England in the medieval period. We begin the story of *Broadhurst of Ashby de la Zouch* with a look into the origins of the name. The surname *Broadhurst* appears in several different places in England. We do not know if all those with the surname *Broadhurst* originated in one place or are descended from an Adam Broadhurst, but we doubt it. It is both reasonable and likely to suppose that the name arose independently in different places, although for those inclined to pursue this issue it is now possible through DNA analysis to settle that question. Our branch of the Broadhurst family had its origins in or around the market town of Ashby de la Zouch in the county (or shire) of Leicestershire, England in the middle of the 17th Century.

While we know the names and relationships of our Broadhurst ancestors back to the middle of the 17th Century, the earliest ancestor in our line about whom we have more than just names, dates and places is my great-grandfather Colour Sergeant **James Broadhurst**, a British soldier who enlisted in the 17th Leicestershire Regiment of Foot, left England for a duty post in Canada, married while he was on station at Camp Hill in Nova Scotia, and eventually left His Majesty's military service to begin life as an immigrant settler in Canada. Anything like a real history of the family begins with him. We have information about his military service, his later occupations and residences, and his children (whose relationship to me is that of "grandfather" and "great" aunts and uncles).

We know a bit about James' father **John Broadhurst** and John's extended family. We have some names, places, relationships and dates of ancestors a few generations earlier than James but as we go back much further in time our facts are less certain and our data is more speculative than proven, and in any event is not really history so much as a list of ancestral names and dates. Where we have more information about our earlier ancestors in Ashby de la Zouch we will lay out that information as best we can, having relied on others to provide much of that information about their part of our extended family.

We pick up the family story with my grandfather **John Thomas Broadhurst**, who married in Halifax, Nova Scotia and with his new wife **Elizabeth Manning**, emigrated to the United States first to Lowell, Massachusetts (where my father was born), and then on to Norwich, Connecticut where he became a naturalized American citizen.

The history continues with my father **Joseph John Channel Broadhurst**, born in Lowell, Massachusetts, who began his career as a reporter and worked his way up to

city editor of the *Norwich Bulletin* before he died suddenly in 1938, when the writer (his first born son) was an infant.

We conclude with an autobiographical history of the early years of the writer, his marriage to **Carol Sue Hamilton**, his children **Sandra Lynn Broadhurst Heen**, **Kimberly Erin Broadhurst Campana**, and **Karin Elizabeth Broadhurst**. My children have their children, and so on. This is a story that never ends as each generation lives its life and has its own children and its own story to tell.

I started to gather information about family origins many years ago, long before I had any idea of writing a book, beginning very simply with what I knew or thought I knew, asking questions, locating records, searching census data, and depending on the vast resources of the internet and hundreds of volunteers to assemble information that could not have been assembled without electronic data bases and the help of many wonderful volunteers.

My initial purpose was simple, to satisfy my curiosity about my family's origins and to determine where my grandparents had come from and whether the stories that had been passed down to me had any basis in fact. Then, since I found the search both rewarding and interesting, it became a hobby, and then a passion to gather together in one place whatever information I could obtain about my family, going back as many generations as I was able -- people, facts, stories, photos -- so my children and grandchildren would know something about their family history even if it does not interest them at the moment, before the history is lost, or people die or we lose contact with them. This story will necessarily be continued by others in the future.

We have relied on many others to help assemble the pieces of data that form this history. It is as accurate and as careful as we can make it, but we cannot guarantee the accuracy of every fact. We invite comments and corrections. We have used clues to draw conclusions and to construct hypotheses and we have pursued various topics and issues as far as the trail would take us. We acknowledge our debt and extend our thanks to those who have helped us along the way, took photos of graves or places, sent us data or anecdotes, argued with our theories, exchanged endless emails, or looked up records for us in the US, the UK or in Canada.

While it may be obvious, I remind the reader that we remember events, places, and people from our pasts differently. We see events from our unique perspectives. What we remember gives us clues both about events and circumstances of the past, but also about family dynamics and interrelationships. I have included letters and memories from and about people and events from many years ago from a number of our relatives who were present at the time events happened and who tell us in their words what they

experienced and felt. I have included my memories and the memories of others. They are included here knowing that they are from the perspective of a particular time, place and circumstance and may not be fully accurate, and in some cases may conflict with each other, but whether or not they are accurate or biased, they are helpful in giving us some sense of our past. Our memories are part of who we are. Like most families we have happy events and unhappy ones, joys and sorrows, good memories and bad, heroes and villains.

I should say a word about some practical matters:

[a] Dates are generally given in this book in the format preferred by family historians so that they are understood correctly by both U.S. and European readers. The date 9/11/07 means September 11 in the U.S. but November 9 in Europe. Most genealogy writers use the date format 9 September 2006 to avoid confusion, and I have chosen to write dates that way except in some circumstances where the context makes the intent clear.

[b] Photos created several problems for me. I had some difficulty trying to identify persons in some photos, but I did the best I could to identify persons from clues in the photo. There is no one alive now who was old enough at the time some of the group photos were taken to remember who was in them, so we acknowledge the possibility of errors. Where we are not certain we have put a question mark after the names. Some included photos are not of high enough quality to reproduce well, but I decided that a slightly fuzzy photo was better than no photo. We believe that photos used are in the public domain. US copyright law is more generous than British law on that issue.

[c] I did not pursue lines once the Broadhurst name disappeared in that line. Female lines are much more difficult to trace than male lines. Some lines were complicated by circumstances of bastardy or adoption where it was not clear whether the line should be continued.

[d] There are differences of spelling that will be obvious in the book, both because earlier generations were much less concerned about spelling than we are today and because there are differences between the British and American English on some spellings and I did not see consistency as a necessary virtue in this book that will be read by both American and British English users..

A data file in the common GED format will be provided to the Leicestershire Family History Society, as well as a hard copy of the book for their library. Those members

of the extended family that would like a copy of that data file can obtain it from the author: Arthur G Broadhurst, 173 Eric Drive, Palm Coast, Florida 32164, USA.

A special thanks to my wife, Sue H Broadhurst, who was tolerant of my long hours at the computer and who encouraged me as I did the work necessary to produce a volume of family history of this scale.

Arthur G Broadhurst

Palm Coast, Florida
September 2007

1: The Origins of the Name

Meaning of the Name *Broadhurst*

BROADHURST is the primary form of an old English surname that has many variants, the most frequent of which are *Broadus* (sometimes spelled with 2 d's) and *Bradhurst*. Some variant forms or spellings appeared suddenly and endured for only a generation or two before they disappeared. Others continue today.

Reaney's *Dictionary of British Surnames*, a history of surnames, contains an entry for *Roger de Brodhurst*, the earliest occurrence of the Broadhurst surname so far identified, found in the *Assize Rolls* [ed. note, tax registers] c.1281 from Lancashire. Reaney defines the meaning of the *Broadhurst* surname as "dweller by the broad wood." *Hurst* comes from Old English, the Anglo-Saxon word *hyrst*, which carries the connotation of "woodland" or "heavily-wooded land." The name *Broadhurst* identifies Roger by his geographic connection, so that with some poetic license we surmise that the name meant something like "Roger who lives in the deep forest." [ed. note, An interesting observation, probably not directly relevant, is that de Brodhurst is the Norman French form of a gentleman's name meaning literally "from Brodhurst."]

Emergence of Surnames

In medieval England a person's name was a single name, the "given" name or "Christian" name (or as Americans prefer, the "first name" or forename), but it is obvious that some way was needed to differentiate individuals with the same given name from each other. Particular individuals were distinguished by linking them with unique characteristics, such as with places they lived [Woodgate], their occupation [Shepherd], where they came from [Breckenridge], or who their parents were (in the form "son of"), so we had "William son of John" (Johnson), or "William the Cooper" (barrel maker), or "William the Smith." Eventually these distinguishing names became fixed as family names or surnames.

Since these naming conventions were fairly common throughout England, we cannot assume a direct or blood connection between all individuals named Smith or Cooper or Westgate. *Broadhurst* is a less common surname -- it may have originated independently in more than one place or it could represent a common ancestor. We do not have enough evidence to determine whether or not all Broadhursts have a common origin, and given the way surnames developed, it is not likely that all Broadhursts are related in some distant past. However the scientific methodology now exists through the use of DNA to determine precisely the relationships between Broadhursts in

general or between particular Broadhurst descendancy lines. DNA analysis can help us determine whether all Broadhurst lines are related.

Surname Variants

Numerous variations of names occurred over time and in different regions. Our *Broadhurst* surname came to be written in different ways in different combinations:

Brad, Brod, Brot, Brode, or de Brade

[+]

hurst, hurste, hyrst, hirst, or hearst

Over time in different regions these changes in the name resulted in surname variants such as Brodhurst, Brodurst, Brodhas, Broader, Broadess, Broaders, Brodars, Brawdars, Broadus, Broaddus, and deBradehurst.

Some Reasons for Surname Variants

There are many reasons why these variant forms of *Broadhurst* emerged over time. The general level of basic literacy of earlier generations extending back as far as the Middle Ages was significantly less than it is now. Most common people were illiterate. Most of our Broadhurst ancestors and most of their neighbors were illiterate as late as the mid-1800s.

We can see the rate of illiteracy by looking at the original documents for vital statistics, where it is common for parents at baptisms, bride and groom at weddings, witnesses for wills or property transfers, etc., to sign with an "X" - and then for the priest or someone in authority who could read and write to sign as witness. For example, in the case of my great-grandfather James Broadhurst's birth, the witness for his father wrote "John Broadhurst, his mark" below John's written "X."

At that time there was no agreed "correct" spelling and those who could write spelled words, including given and family names, as they were spoken. People were less concerned about spelling than we are today and spelling was more an art than a precise science.

Some changes in pronunciations and spelling occurred as people moved from place to place into different regions of England and even into different countries. When a name was brought into another language or pronounced by persons speaking other languages or even different dialects of the same language, inevitably there were

different pronunciations of names, and common people wrote the name down the way they heard it.

Other changes were made as a result of clerical errors or misspellings on official documents, such as ships' passenger lists, census ledgers and immigration forms. Barely literate people sometimes spelled their name the way it was written down by officials on official documents and that may have been quite different than the way it was written in their place of origin.

Differences in spelling surnames sometimes occurred in the same family between different generations or between cousins and these variants sometimes continued through several generations and even to the present.

Soundex: Searching the Internet for Variants

Most family history research today is conducted on the internet. Hundreds of websites contain genealogical information. Because surnames often have variant spellings it can be a very difficult task to locate ancestors through a web search engine. A surname search for *Broadhurst* will not find a document or record where the name is spelled Brodhurst or Broadhyrst. A search for all possible variants would be time-consuming and possibly unproductive. To make it easier for genealogists to locate documents and records containing information about their ancestors using a search engine on various data bases, genealogists developed a search method that uses the "soundex" system, a way of categorizing surnames based upon their principal consonants.

Let's look at an example using soundex. A soundex search of the *Ellis Island Immigrant Database* (a record of entrants at the Port of New York during the heaviest period of immigration to the U.S. during the late 1800s and early 1900s) turned up the following Broadhurst variants: Bradhurst, Braodhurst, Broadharst, Breakhurst, Broadhirst, Brodhursh, Brodhurst, Broadurst, Brockhorst, Bruthorst, Brethorst. The last three names were of English passengers arriving on German ships that sailed from Liverpool, England.

The German crew of the ship wrote down the names of the passengers and the captain turned in the resulting *Passenger Manifest* to immigration officers at the time the ship arrived in New York. It is easy to see how a barely-literate German crew member would struggle to write down each Broadhurst passenger's name just as he heard it through various accents, with the result that these names have a Germanic sound to them because they were written phonetically the way it sounded to a speaker of German.

Examples of Variants

A good example of how variants occur comes from an email correspondent who said that the name of her ancestor, Sarah Broadhurst, was entered into a legal document as "Sarah B. Hurst" because the clerk understood Sarah to have said that her name was Sarah Broad Hurst. The clerk entered the "B" as her middle initial because he thought her middle name was Broad. Sarah kept "Hurst" as her surname since it was recorded that way legally and she was apparently afraid to change the way it appeared on her legal documents.

Another example of the sudden emergent of a variant comes from a correspondent whose ancestor William BROADHURST (from Fauquier County, Virginia) married Hazael Harville in 1787, and for reasons unknown to the current generation, William's direct descendant used the surname BEHURST in his will dated 1826. We speculate that as in the previous example, the surname was heard with a middle initial as "B. Hurst" and was then written phonetically as Behurst.

In New York State an old Broadhurst family intentionally changed its name to Bradhurst (for reasons not known) and created a coat of arms that displays that adopted name. The earliest identifiable ancestor of this branch is Jonathan Broadhurst, Sheriff of Albany, 1701-1703. His son, Samuel Broadhurst, baptized 1st September 1700, married Anna Pell; their children were named Samuel *Bradhurst* and Catherine *Bradhurst*. There is no explanation known for the change in the name. A descendant who wrote the history of this family almost one hundred years ago claimed that the family ancestors came to New York from Staffordshire, England. Their newly-created coat of arms clearly reflects the Broadhurst coat of arms of the Staffordshire Broadhursts.

Some years ago I received an email from an American descendant of the *Broaddus* variant that provides a wonderful example of variant spellings and pronunciations. He wrote that:

Since all the Broaddus' in the U.S. are really Broadhurst folks, I have some information on the Americanization of the name. A few years back I was visiting in England and looked in the local phone books for the Broaddus name. Finding none, I asked a local banker if he had ever heard of the name and he said sure, quite common in the east and Wales. I asked him why I couldn't find the name in any of the local directories and he asked me how I was spelling it. I said B-R-O-A-D-D-U-S, and he said, "No, my son, it's spelled B-R-O-A-D-H-U-R-S-T. You pronounced it correctly, just spelled it wrong!

I have a personal example that is relevant to this change. While I was attending the University of Richmond most native Virginians and other southerners pronounced my

name as if it was spelled Brawdus or Brawders. I was surprised to discover a few years later that there was a trustee of the University with the surname Broadus. Back in the 1950s and long before I had any interest in the *Broadhurst* surname or in genealogy, it occurred to me that *Broadus* had to be a "southern" mispronunciation of *Broadhurst*.

Broadhurst Origins in England

If all Broadhursts are linked through a common origin (which of course remains uncertain and may never be resolved), where did the surname originate? We cannot know for certain because the origins are lost in the mists of times long past. The best we can manage today is to lay out what we know about the appearance of the surname at various times and places and see where that leads us. The earliest mention of *Broadhurst* to identify particular individuals is in the *Assize Rolls*, which mention William, son of *Eve de Bradehurst*, who was fined for his failure to appear at the assizes in Lancaster in 1246. [*Assizes* were courts and the *Assize Rolls* were court records.]

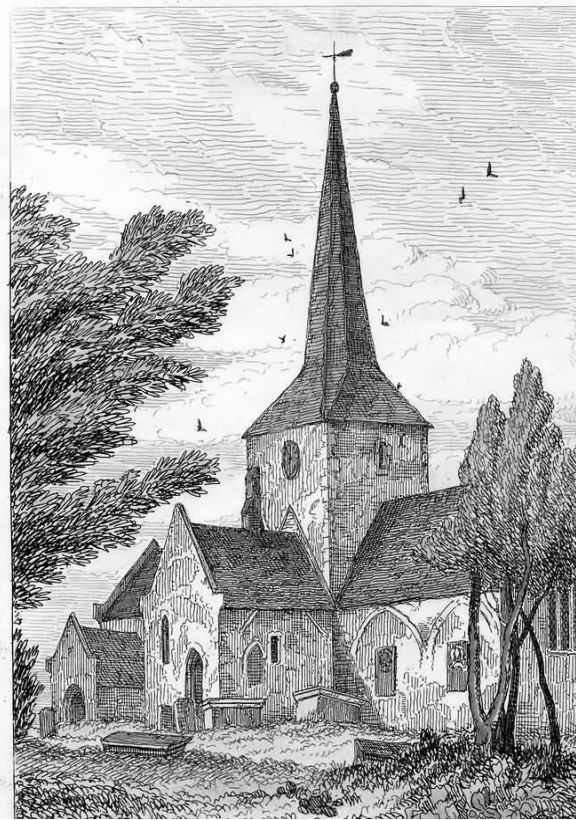
Broadhurst in Sussex

The shire or county of Sussex is a candidate for the origin of the name *Broadhurst*, a claim made by a number of Broadhurst researchers based on the existence of *Broadhurst Manor* at Horsted Keynes, an estate and manor house that has existed at least from the early 1300s.

I searched the online document catalog of the UK's Public Record Office (PRO) in January 2003 and was able to find more than 40 documents dating from 1336 to 1750 on file at the *Glynde Place Archives* at the East Sussex Record Office that mention places named *Broadhurst* in the general vicinity of Horsted Keynes. The document descriptions include an *inquisition post mortem* on the death of Thomas Lewkenore (which appears to be related to proving his will, e.g., probate) that mentions *Broadhurst* and *Horsted Keynes* (1336). The various documents use *Broadhurst* to refer to places: (1) *Broadhurst Manor*; (2) other local places using *Broadhurst* in their name; (3) persons identified as "of Broadhurst" where it could mean either Broadhurst Manor or a place called Broadhurst in the vicinity of the Manor; (4) *Broadhurst Farm*, mentioned in a document that also refers to *Broadhurst Manor*, clearly implying that they are different places; and (5) the probate of a will that mentions both "farm stock at Broadhurst" and a conveyance to the person "who owns Broadhurst estate."

One document dated 1756 refers to the "Manor of Horsted Keynes Broadhurst, capital messuage of Broadhurst." A *messuage* is a house with its accompanying lands, so the reference is apparently to the manor as the principal house and land of a

particular place called *Broadhurst*. Prior to this time documents refer to the Manors of Horsted Keynes and Broadhurst as separate entities, but a reference from the 1750s mentions the Manor of *Horsted Keynes Broadhurst*, which may mean that the separate estates had been consolidated.



St. Giles Church, Marie de Bradehurst Chapel

In the biographical history of the *Bradhurst* family of New York (which claims descendancy from Jonathan Broadhurst of Foston Hall, Derbyshire), author A. Maunsell Bradhurst writing in the 1920s notes that the "woodland meaning [of *Broadhurst*]... is borne out by the aspect of the country surrounding the sites of the *Chapel de Bradehurst* and of *Broadhurst Manor*, as well as by the woods and groves sloping down to the banks of *Broadhurst Lake*.

The *Marie de Bradehurst Chapel* is the parish church of Horsted Keynes near Broadhurst Manor. Bishop John Charles Broadhurst, Auxiliary Bishop of London, described the chapel in an email to me in 2001:

This chapel was built during the Fourteenth Century. It would have been the private chapel of the Lord of the Manor and his family. During the service the family would sit in comfort in this chapel from where they could see the altar but not have to mix with the rest of the congregation. The chapel was called the Marie de Bradehurst Chapel because it was dedicated to the Virgin Mary (Marie) and was owned by the owners of Broadhurst (Bradehurst).

The chapel was demolished in 1850. It had probably fallen into disrepair by this time. During the early Nineteenth Century it had been used for some time as the Village School. Also in Sussex there are two old houses close to Midhurst called Great Broadhurst and Little Broadhurst. That said there is absolutely no evidence of any people called Broadhurst in Sussex until quite recently.

Our conclusion must be that Broadhurst is a place name in Sussex that refers both to the manor house estate and to a village near the estate. This is confirmed by a 1914

Gazetteer of Britain that shows the hamlet of *Broadhurst*, located 1.5 miles north of Horsted-Keynes in East Sussex .



Broadhurst Manor. Horsted Kevnes. Sussex

But where did the name come from? There is no person or surname mentioned in any of these documents or elsewhere that connects Broadhurst Manor or the hamlet of Broadhurst with a family name of Broadhurst and there is no evidence of a Broadhurst surname anywhere in the area until well after the Broadhurst name is firmly established elsewhere in England .

The Macclesfield Hundred

There is substantial agreement among researchers that *Broadhurst* most likely emerged as a surname in the general area of the *Macclesfield Hundred* in the county of Cheshire, spread from there into the surrounding counties of Derbyshire, Staffordshire and Leicestershire, and subsequently dispersed into other parts of England. A statistical look at the frequency of the Broadhurst surname in early records shows the distribution of the surname *Broadhurst* within a thirty mile radius from Macclesfield. Several Broadhurst researchers who studied the issue years before I was involved in genealogy agreed that the most likely origin of the surname

was a place called *Broadhurst* somewhere in the old *Macclesfield Hundred* in eastern Cheshire. A "hundred" is a division of counties (shires) into administrative units and is no longer used.



St. Giles Church - Built about 1200 – The entrance to the Marie de Bradehurst Chapel, now demolished, was through an arch in the south wall.

John Broadhurst (England) wrote me that he had found a book published by the *English Place-Name Society* entitled *The Place-Names of Cheshire* written by J. McN. Dodgson in which there is a chapter on "Lost Place-Names in the Macclesfield Hundred." It lists several Broadhurst place names: *de Brodhurst* in a 1287 County Court Roll, *le Brodehurst* in the 1352 and 1359 Eyre Rolls of the Justice of Chester, *le Brodehurst* in the 1371 Cholmondeley Deeds; and *Brodhurst* in 1503 in the Palitinate of Chester Forest Proceedings.

An occasional Broadhurst appears in Ireland or Scotland in the 1800s. English colonists and emigrants carried the *Broadhurst* name throughout the early British Empire, most frequently to temperate countries with a heavy English ethnic concentration: the United States, Canada, Australia, New Zealand and South Africa. A few *Broadhursts* appear in India, generally connected with the British colonial military

and diplomatic services. Some Broadhursts emigrated to the Caribbean Islands. In recent times other *Broadhursts* have emigrated elsewhere throughout the world.

Broadhurst Origins in Derbyshire and Cheshire

Tom Broadhurst, who lives in the English Midlands, researched Broadhurst origins in that area primarily from records of local Assizes [courts]. He has identified two early Broadhurst families present in this area between 1246 and 1327, one in the vicinity of Stockport (near his present home) and the other located at Rivington, northwest of Manchester. Tom provided background information (below) about Broadhurst as a place name in Cheshire. He wrote:

Two kilometers north of the village of New Mills in Derbyshire lies **Broadhurst Edge**, a low escarpment running north-south. On the ridge is a small wood known as Broadhurstedge Plantation. Below the ridge, about 400 meters to the east, lies Broadhurst Farm, a small early nineteenth century farmhouse located on an older site. We believe this is the point of origin of the northern Broadhurst clan, which took its name from the location.

The best evidence for early Broadhursts in the vicinity of the farm comes from the Macclesfield Eyre (Assize) Roll for 1286 where it is recorded that Richard, son of **Thomas de Brodhirst**, was fined for allowing beasts to escape into the Royal Forest of Macclesfield. A northern border of the Royal Forest at this time ran along the River Goyt, which at New Mills lies only about 2 km. south of Broadhurst Farm. Old maps show Ladygate, probably an entry to the forest, about 1 km. north-east of the farm, so an escape of beasts from the farm into the forest is quite credible. A low hill overlooking the area of the farm is named on old maps as Eves Knoll (now Eaves Knoll), recalling the first Broadhurst [viz., **Eve de Bradehurst**] of whom there is written record.

By the time of Richard de Brodhirst's fine it appears that the Broadhursts had acquired land to the north of Manchester around the village of Rowinton (now Rivington). The Broadhurst family was centered there for many years. Much of the evidence comes from the Assize Records, as the Broadhursts were occasionally in trouble and seem to have been fond of litigation.

The list of claims in the Assizes demonstrate the progress of the family name towards the modern form and throw some light on the early history of the family. The land at Broadhurst Farm is not prime agricultural land and the family would not have been very prosperous at first. Nevertheless, the fact that Roger acted as a surety in a lawsuit in 1281 and Thomas was called as a juror in 1287 suggests that they had some standing in the community at that time. The split of the references between areas south and north of Manchester suggests that two branches of the family co-existed in the second half of the thirteenth century.

Broadhurst in Early Virginia Records

The earliest Broadhurst record in North America is in the Virginia colony. The book *Some Emigrants To Virginia* by W G Stanard, an important resource for the genealogy of early Virginia families, mentions several Broadhursts who can be connected directly with supporting references in England. We do not know whether any of these Broadhursts were born in Virginia or were immigrants.

John Brodhurst, who died in 1701 left a will dated 13 September 1699 that was probated at the Prerogative Court Canterbury. From that will we learn that he came from London, had real estate at Macclesfield in Cheshire, and lived in Princess Anne County, Virginia, when he died.

Hugh Brodhurst, who died 1659, and his brother **Walter Brodhurst**, who died in 1661, were both sons of **William Brodhurst**, described as a "gentleman of Lilleshall, Shropshire, England." All three probably lived in Westmoreland County, Virginia, at least part of the time, although they may have gone back and forth between England and Virginia.

Walter Broadhurst was a prominent landholder and a member of the governing body of Virginia, the House of Burgesses. The official record of the proceedings of the House of Burgesses (Williamsburg) for the session beginning 5 July 1653 lists Walter Broadhurst as a delegate representing Northumberland County. Walter Broadhurst was born 1619 and died about February 1659 in Westmoreland County, Virginia. He married Anne Gerard, who was born 1642 in St Clements Manor, St Mary's County, Maryland and died about 1676 in Westmoreland County, Virginia. After Walter died Anne married Henry Brett about 1665/1666 in Westmoreland County, and after Brett's death in 1669 Anne married again, this time to John Washington, father of George Washington, also in Westmoreland County.

According to *Genealogies of Virginia Families*, **Walter Brodhurst** came to Virginia from Maryland about the same time as Thomas Gerard. After Anne's death her son Walter Brodhurst was granted administration of the estate of "Anne Washington, alias Brodhurst, late of Washington parish in ye Countie of Westmoreland in ye Country of Virginia." Like other wealthy merchants, he divided his time between England and America.

Darlene Tallent, librarian at the Westmoreland County Library, in an email to me in 2001 reported that a Walter Broadhurst patented [i.e., obtained title to] 500 acres of land on Currioman Bay on 18 October 1650, and that he was also the first sheriff of

Westmoreland County. The first court house and jail in the County were on Walter Broadhurst's land.

Tyler's Quarterly states: "At least six years before Anne died, her son Walter Broadhurst, Jr., the only son living at her death in 1675, removed from Virginia to the home of his deceased father's relatives at Lillieshall, England, as is proven by his having baptized there all of his children by his wife Jane. He never returned to Virginia and died at Lillieshall in 1707. His nephew, son of deceased brother Gerrard (who died in Virginia), also went to Lillieshall and so far as is known did not return to Virginia."

In the 1810 U.S. Federal Census, **Andrew Broadders** and **Reuben Broadders** appear on the same page of the census returns for Caroline County, Virginia. They are likely related. Only heads of families are mentioned by name in that census and others in the household are recorded in categories. Andrew Broadders is between 26 and 45 years old. He has five children. The family owns 21 slaves. Reuben Broadders is older than 45. There are two women over 26, one of whom is probably his wife. There were six children ranging in age from 7 to 18 in the household. There were 19 slaves.

Ed Broadus provided information [from records of Northampton County] that the will of **William Broaddus** of James City County, Virginia, dated 1705, named his wife Lydia and children: **Benjamin Broaddus** (born 1689), **William Broaddus**, **Abraham Broaddus**, **Thomas Broaddus**, **Susan Broaddus** and **Lydia Broaddus**. William, Abraham and Thomas were apparently under the age of 18 in 1705 when the will was written.

The 1704 Rent Roll for Accomack County Virginia lists **Captain John Broadhurst** as owner of 1100 Acres.

Broadhurst in Massachusetts

The earliest New England connection with Broadhurst appears to be **Ralph Bradhurst** in Roxbury, Massachusetts. We do not know whether Ralph was born in the colony or emigrated from England. The *Genealogical Dictionary of the First Settlers of New England* indicates that Ralph Bradhurst married Hannah Gore 13 June 1677 and had daughters **Rhoda Bradhurst**, b. 17 May 1678; **Dorothy Bradhurst**, b. 1 March 1680; **Hannah Bradhurst**, b. 14 December 1682; and **Abigail Bradhurst**, b. 4 July 1685. His wife Hannah died 10 July 1686 and he then married Martha, last name unknown, who died 6 August 1693. He married a third wife, also named Hannah, who died 16 April 1710. There is no record of children by the second and third wives. Since there were only daughters born to Ralph Bradhurst the genealogy of this line effectively ended.

Broadhurst in New Jersey - 1776

Several records confirm a **Joseph Broadhurst** as a veteran of the Revolutionary War, having served as a wagon master organizing wagon trains and hauling supplies and ammunition for the colonial troops under General George Washington. The pension claim of soldier James Agin, filed in New Jersey, mentions his service under a wagon master named Joseph Broadhurst and is an interesting example of the sort of useful genealogical information that can be gleaned from pension claims. The *Abstract of Graves of Revolutionary Patriots* confirms the existence of the grave of Joseph Broadhurst in the cemetery of the First Presbyterian Church in Trenton, New Jersey. There is some speculation, but no proof, that this Joseph may be the father or brother of the **Thomas Broadhurst** who married Ann Paxson, from whom a number of New Jersey Broadhursts claim to be descended.

Thomas Broadhurst of Maryland - 1600s

Thomas Broadhurst appeared in records of Dorchester County, Maryland in the 1600s. He was born about 1650, married the widow Mary Oliver in May 1677, and had children who used the surname Brodess. Over the next several generations the surname changed again, this time to Broadus. There are many descendants of this line.

When Thomas married Mary Oliver she was a widow with three young children and apparently her first husband had left an estate. In 1683 legal guardians for the three children petitioned the Talbot (Maryland) Court alleging that Thomas Broadhurst was consuming the estate and abusing the children, who had come to the petitioner "crippled and maimed several times." **Mary Oliver Broadhurst** denied the charges. However it appears that Thomas Broadhurst was not only a probable child abuser, he was also a bigamist, for in 1688 Mary Broadhurst, after being married to Thomas eleven years, appeared in court and said she had just learned Thomas had a wife and son in Chester, Maryland, just across the channel from Annapolis.

There is another unflattering story about Thomas Broadhurst and we assume it is about the same Thomas Broadhurst, or perhaps his son. We usually think of Australia as the place to which convicts were transported from Great Britain, but the American colonies got their share of convicts transported from England into virtual slavery -- but for a limited period of time. The *History of Maryland from the Earliest Period to the Present Day*, by Thomas Scharf, describes the practice:

The legislature attempted to resist a tyrannous and very unwise policy on the part of parliament, which was injuring and degrading the colonies into penal settlements by making them the places of deportation for convicts came out as prisoners, and their

services were sold to the planters; but at the expiration of their terms of punishment they became freemen, and thus introduced a very undesirable, and possibly dangerous element into the community.

In 1716, 80 Jacobite rebels [supporters of James, in a struggle over succession to the British throne] from Great Britain, most of them Scotsmen according to the king's warrant, were taken prisoner at Preston in Lancashire, England, after the defeat of *Mar and Derwentwater's Rising* in 1715-1716, and were transported [e.g., as prisoners] on the 20th of August 1716 from Liverpool, England to Annapolis, Maryland on the ship *Friendship*, sailing out of Belfast, to be sold as servants. A second ship, the *Goodspeed*, carried additional rebels. On arrival in Annapolis, in accordance with the king's instructions delivered by the *Friendship's* commander Michael Mankin, the rebels were sold under an indenture agreement for seven years to merchants and planters in the Maryland colony, after which servitude they became free men. The list of rebels included Alexandre Nave, who was purchased by Thomas Broadhurst.

Broadhurst Elsewhere in the United States

Broadhursts appear in other places in the U.S. in early times. There were Broadhurst families in Bucks County, Pennsylvania, recorded in the 1790 Federal Census. There are references to Broadhursts in Pennsylvania much earlier than that, but the connection between those very early Broadhurst references and the Broadhursts who are in Bucks County in 1790 is uncertain. The 1790 census also shows two families with the surname *Broadnax* living in the same area of Bucks County, but any connection with Broadhurst families in the same area is doubtful.

There is a continuing (and sometimes acrimonious) dispute among some Broadhurst descendants and family researchers today as to whether the Broadhursts who were recorded in Bucks County, Pennsylvania at the time of the Federal Census of 1790 are related to the William Broadhurst who married a Bucks County woman in Ohio some 20 years later, and whether this same William who was in Ohio about 1810 is the same William Broadhurst who was christened in Ashby de la Zouch in England in 1790. The question is important because it bears directly on the question as to whether the Ohio Broadhurst family and their descendants are related to our branch of the larger Broadhurst family that originated in Ashby de la Zouch, Leicestershire. This issue is discussed in detail in the chapter entitled *The Mystery of the Four Williams*.

2: Ashby de la Zouch – Home of our Ancestors

Contemporary records show that many Broadhursts lived in the general area in and around Leicestershire in the early 1600s, particularly in the area near Ashby de la Zouch. For reasons that we will discuss later in this chapter, we assume that these Broadhursts were our early ancestors despite lack of any conclusive proof that demonstrates a direct connection. Most of the evidence consists of particular references to individuals with the surname *Broadhurst* in various church records that have survived, particularly marriage records, licenses to marry, records of baptisms and copies or summaries of wills that were probated in church courts.

Our earliest documented Broadhurst ancestor is **Joseph Broadhurst**, who was born about 1730, possibly earlier, probably in Ashby de la Zouch, who married **Mary Charlesworth** on 8 November 1755 at Ashby. We have a pretty complete documented trail from Joseph down through the generations to the present time. Joseph Broadhurst is the subject of the next chapter.



There are many living descendants of our Joseph Broadhurst of Ashby spread throughout the English-speaking world (primarily in England, Australia, the United States, Canada, Australia and New Zealand) who are searching for their ancestors and who have tried without success to go back earlier than Joseph Broadhurst in an attempt to locate his ancestors. When I began my research into family history I was

able to build on, and am indebted to, the earlier work of Neil Broadhurst of Alberta, Canada. The farther back in time we go in search of our roots, the more difficult it is to follow the trail through the fog of history to our earlier ancestors and the more we come to depend on others we meet along that trail.

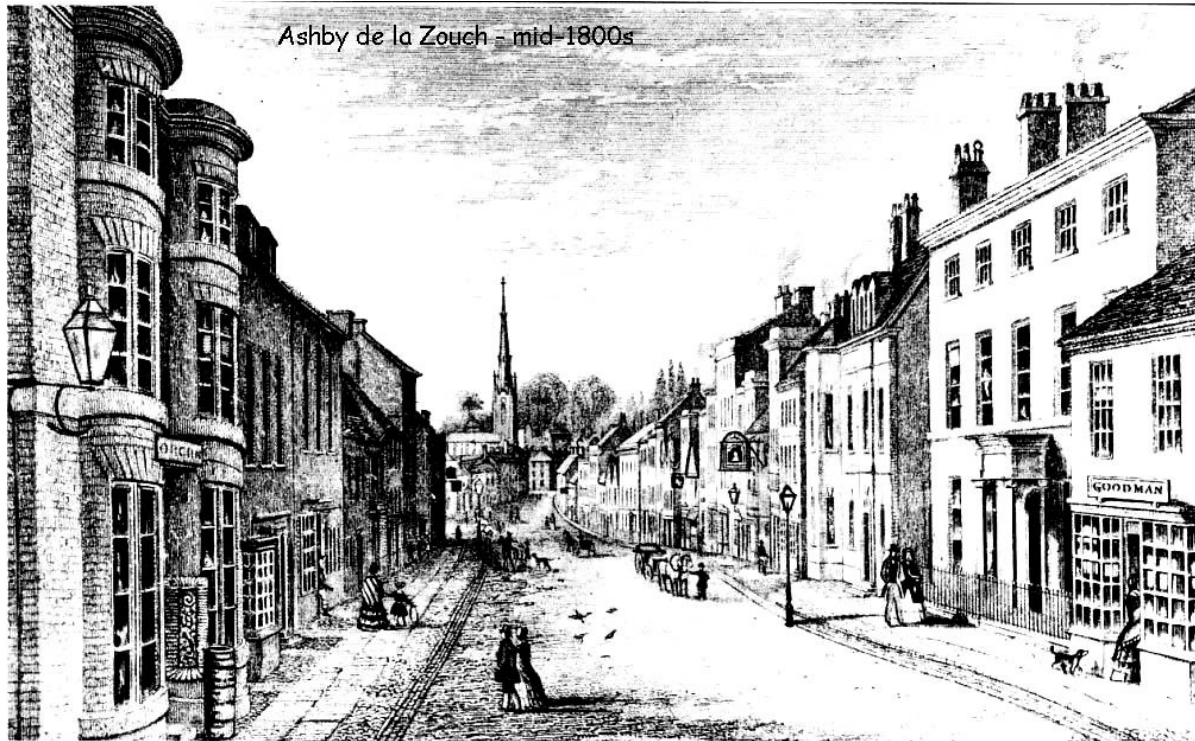
We know that many births, deaths, and baptisms were not recorded anywhere for a variety of reasons. Until relatively recently local governments had no duty to keep "vital statistics"--records of births and deaths, and it was only in the middle of the 19th Century that governmental entities began to assume that duty and to take over from churches the record keeping function that is necessary in order to trace ancestry. In England church records of baptisms, marriages and deaths were kept by priests of the Church of England, the "official" church in those days, and any christenings, marriages or burials of dissenters or non-conformists (Methodists, Presbyterians, Quakers, etc.) would not have been recorded in the official records. Other church organizations also kept records but these churches did not have the stability of the Church of England, or in later times of the Roman Catholic Church, and such records were haphazard at best and may not have survived. Sometimes parents did not have the fee for a christening or may have been sick or otherwise unable to have a child christened after the birth and may have forgotten to have it done later. Churches burned, records were lost or mislaid, some entries in records are illegible, or pages were torn, or merely disintegrated. For whatever reason, the trail back in time eventually becomes cold and we cannot get any further back.

However Ashby de la Zouch, a prominent market town in the County of Leicestershire in the Midlands of England, was a very small community in the 1700s and early 1800s. There were several Broadhurst families there, however, and I believe that it is likely that the several Broadhurst families in Ashby and its immediate vicinity in the 1700s and early 1800s were related. So far our research on these families as we have traced them through the census data (which is available from 1841, every 10 years) and have connected various individuals in the census with particular birth, marriage and death records, has tended to confirm that they were related.

Curiously, and perhaps relevant, we have a record that a **James Broadhurst** married **Elizabeth Mitchell**, 20 October 1755 in Ashby de la Zouch, a month before Joseph Broadhurst and Mary Charlesworth were married in the same church. That may be more than mere coincidence. It appears reasonable to assume that James and Joseph Broadhurst may have been brothers, or perhaps cousins.

Furthermore, I believe that there is now enough data for us to propose that our earliest certain ancestor, **Joseph Broadhurst**, may be brother to **William Broadhurst**, christened 20 March 1726 in Ashby de la Zouch, and (according to the christening

record) son of **Richard Broadhurst**. We have no proof that Joseph and William are brothers, just as we have no proof that Joseph and James are brothers, but a sibling relationship between them fits well with known facts: William, James and Joseph were about the same age and all three of them married and had families in Ashby at the same time. English families tended to repeat the same names from generation to generation. We see the repetition of William, Elizabeth, Sarah, Ann, Mary, in these families, although we should not make too much of this naming pattern since those names were pretty common throughout the area.

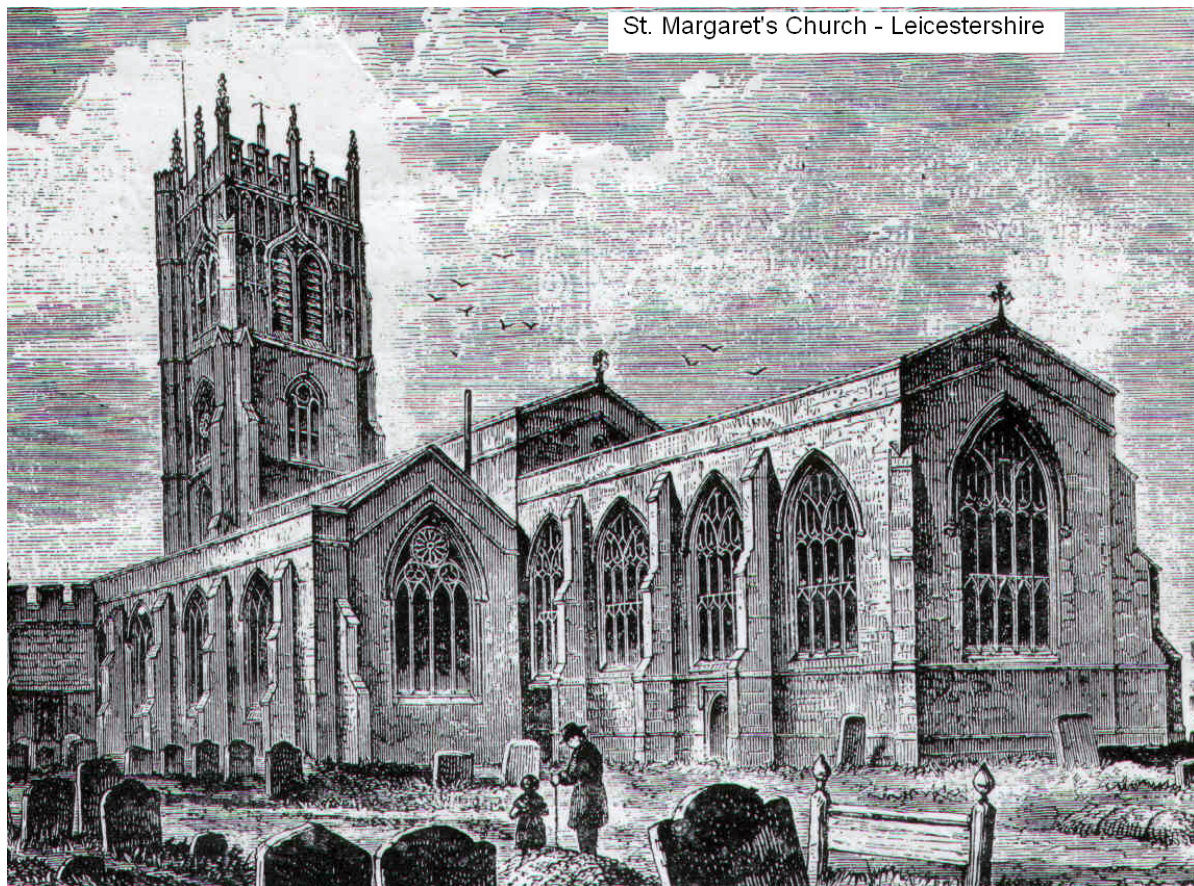


Can we go even farther back in time? Can we find the ancestors of Richard Broadhurst? Maybe. There are two Richard Broadhursts in Leicestershire at about the right time to be contemporaries, either of whom could be the Richard Broadhurst we are searching for. Here is what we know about them --

There is a **John Broadhurst** christened 9 April 1660 at St. Margaret's Church in Leicestershire, who married **Grace Harrold** on 20 August 1691 at St. Margaret's and who, subsequent to that marriage, had children **Elizabeth Broadhurst** (christened 12 June 1692, buried April 1693), **Richard Broadhurst** (christened 22 November 1693), **Grace Broadhurst** (christened 16 April 1695), **Mary Broadhurst** (christened 8 April 1697), and Tulke (probably should be **Fulke**) **Broadhurst**, christened 8 January 1698). Also christened 10 November 1661 at St. Margaret's was **Robert Broadhurst** [son of an earlier William Broadhurst, dates unknown]. He married Mary Myles on 7 February

1681 at St. Margaret's and had children: **Saul Broadhurst** (christened 17 December 1681), **William Broadhurst** (christened 30 October 1683), **Ann Broadhurst** (christened 17 March 1686), **Elizabeth Broadhurst** (christened 22 July 1691), **Jane Broadhurst** (christened 13 March 1693), and **Richard Broadhurst** (christened 19 January 1696).

Without any concrete evidence but with a disinclination to believe in mere coincidence, if I had to guess which Richard Broadhurst is our man I lean toward selecting the latter Richard Broadhurst christened in 1696 and probably born about that time, based primarily on the repetition of the same names from generation to generation.



Furthermore, it seems reasonable to conclude that John Broadhurst and Robert Broadhurst may be brothers. Note that they were christened at St. Margaret's Church in 1660 and 1661, and so far as I can tell they are the only Broadhurst names in that time period in the records of St. Margaret, although after that date there are quite a few. I conclude, based upon this admittedly circumstantial evidence, that John and Robert Broadhurst, sons of William Broadhurst (born about 1670), married and raised their families somewhere in the vicinity of St. Margaret's. Then Richard Broadhurst, youngest son of Robert Broadhurst, moved a short distance away to Ashby de la Zouch, and our family history picks up there with the descendants of Richard, the

brothers William Broadhurst, christened in 1726, James Broadhurst, born about 1727-1733 and Joseph Broadhurst, born about 1730, the latter our direct ancestor. We may not ever be able to prove the connection to our Ashby line. However, even if we cannot establish the precise connections, it is reasonable to believe that these Broadhursts in Ashby de la Zouch before the time of Joseph Broadhurst are related to each other and therefore are our ancestors as well.

Immediately below is a summary of my proposed descendancy chart beginning with William Broadhurst. In this chart William is the first generation, and using standard genealogical designators, he is shown as William¹ Broadhurst, born about 1630. He had two known children, so they are designated John² Broadhurst, christened in 1660, and Robert² Broadhurst, christened in 1661.

William¹ Broadhurst, born about 1630 had 2 known children, **John² Broadhurst**, christened 1660 at St. Margaret's and **Robert² Broadhurst**, christened 1661, also at St. Margaret's.

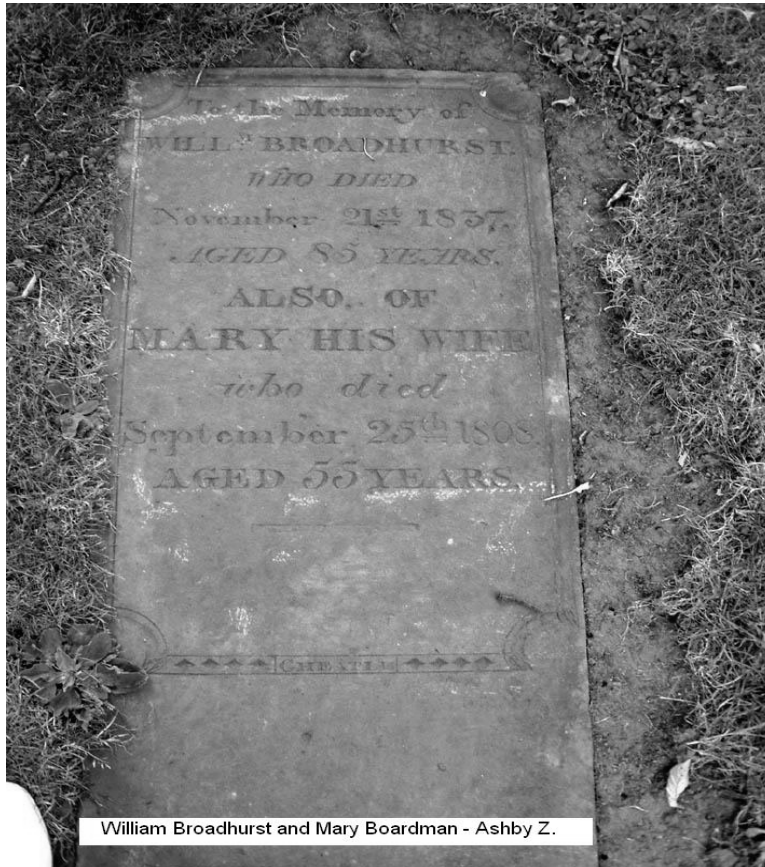
John² Broadhurst had children Elizabeth³ Broadhurst, christened 1692, died 1693; Richard³ Broadhurst, christened 1693; Grace³ Broadhurst, christened 1695; Mary³ Broadhurst, christened 1697; Tulke³ (Fulke?) Broadhurst, christened 1698.

Robert² Broadhurst had children Saul³ Broadhurst, christened 1681; William³ Broadhurst, christened 1683; Ann³ Broadhurst, christened 1686; Elizabeth³ Broadhurst, christened 1691; Jane³ Broadhurst, christened 1693; Richard³ Broadhurst, christened 19 January 1696, all christened at St. Margaret's, Leicestershire.

Richard³ Broadhurst had children **Joseph⁴ Broadhurst** who married Mary Charlesworth, born about 1729 ADLZ. [This is our direct line which will be expanded upon throughout this book so will be ignored here] and his brother **William⁴ Broadhurst**, christened 20 March 1726 ADLZ, who had children Elizabeth⁵ Broadhurst, christened 23 June 1751 ADLZ; Sarah⁵ Broadhurst, christened 22 December 1754 ADLZ, died before 1759; Sarah⁵ Broadhurst [again] christened 18 December 1759 ADLZ; Ann⁵ Broadhurst, christened 6 May 1764 ADLZ; Matthew⁵ Broadhurst, christened 5 May 1766 ADLZ; Priscilla⁵ Broadhurst, christened 4 November 1768 ADLZ, died 16 Feb 1770; Mary⁵ Broadhurst, christened 27 December 1770 ADLZ; and finally **William⁵ Broadhurst**, christened 25 December 1753 ADLZ, died 21 November 1837, married on 19 July 1772 to Mary Boardman, she born about 1752.

William⁵ Broadhurst and his wife Mary Boardman had children Dorothy⁶ Broadhurst, christened 23 January 1774 ADLZ; Joseph⁶ Broadhurst, christened 14 July 1776 ADLZ; William⁶ Broadhurst, christened 29 March 1778 ADLZ, died 9 June 1852; Ann⁶ Broadhurst, christened 13 February 1780 ADLZ; Frances⁶ Broadhurst, christened 4 June 1781 ADLZ [m. James Chandler, had 8 children]; Thomas⁶ Broadhurst, christened 19 January 1783 ADLZ; Mary⁶ Broadhurst, christened 4 December 1785 ADLZ. This is

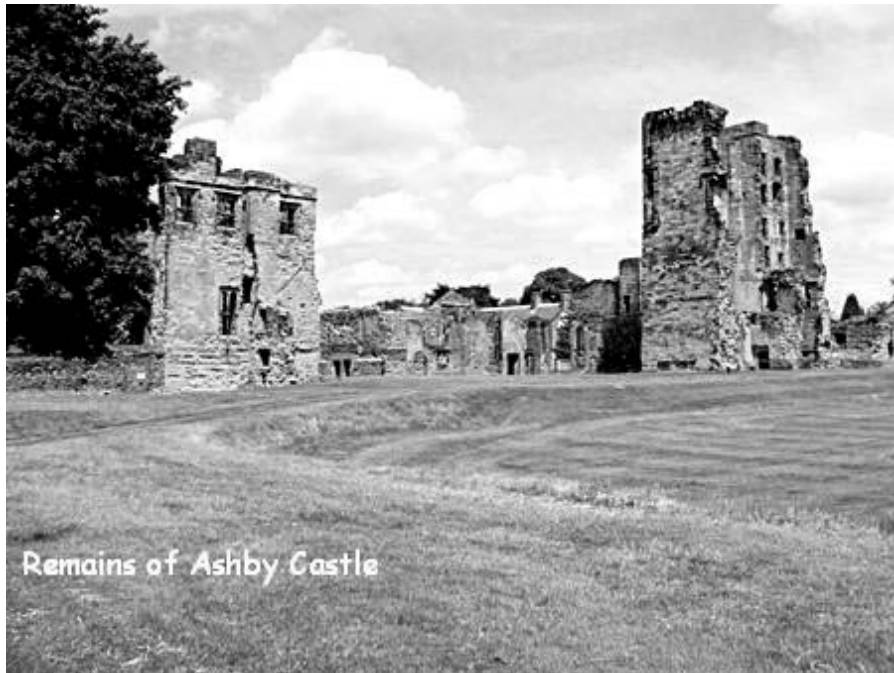
another Ashby line that continues downward to the present about which information is generally available.



Ashby de la Zouch, Leicestershire

As we have attempted to demonstrate, the known history of our branch of the Broadhurst family begins in the late 1600s in Ashby de la Zouch, a town situated along the northeastern edge of Leicestershire, a county (or shire) in the Midlands of England, about 110 miles north of London. We get an early picture of Ashby de la Zouch [which for convenience we will refer to hereafter as *Ashby*] in *Pigot's Directory 1841*, which describes Ashby as

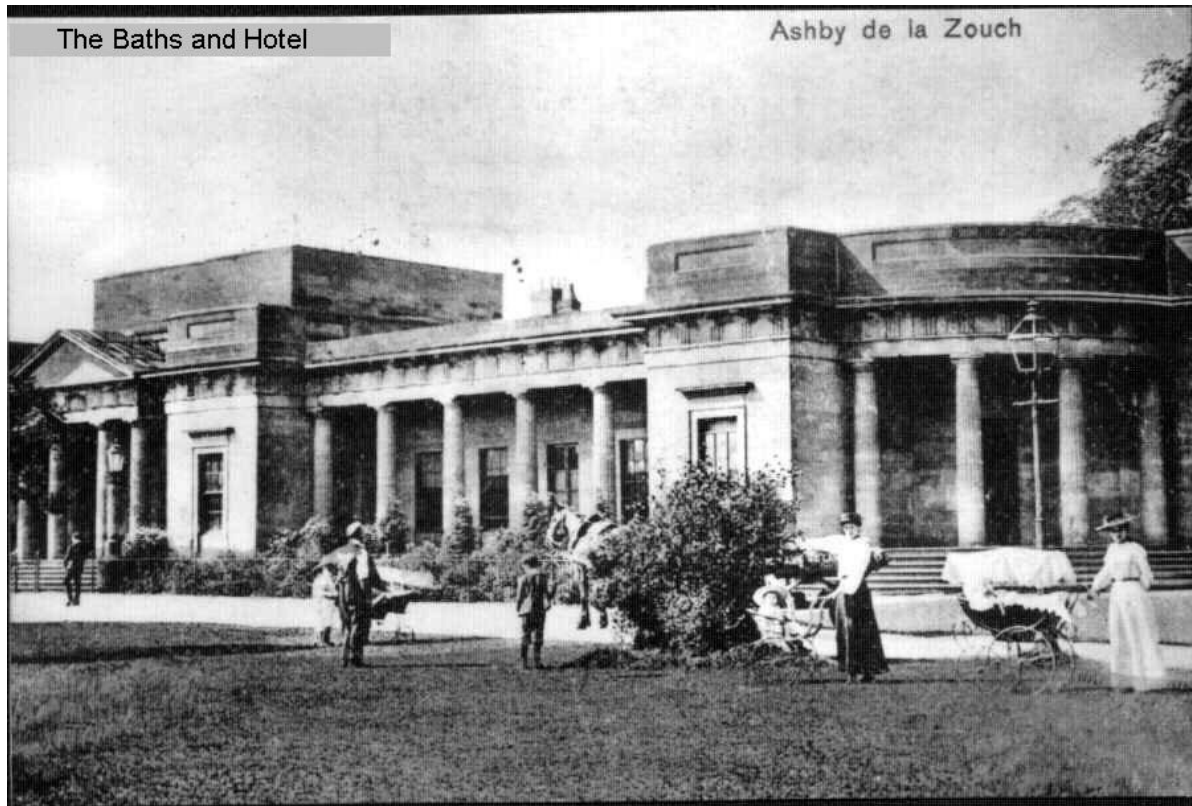
"...situate in a pleasant and fertile valley.... The town consists of several wide and well-paved streets, which are lighted with gas; its suburbs are increasing and in all parts it is undergoing progressive improvement. The principal street is spacious, clean, and free from nuisances [ed. note: such as smoke from burning coal, which made some towns virtually unlivable in the 1800s], and contains many handsome houses and shops..."



One of the most noted landmarks is *Ashby Castle*, now in ruins, but for a long time the splendid home of the descendants of William Hastings, who was granted the castle by King Edward IV in 1460 as a reward for his loyalty. Before that time the castle belonged to a Norman knight in 1086, and by 1259 the castle belonged to Alan la Zouch, a nobleman, probably a Norman, from whom the town got its name. Ashby and its castle figured prominently in Sir Walter Scott's *Ivanhoe*, and it was the site of some memorable events through the following years, such as the beheading of the first Lord Hastings, the imprisonment of Mary Queen of Scots, and periodic political revolt and religious dissent.

The castle played a large role in a story my aunt Irene Broadhurst told me many years ago when I asked her what she knew about our Broadhurst ancestors. She told me that our ancestors had come from England, that several generations before an ancestor was a duke and lived in a castle in a town that she thought was named something like Ashley Douche, and that our ancestor was Duke of Ashley. She said that her father had told her that long ago the castle was seized for back taxes and that no one would be able to afford to get it back now. It is interesting how such stories exaggerate and glamorize the past and yet can contain some pieces of truth mixed in with the fables. Our family's now recovered history shows that our ancestors were largely working class, farmers and shopkeepers. My interest in family history, however, started because I wanted to find out whether the story about nobility and a castle had any truth to them, and it did not take long to find out the first pieces of the story, which began with finding out that the town they remembered was *Ashby de*

la Zouch, and the castle they described was still there but in ruins, and anyway it was not our castle. I can almost hear my great-grandfather James Broadhurst, a soldier who left England as a young man, telling the stories of his ancestral home far away to his children and grandchildren, and perhaps he embellished the stories just a bit, and then each telling of them years later would see them embellished some more as our dreams and memories become increasingly intertwined.

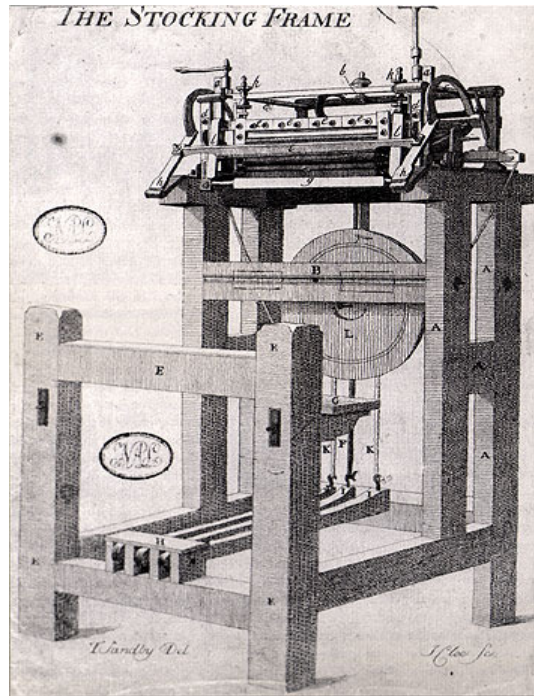


In the early 1800s Ashby became a spa town when a salt water spring was discovered nearby in a coal mine at Moira, about 4 miles from Ashby. Since the idea of bathing in a coal mine was not a very attractive concept, local entrepreneurs built the impressive Ivanhoe Baths in Ashby -- a magnificent building complex consisting of pump rooms and ballroom, billiard room and card room. There was also a swimming pool which was used as late as 1920. The saline water from the spring at Moira had to be transported by canal and railway to Ashby. In the 1960s the baths buildings were demolished. But for half a century the Ivanhoe Baths was a significant tourist attraction in Ashby and a source of income.

In the middle 1800s Ashby had two primary sources of income and employment (other than the baths) - the knitting industry, which manufactured cloth and cotton goods, and coal production largely in the coalfields of nearby Coalville. A canal and a railroad

served the area to move the coal to urban centers. Our ancestors in Ashby were employed in both those industries.

The knitting industry involved manufacturing cloth from cotton thread and then turning that cloth into finished goods. In the late 1700s the "framework knitting machine" was invented and it revolutionized the manufacture of cloth. Those who worked the machines were called "framework knitters" and in the census records in Leicestershire generally and in Ashby specifically we find many residents whose occupation was designated "FWK" [frame work knitters]. Some of the knitting work was done in factories, both large and small, but in Ashby the knitting was largely done in the homes of the knitters. It was "piece work" for which payment was based on the actual amount of cloth or "piece" of finished goods produced. In Ashby workers produced mostly gloves, hosiery and stockings, and there was a small home-based dress-making industry.



Operating a knitting frame was hard work. The hours were long and the pay was meager. Whole families were involved in knitting and children who were too young to work on the frames had to assist in other ways. The work went on from dawn to dusk with 60 to 80 hours a week customary even for children. From the various census returns we learn that some of our Broadhurst ancestors in Ashby worked in various aspects of the knitting industry.

Coal was both a benefit and a curse to those who lived around Ashby. There were many coal mines in the immediate vicinity. Mining provided steady jobs not only in coal production but in transport by rail and barge as well. Working in the mines was dangerous and workers did not have the workplace protections and the safety equipment that we have today. Accidents were frequent and serious injury and death were common. Children as young as 10 and 12 and sometimes younger worked in the mines, although in the middle of the 19th Century there was public outrage at the working conditions particularly for children, in response to which Parliament enacted some reforms that eased conditions for workers and limited child labor. Some of our Broadhurst ancestors worked in the coal mines around Ashby.

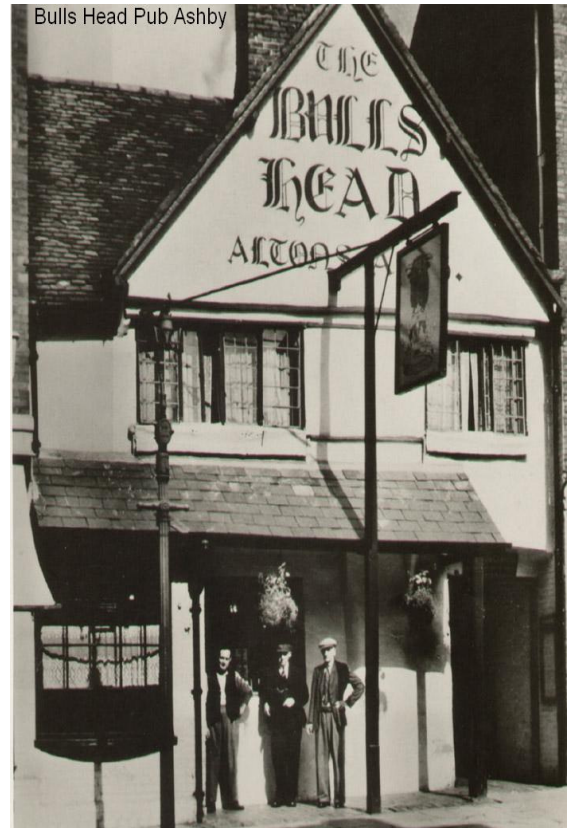
Education was not widely available and illiteracy was widespread. Most children did not attend school in the 1700s and throughout most of the 1800s, except for very young children who may have attended an "infant school" that was more like day care than school. Ashby had several schools all privately supported and largely for the benefit of selected "poor but worthy" students, where grants from local nobility and wealthy



gentry paid for the fortunate students' tuition, books, and clothing, and in some schools a distinctive coat (either blue or green) that indicated which school the student attended.

There are some surprises as we learn more about our English ancestors and their daily lives. I was aware that infant mortality was high until recent generations and modern medicine, but I never thought about the effect on families until I saw how many children died in their first few months and years. The records show again and again that a family had children, sometimes 10 or 12 in a 15-year span, but as we try to follow the family through the 10-year census records, it becomes obvious that children who should be present in the next census are missing and presumed dead. When we locate birth and death records and match them to families in the census, we find children that were born and died between the census years that we would not have known about except for the time-consuming job of trying to match these isolated records to real families, and then we realize how tragic and difficult life was in these early days. In Ashby, as in other towns and villages of the time, sanitation was poor, disease was rampant, and life was short. Many children died in the first three years of life.

I was surprised to learn that, contrary to what I had always thought I knew about marriage in earlier generations, the median age for first marriages occurred much later in life than I had imagined and later than it does today. It was not unusual for men to marry between ages 25 to 35 and the women slightly younger. Why this delay of marriage? The historical sociologists tell us that late first marriage was a result of several social conditions: (a) Boys and young men were often apprenticed to various trades, typically for 7 years, and during their apprenticeship they were in pretty much in a slave labor relationship under a master and were not free to marry. (b) It took quite a while for a man to acquire the resources and household goods to support a wife and family. When a man married he usually left the home and established his family apart from his parents. Some-times having economic means to support a wife (remember that without birth control methodologies children began arriving quickly) meant having to wait for parents to die or become elderly to turn over the shop or house or farm to them.

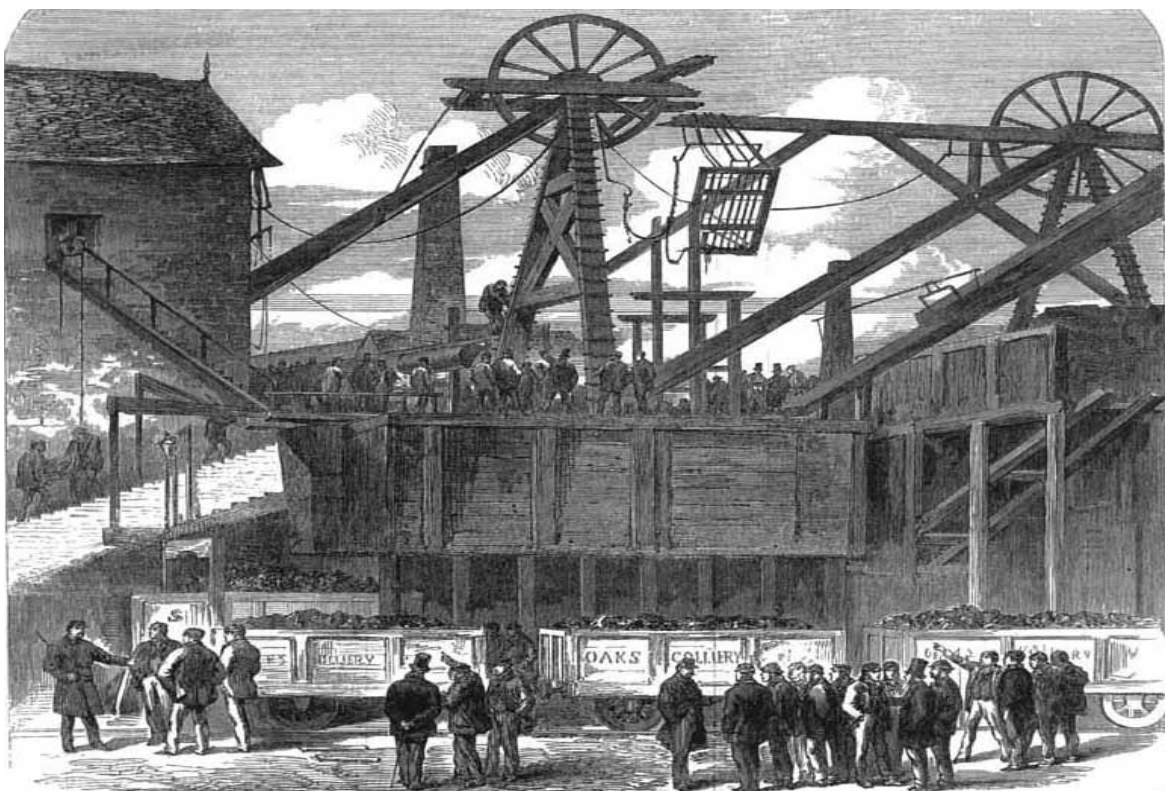


Another surprise when looking at marriage and birth records was the frequency of children born within months of, or before, their mother's marriage. I had assumed, wrongly it seems, that stricter social conditions and pressures existed in the 18th and 19th centuries that would have made such situations of premarital sex less frequent than today. Apparently human nature does not change much from generation to generation because the evidence of widespread premarital sex is pretty clear.

Pigot's Directory lists the prominent individuals and businesses in Ashby in 1841 and the address of their business or home (sort of like our "yellow pages"). We can get a pretty good idea of what life in Ashby was like by noting the variety of businesses in town. There was regular mail service with deliveries from major cities arriving each morning by 9 a.m. and mail departing by mail coach or mail cart at set times every afternoon, the time depending on the destination. The directory lists 11 schools including an "infant school" (for lower primary grades). There were 6 attorneys, 2 banks, 6 blacksmiths, several each of booksellers and printers, boot and shoe makers,

braziers and tin plate works (for pots and pans?), brick makers, bricklayers and plasterers, builders, butchers, cabinet makers, carpenters, chemists and druggists, civil engineers, coach makers, confectioners, grocers and tea dealers, hatters and hosiers, drapers and haberdashers, more than a dozen inns and taverns, stone masons, tailors, chandlers (candle makers), wheelwrights, surgeons and surveyors. There were daily Royal Mail coaches to nearby cities (for both passengers and mail), and a dozen "carriers" for the transportation of goods to other cities, running regular routes like our UPS or Federal Express. In short, it was a busy and (at least for its day) a reasonably prosperous town.

That does not mean that all its citizens lived well, however. Poverty was widespread, working hours were long and the pay low, poor sanitation was a health hazard, disease was rampant, water was obtained from community wells that were often contaminated and infant deaths were a significant problem and a reason for families to have many children. A description from 1837 of the Callis, a particularly impoverished and unpleasant area in Ashby (about which more will be said in the next chapter) shows us in some detail how bad life could be for our ancestors in 19th Century England.



Explosion in the mine at Oaks Colliery - Cage thrown into head gear at mine mouth

The period from the late 1700s to the mid 1800s was one of great turmoil, class warfare and civil disorder in England generally and Leicestershire particularly. The

Industrial Revolution with its shift from manual labor to industrial machines that displaced labor was felt quite strongly in Leicestershire, where the economy was heavily dependent upon the manufacture of cotton goods by piece work. As steam driven mechanized weaving and spinning machines and other mechanized processes displaced workers, wages fell, unemployment rose and became endemic, piece work at home was replaced with larger industrial steam-driven manufacturing enterprises, and workers became increasingly restless. Child labor with its terrible conditions and long working hours became problematic.

Several poor harvests during this period led to agricultural shortages that compounded social unrest. Desperate poverty led to bread riots. Mills were attacked to obtain flour. Angry and fearful workers attacked factories to damage or destroy the machinery that was displacing their jobs. Factory owners resisted the workers with armed force, resulting in deaths on both sides. The ruling class became increasingly concerned about disorder in the land and naturally sided with industrial owners to imprison troublemakers. Labor leaders were considered anarchists and troublesome and were imprisoned, ordered transported to Australia, or hung. Thomas Paine's *The Rights of Man* was widely distributed and read, and just as widely opposed by the authorities. Pamphleteers were widespread and attacked for sedition. Printers and distributors were jailed. The ruling classes greatly feared the new ideas of liberty, equality and freedom that were widely discussed and were feeding discontent.

It was not a happy time, and it is understandable that those who were impacted most by this discontent would take the opportunity to leave England and make their home elsewhere in the new colonies in Australia and New Zealand, or the newly-independent states across the ocean, where class warfare and industrialism was less of a problem. As conditions worsened pressure to emigrate was felt among the working classes and town overseers of the poor would often pay the fare and a small bonus to any families on poor relief to encourage them to emigrate.

Until I did the research for this book I had been unaware of the extent to which Leicestershire was fertile ground for the rise of liberalism, progressive thinking and radical ideas, best symbolized by the construction of Secular Hall in Leicester in the late 1800s as the home of the Leicester Secular Society, which continues to celebrate Leicestershire's fertile intellectual past and continues to give voice to progressive religious and political thought. Leicestershire seems to have been both a refuge and an incubator of radicals and rebels, liberalism and secularism, dissenters and non-conformists, free churchman and anti-clericals, free thinkers and social reformers, Pilgrims and Puritans, Unitarians and Quakers. It is an interesting historical past out of which we have come.

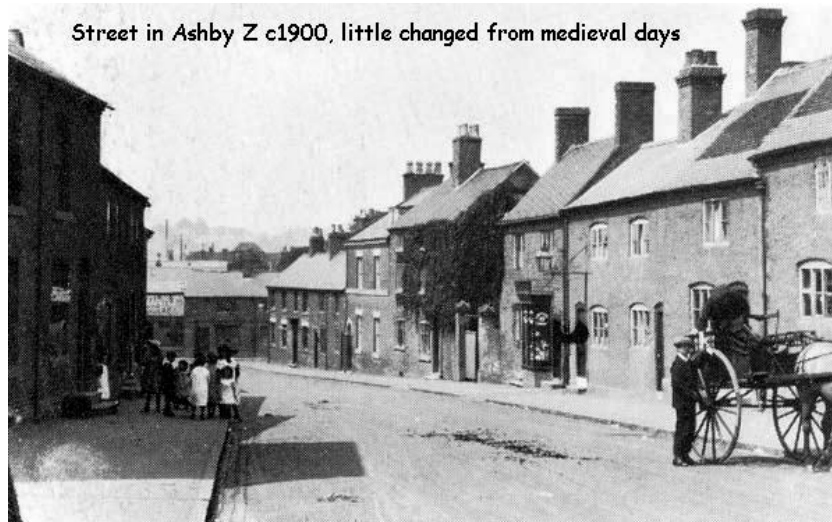
The Leicester Secular Society Building



3: Joseph Broadhurst and Mary Charlesworth

Our oldest provable ancestor is **Joseph Broadhurst**. We find him in the town of Ashby de la Zouch (which for convenience we will refer to as *Ashby* throughout this history), which is on the western edge of the shire (county) of Leicestershire, in the Midlands of England. Our first record of him is his marriage to **Mary Charlesworth** on 8 November 1755 in Ashby.

There were Broadhursts in Ashby by the 1600s, and we presume (as we argued in the last chapter) that these Broadhursts were related to us, to Joseph, and to each other, although we cannot prove a connection with any of these early Broadhursts with any certainty. However we can assume that Joseph was probably born in Ashby and he was probably christened at St. Helen's Church. We can estimate Joseph's birth date by assuming he was about 24 years old when he married, which was not uncommon in this period, and on that premise we project a birth year of about 1729-1731. We do not know anything about Mary Charlesworth or her parents, although there were Charlesworths in Ashby as early as the 1700s. Typically young women married at about 21-24, so we project a birth year for Mary Charlesworth of about 1734.



A family tree gets very complicated and it gets more complex the farther back we are able to go. Each generation has its children, and the next generation beyond that has its children, and so on into a geometrical progression, so that by the third or fourth generation there are literally hundreds of descendants. To make it easier to follow, *this history will deal with each generation in our direct descendancy line in a separate chapter*. For example, in this chapter we will consider that Joseph Broadhurst and Mary Charlesworth are the first generation. We will list their children to the extent we know anything about them, and indicate our direct ancestor among their children (in this instance, William Broadhurst and Sarah Wardle). And for each of the children

(except for the child who is our direct ancestor, who will have a separate chapter) we will include what we know, if anything, about them and their children and anything else of significance that we know about that line. In some instances we have data for many subsequent descendant generations in lateral lines, some down to the present time, and where that information has been provided by our distant cousins we will include it in this history.

Those who want more detail and data can get it from the complete database of our family history, which is contained in a genealogy program [Legacy] in a format that can easily be read and added to at a later time should anyone care to do so. In addition there is a copy of that database in the standard GEDCOM [the acronym for Genealogical Data Communication, which uses the standard file designator ".ged"] program format that can be read by any standard genealogy data program, of which there are many published today. That data file can be obtained by descendants of Ashby Broadhursts from the author of this book.

St. Helen's Church - Ashby de la Zouch



Joseph and Mary Charlesworth Broadhurst had eight children [that we know about], all born in Ashby de la Zouch and baptized at St. Helen's Church: Thomas, John, **William**, Joseph, James, Margaret, Stephen, and Edward. In this chapter we will outline what we know about each of the children and their families and descendants except for William Broadhurst, who is our direct ancestor and will be discussed in detail in

Chapter 4: *William Broadhurst and Sarah Wardle* and Chapter 5: *The Mystery of the Four Williams*.

1. Thomas Broadhurst

Thomas was the eldest child of Joseph and Mary, baptized 20 April 1755 in Ashby. He was probably born in April, and we note that his baptism occurred seven months before his father Joseph Broadhurst's marriage to Mary Charlesworth. We do not have a ready explanation for this obviously troublesome fact. The christening record only names the father. It is possible that Joseph was a widower and the marriage to Mary Charlesworth was a second marriage. However genealogical experts in British records told me that if he was a widower it should say so in the marriage record, which is silent about his status and does not designate him either as a widower or a bachelor, as was the custom. So we are left with the obvious, that Joseph and Mary's first child may have been born out of wedlock and after the birth of Thomas the couple subsequently married.



St. Helen's Church (left) - Castle Remains (right)

We have not located any additional information about Thomas. We do not know if he married or had children. He may have died young.

2. John Broadhurst

John, the second child, was baptized 6 February 1757 in Ashby, and was probably born in January or February of that year. [Baptism usually occurred within days or weeks of birth—but not always. We have a number of christening dates that occurred several years after birth. There are a number of reasons why that could be so, including children born to dissenters from the established Church of England.] We know nothing about this John Broadhurst. We have no record of his marriage or death. However, there is a record of a baptism of a John Broadhurst, son of John and Mary Broadhurst, at the parish church [St. Helen's] at Ashby on 7 October 1792. For lack of any other connection that we can locate, we speculate that this John may be the correct parent, and that means that his wife's name is Mary.

3. Margaret Broadhurst

Margaret Broadhurst was baptized on 26 December 1769 in Ashby. We do not know anything more about her. She may have died young.

4. William Broadhurst

William Broadhurst is our direct ancestor and will be discussed in the following chapters.

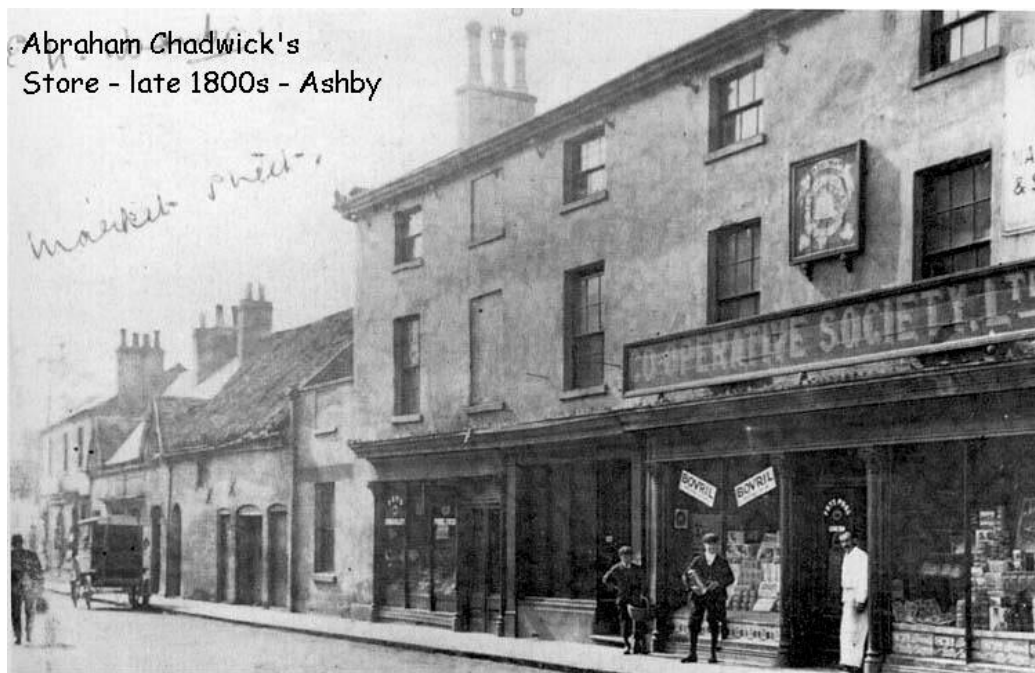
5. Joseph Broadhurst

Joseph Broadhurst was baptized on 19 January 1762 in Ashby. He married **Sarah Jarvis**, daughter of John Jarvis (sometimes spelled Jervase) and Mary Cox on 18 December 1794 in Ashby. Sarah was baptized 24 January 1773 in Ashby. Joseph and Sarah Jarvis Broadhurst had two children: **Sarah Broadhurst** and **Jane Broadhurst**. Joseph Broadhurst may have died before the census of 1841 because I have been unable to find him or his wife Sarah in that census. Sarah did not remarry.

In the 1851 census we find Sarah Jarvis Broadhurst living in "Timm's Yard" in Ashby. A "yard" was land that was part of other property in the village on which small houses or cottages had been built. Sometimes these cottages were converted to residences from stables or outbuildings. Sarah was described in the census as head of household, a widow, age 80, a pauper, residing with **Hannah Chadwick**, her granddaughter, age 15, a glover knitter (knits gloves) in a cotton goods factory. That mutually beneficial arrangement gave Hannah a place to live and provided Sarah with support and help in her old age. Sarah lived to age 89. She died in Ashby in June 1859.

Sarah Broadhurst, daughter of Joseph Broadhurst and Sarah Jarvis Broadhurst, was baptized on 26 December 1796 in Ashby. She married **John Chadwick** at Ashby on 17 April 1820. The *Bishop's Transcripts* (church records in which christenings, marriages and burials were recorded) note that witnesses to the marriage were Thomas Thornley and Elizabeth Broadhurst. John Chadwick and Sarah Broadhurst Chadwick had four children: Thomas Chadwick, Elizabeth Chadwick, Joseph Chadwick, and John Chadwick. There is a record of their descendants for several generations to the present.

Jane Broadhurst was born about 1810 in Ashby and died on 27 December 1869 at about age 59. The Bishop's Transcripts record the marriage of Jane Broadhurst, spinster, to **Abraham Chadwick**, bachelor, both of the parish, by banns at Ashby on 15 March 1830, witnessed by John Tow and Elizabeth Broadhurst. Abraham Chadwick was the son of Thomas Chadwick and Sarah [Peach?]. Abraham was born on 20 January 1811 in Ashby and died in 1869 at age 58. Abraham and Jane Broadhurst Chadwick had eight children: George Chadwick (1831), Abraham Chadwick (1832), William Chadwick (1834), Hannah Chadwick (1836), Betsy Chadwick (1841), Jane Chadwick (1842), Joseph Chadwick (1844), and Thomas Chadwick (1848). There is a record of their descendants in the data file and a photograph of Abraham's shop in Ashby below.



The 1841 census shows Abraham and Jane Broadhurst Chadwick living at the Callis in Ashby. The Callis (in earlier days, known as Calais, a term apparently derived from a word meaning "cabbage field.") was on the outskirts of the village just north-northwest of the center of the village of Ashby. The possible reference to cabbage may be an unflattering commentary: cabbages left in the field are notorious for the stink they

give off when they rot. Life in that time was difficult at best and living conditions in the Callis were particularly bad. Open sewers resulted in bad odors. Disease was a major killer. Children often died while they were still infants. Poverty was a widespread problem. Living conditions were pretty terrible by any standard.

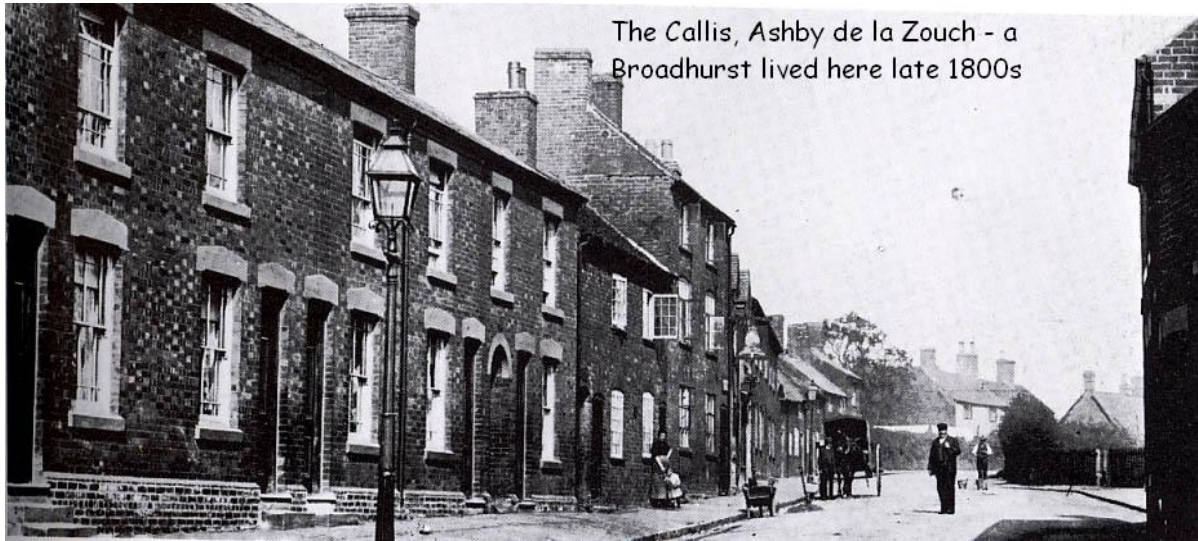
A correspondent in England sent me a description of the Callis area from a history of Ashby that quotes the recollections of a then elderly person who lived in Ashby and was familiar with the Callis area and its residents as of 1837. It reminds us of descriptions of life in that time that were written by Dickens, whose books helped to draw public attention to these conditions and lead to reforms in sanitation, public health and living conditions.

The houses were poor, the roadway an open sewer, and the women old hags, half clothed, loud in speech and rough in manner. The first house on the left side when going north was occupied by John Spencer, a butcher, whose brother Thomas kept the Blue Bell, a little further on. Just beyond lived one Broadhurst, in local phrase a *keg-meg* or *crow butcher*, a slink butcher who would kill anything and sell anything, horses included, healthy or diseased, of age or underage, or prematurely born.

Another man named Parker, who lived north of the Blue Bell, was equally efficient at this slink business; nor were the Baxters, the Sandlants and the Bowmans innocent of it; indeed the thing was very largely done by people in the Calais.

Beyond Broadhurst lived Chadwick, a kind of modern Autolycus, who frequented fairs all over the country, selling trumpery and gingerbread and nuts. Further on dwelt Grice, a labourer; Baggot, a cabinet maker, who spent all his working life with the Davenportes of Market street, and died aged 95 years; Adcock, a carpenter; Pearson, a shoemaker, who lived to be over 90; James Holland, another shoemaker and doer of odd jobs, who had a peculiar way of fitting his customers. After measuring one for a pair of boots he would make one boot and come to try it on. If too small he would say, "It will be all right, I'll make the other a bit big"; if too large, "It will be all right, I'll make the other a bit small.

Elizabeth Redfern and Sarah Wheat kept in the Calais a couple of schools or rather creches, for children of two years old and upwards, who were sent not to learn but to be looked after.



Who was the Broadhurst with the unsavory reputation as a slink butcher? We do not know, because sometime between 1837 and the 1841 census the Broadhurst in the Callis had moved away or died. Could it have been Jane's father, Joseph? Did Abraham Chadwick marry the girl next door? If it was Joseph Broadhurst, he would have been about 75 years old at the time, but I have not been able to find a death record for Joseph so whether or not it was he who was described as a "slink butcher" will remain uncertain.

6. Stephen Broadhurst

Stephen Broadhurst was baptized (and probably born) April 1772 in Ashby, married **Sarah Newbold** October 1802 in Appleby Magna, a nearby village, and died in Ashby in January 1842 at age 70. Stephen and Sarah Newbold Broadhurst had four known children: Edward Broadhurst, Joseph Broadhurst, Mary Broadhurst, and Thomas Broadhurst. Sarah died sometime before 1841. At the time of the 1841 census Stephen, then age 70, was living alone on Upper Church Street in Ashby.

Edward Broadhurst was born about 1803 in Ashby. Nothing is known about him.

Mary Broadhurst was baptized on 27 October 1816 in Ashby. We know nothing more about her.

We can follow the other children, Joseph and Thomas for several generations. It is possible, even probable, that Edward and Mary may have died young. The fact that we can find no information about them, or others where no information has surfaced, does not necessarily mean that they did not survive or have offspring, but with so many of

the Broadhursts from Leicestershire searching for their ancestors it would seem likely that if there were descendants that we would have heard from them.

Joseph Broadhurst was baptized 17 February 1811 in Ashby. He died in June 1884 in the Workhouse at Ashby de la Zouch at age 73 after being sick for about ten days with "bronchitis" but at the time of his death he was listed as a laborer at Hugglescote, which was a coal mine, so it is likely that his death may have been caused or aggravated by coal dust from the mine. Joseph married (1) **Ann Illsley** in October 1836 at St. Peter's in Derbyshire. Ann was probably born about 1813 in Ashby and died on 25 September 1855 in Measham at age 42. Her death certificate indicates that she died of *carcinoma vieri peritonitis* (which I was told means cancer of the womb). Joseph and Ann Illsley Broadhurst had seven known children: Thomas Broadhurst (1836), Mary Broadhurst (1838), Sarah Broadhurst (1840), Ann (1842), Elizabeth (1844), Joseph (1845) and William (1848).

At the time of the 1841 census Joseph and Ann were living at Goose Pen, a hamlet about a mile west of Ashby. In 1865 the hamlet was renamed Shellbrook. Sometime after 1841 Joseph and Ann moved to Measham, where they are found in the 1851 census. Joseph is listed as a labourer in 1841 and an agricultural labourer in 1851. By 1851 Ann was employed as a knitter, as were daughters Mary (13), Sarah (10), and Ann (8). This was before the time of labor laws, and families needed the children to work in order to survive.

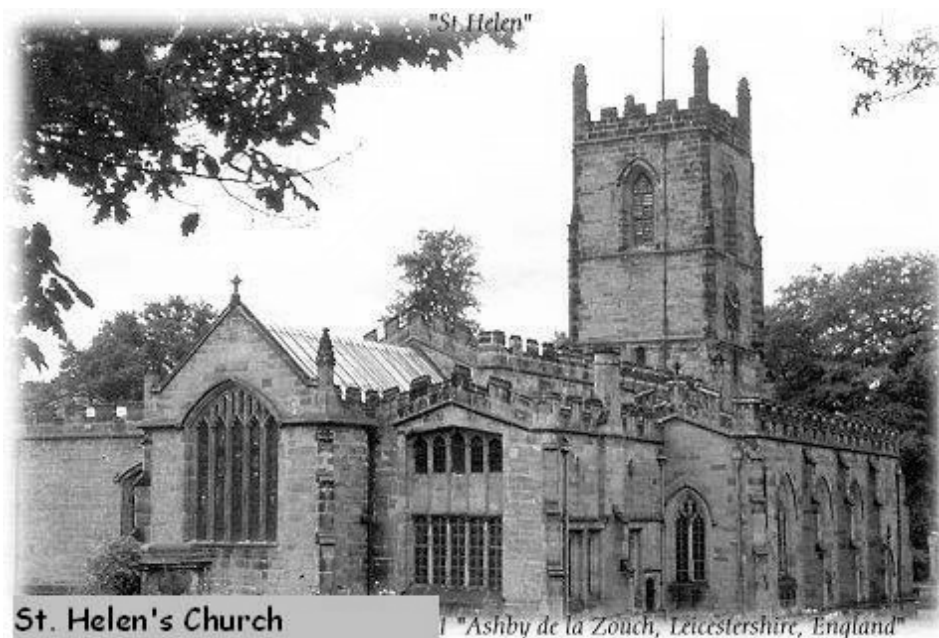
In 1855 Joseph's first wife Ann Illsley Broadhurst died of cancer. Joseph then married (2) **Mary Shepherd Illsley**, a widow. I do not know the relationship between his two wives, but I suspect (with no proof) that second wife Mary Shepherd Illsley (her father was Joseph Shepherd) may have been a sister-in-law, wife of his first wife's deceased brother.

The 1861 Census shows Joseph Broadhurst and his new wife Mary are living at Field Cottage, Measham, Derbyshire, with William Broadhurst, age 13 (Ann's youngest child), and two children of their own marriage, Eliza Broadhurst (age 4, born about 1856) and Harriet Broadhurst (age 2, born about 1858). In 1871 the five mentioned above are all still together in Measham, but also with them is **Jane Hackett**, their 6 year old granddaughter, born in Blackfordby, a hamlet close to Ashby. Jane Hackett was the eldest daughter of Sarah Broadhurst, who in turn was the daughter of Joseph Broadhurst and his first wife Ann Illsley Broadhurst. **Sarah Broadhurst** had married **Charles Hackett** and they had eight children, but we do not know why Jane was living with her grandparents. There is considerable information about the descendants of Sarah Broadhurst and Charles Hackett in the database file.

By 1881 Joseph and Mary Shepherd Illsley Broadhurst have moved to Blackfordby and are living on their own. In 1891, still in Blackfordby, their daughter Eliza Broadhurst Johnson, now a widow and her 3 sons, Alfred, Thomas and Joseph, are living with them.

In 1859, 16-year old **Ann Broadhurst**, daughter of Joseph and Ann, baptized 19 June 1842, gave birth to a son **Joseph Broadhurst** in the Union Workhouse in Ashby. Ann was unmarried at the time of his birth. We do not know anything more about either of them.

Elizabeth Broadhurst, daughter of Joseph and Ann Illsley Broadhurst, baptized May 1844 at St. Helen's in Ashby, married **Thomas Betteridge** in May 1863. Thomas was a coal miner. Thomas and Elizabeth had a number of dependent children in their household at the time of the 1881 Census in Blackfordby, all listed as nieces or nephews. They included **Joseph Broadhurst**, a brickmaker, daughter of Elizabeth's sister Ann Broadhurst, who was unmarried; **Harry Broadhurst**, age 8, born in Donisthorpe, Derbyshire, but we do not know who his parents were; **Moses Betteridge**, a laborer; **Amy Betteridge**, a worker in a pottery factory; **Elizabeth Betteridge**, 14, a scholar, born Blackfordby; and **Eliza Betteridge**, age 9, a scholar, born Blackfordby. It is odd that the names include both Elizabeth and Eliza (which is short for Elizabeth) so we can conclude that they were from different families. Were their parents killed in a mining accident, of which there were many?



Thomas Broadhurst, son of Joseph and his second wife Mary Shepard Illsley Broadhurst, was baptized 1803 in Ashby. He married **Harriet Murphin** on 31 January

1825 in the Township of Ingleby, Derbyshire. They had 11 children that we know about: **Ann Broadhurst** (born 1825), **George Broadhurst** (born 1827), **John Broadhurst** (born 1830), **Mary Broadhurst** (born 1833), **Harriet Broadhurst** [Harriot, in some references] (born 1837), **Charlotte Broadhurst** (born 1841), **Thomas Broadhurst** (born 1832, died 1832), **Thomas Broadhurst** (again) (born 1836, died 1836), **Ruth Broadhurst** (born 1844), **Charles Broadhurst** (born 1847), and **William Broadhurst** (born 1850). At the time of the 1841 census the family was living on Upper Church Street in Ashby. Some of the children whose births are recorded in the Bishop's Transcripts do not show up in the census where we would expect them, and probably died young. We have death records of some of their children, but not all. We are able to track this family through the 1881 census, so we have a pretty good amount of information about them.

In 1841 Thomas was listed as a labourer. In 1851 they had moved to Severn's Yard in Ashby, and now both Thomas (age 45) and Harriet (age 46) are shown as agricultural labourers, as are eldest son George Broadhurst (age 22) and daughters Mary (age 17) and Charlotte (age 10). The younger children are shown as "scholars"—which probably meant little more than attendance at a day care or play school. In 1861 Thomas and Harriet are now living on Upper Church Street in Ashby and youngest son William, now 11, was living at home. All the other children are on their own at that time.

In 1871 Thomas (age 68) and Harriet (69) are living at 8 Leicester Road in Ashby. Thomas is listed as an agricultural laborer. Several of their adult children are back at home living with their parents. Charlotte, age 28, a laundress; Charles, 22, an agricultural laborer; and William, 20, a shoemaker's apprentice. Charlotte is wrongly listed as Charlotte Orton. The census taker may have heard the name wrong, Charlotte is married to a Houghton, who is not residing in the home at the time of the census and may be working out of town, for instance, in a nearby coal mine. Charlotte's daughter Jane, age 7, is also residing in the household. Harriet Broadhurst died in the fall of 1869 at age 76.

In 1881 we find Thomas living at 11 Upper Church Street in Ashby, his occupation listed as a labourer. William, still unmarried at age 28, is living at home and is a shoemaker. Also living at home with her father is Charlotte Houghton, married, age 36, together with her children Jane Houghton, age 17, and Eliza Houghton, age 6. Still there is no sign of Mr. Houghton, but he must be alive somewhere in the area because daughter Eliza was born between the census years, and Charlotte is listed as *wife* rather than *widow*.

Thomas and Harriet's son **George Broadhurst**, born in Ashby in 1827 married **Ann Smith** and they had five children: **John Broadhurst** (1860), **Harry Broadhurst** (1858), **Joseph Broadhurst** (1862), **Thomas Broadhurst** (1864) and **Arthur Broadhurst** (1871).



7. Edward Broadhurst

Edward Broadhurst, son of Joseph Broadhurst and Mary Charlesworth, was christened 20 March 1775 in Ashby and was probably born in 1775. Edward married **Ann Jelly** on 12 October 1799 in Ashby. Ann was born before 1783. So far as we know they had five children, **Benjamin Broadhurst**, **Catherine Broadhurst**, **Elizabeth Broadhurst**, **Sarah Broadhurst**, and **Stephen Broadhurst**. This family record is pretty complete and the descendancy trail goes to the present time, although only the first few generations are included in this history. Some of the information about Edward's descendants was provided by Sylvia Murphy of New South Wales, Australia, who is descended from this line.

Benjamin Broadhurst and **Catherine Broadhurst** were baptized on the same day in January 1804 at St. Helen's in Ashby de la Zouch. That might indicate that they were twins. We don't know anything about Catherine after her baptism, but Benjamin's occupation was listed as "hotel waiter" -- probably at the Royal Hotel, where a number of Broadhursts were employed in the early 1800s. Benjamin Broadhurst married Lucy (surname unknown) and they had two children noted in the Bishop's Transcripts, **Benjamin Broadhurst** and **Edward Broadhurst**, both baptized 15 February 1835, just as

their father. Benjamin and Edward may also have been twins, since twins seem to run in families. Unfortunately Edward died 20 September 1835.

Elizabeth Broadhurst was born about 1806 in Ashby and died after 1864. Elizabeth first married **James Hammond** in 1825, by whom she had a daughter, **Catherine Hammond**. James Hammond died and the widow Elizabeth Broadhurst Hammond next married **William Willshee** on 20 June 1838 in St. Peter's Church, Derby, Derbyshire. William was born about 1809 in Ashby and died on 18 February 1864 in Ashby about age 55. Elizabeth Broadhurst Hammond and William Willshee had four children: **John Wilshee**, **William Willshee**, **Elizabeth Ann Wilshee** and **Mary Ann Wilshee**.

Elizabeth Willshee was a servant and her husband William was a labourer. Typical of many people in this era, including most Broadhursts, both Elizabeth and William were illiterate at the time they married. However, they improved themselves and in due course William became a Bailiff's Messenger and then Assistant Bailiff at the Ashby Court House by 1861. Elizabeth was appointed Manager of the "Saline Bathing Infirmary" which was built in Bath Street, Ashby, so that the poorer people could "take the cure" from the healing waters. The wealthier "tourists" came to the Ivanhoe Baths for their supposed health benefits and the Infirmary extended that benefit to the local poor.

Catherine Hammond, a child of Elizabeth's first marriage, was baptized 18 June 1827 in St. Mary's Church in Leicester and died after 1891. Catherine married William Ward 7 November 1854 in Repton, Derbyshire. William was born about 1829 in Repton and died after 1901. They had five children: William Ward, Arthur Ward, Hannah Elizabeth Ward, John Ward and Mary Ward.

John Wilshee was born in 1839 in Ashby. He married Mary Harris about 1863. They had six children: William Charles Wilshee, John Waldo Wilshee, George Harry Wilshee, Frank Ernest Wilshee, Reginald Frank Wilshee and Fred Wilshee.

William Willshee was born 5 January 1841 in Ashby and baptized 10 August 1856. He died 3 May 1914 in Ashby at age 73. William married Mary Bagnall on 28 March 1865 at St. Helen's in Ashby. Mary was born 23 February 1839 in Ashby and baptized 3 December 1845 in Ashby. She died 9 June 1910 in Ashby at age 71. William and Mary Bagnall Wilshee had three children: Frederick William Wilshee, Frank Wilshee, and Lucy Constance Wilshee.

Elizabeth Ann Willshee was born in 1843 in Ashby and died in 1916 at age 73. She married Thomas Frederick Hunt about December 1881. Thomas was born about 1854 in

Polesworth, Warwickshire, England. They had three children: Ernest Harry Hunt, Hilda Hunt and Margaret Hunt.

Mary Ann Willshee was born about 1847 in Ashby and was baptized 10 March 1865 in Ashby. Mary married John W Wells John was born about 1847.

Sarah Broadhurst was baptized on 3 June 1808 in Ashby. There is no further record of her that we can find.

Stephen Broadhurst was baptized on 21 July 1811 in Ashby, died in November 1850 at age 39, and was buried on 10 November 1850 in Moira Road, Bar (presumably Norris Hill Toll Bar in Blackfordby). He married Elizabeth Glenn, born about 1811 in Thurmaston, Leicestershire. At the time of the 1851 census, shortly after Stephen died, his widow Elizabeth Broadhurst, age 41, was listed as the toll bar keeper at the Norris Hill Toll Bar, near Blackfordby, a village near Ashby. It appears that Elizabeth took over Stephen's job as tollkeeper.



Toll gate and house outside Ashby Z - a Broadhurst widow, a pauper, lived here and collected the tolls for the village

The poverty and cruelty of the times is reflected in the 1851 census which lists the children, **Hannah Broadhurst**, age 15; **Ann Broadhurst**, age 12; **Catherine Broadhurst**, age 10; **Edward Broadhurst**, age 8; **William Broadhurst**, age 4, and **Sarah Broadhurst**, age 8 months. After each name the census noted: "at home, pauper." Most children

had "scholar" after their name, if they were too young to be employed, indicating that they were able to attend school. The implication is clear - they were paupers and for whatever reason they were unable to attend school. The problem of a single mother in 19th Century England was a difficult one. There were other children that had died before the census: Benjamin Broadhurst and George Broadhurst, both baptized 18 March 1845, and both buried 27 March 1845.

[A descendant of this line, Katherine Broadhurst Wylie, told me in an email that Stephen's first wife died before 1841 and that Stephen married again before his own death in 1850. If that information is correct, then the second wife was Elizabeth Glenn and the name of the first wife is unknown. I do not know if this additional information is correct.]

Stephen and Elizabeth's daughter **Sarah Broadhurst**, just 8 months old at the time of the 1851 census, married **John Thornley** on June 8, 1870 at Holy Trinity Church. The marriage certificate has some helpful information. At the time of her marriage, Sarah was a spinster, a servant, age 20; her father (long dead) was Stephen Broadhurst, a labourer; John Thornley was 21 years old, a bachelor, son of Joseph Thornley, a labourer.

Stephen and Elizabeth Broadhurst's son **William Broadhurst**, shown as age 4 in the 1851 census, reappears in the 1881 census living at 4, The Green, Ashby, with his wife **Elizabeth Felsted**. William and his wife are both 35. William is a brewer's laborer. They have eight children all born in Ashby: Elizabeth Broadhurst (1871); Mary Broadhurst (1874); William Broadhurst (1875); Sarah H Broadhurst (1876); Edward Broadhurst (1877); Catherine Broadhurst (1880), George Stephen Broadhurst (1869, died January 1870 at 5 months), and Harry Broadhurst (1888) [in photo].

Stephen and Elizabeth Broadhurst's son **Edward Broadhurst**, born about 1843, married **Maria Smith** on 28 January 1869. Edward and Maria Smith Broadhurst had a son **George Frederick Broadhurst**, baptized 5 December 1869 at Ashby. The Bishop's Transcript shows Edward's occupation as railway laborer. The 1871 census report at Neverseal, Leicestershire records George F. Broadhurst living with his grandmother, Dorothy Smith, a widow, with her unmarried son Edward, age 21, an agricultural laborer, and her daughter Louisa Smith, age 19, unmarried, not employed.

William and Elizabeth Felsted Broadhurst's son [grandson of Stephen and Elizabeth Broadhurst] **Harry Broadhurst**, born 1888 in Ashby, was an engine driver with British Rail. He was also a fireman, as indicated in the photo below. He married **Annie Jones** in 1913. Harry and Annie Jones Broadhurst had two children, **Eric Broadhurst** (born 1923, died about 1999) and **Harry Broadhurst** (born about 1918 and died after 2005).



*Harry Broadhurst, kneeling extreme left. William Randall, standing extreme right.
Photo of Ashby Fire Brigade taken 1921.*

William and Elizabeth Felsted Broadhurst's son [grandson of Stephen and Elizabeth Broadhurst] **Thomas Broadhurst**, born 5 February 1844 in Ashby de la Zouch, married **Sarah-Ann Stevens**. They had a son, **George Broadhurst**, born 4 April 1912 in Haselour, Staffordshire, England, who married **Lillian Bott** and they had a son **Terence Broadhurst**.

8. James Broadhurst

James Broadhurst², son of Joseph¹ and Mary Charlesworth Broadhurst, heads another major Broadhurst line with many descendants alive today. He was born in 1767 in Ashby de la Zouch and died there in September 1829 at age 62. James married **Dorothy Smith** in Hugglescote and Donnington, Leicestershire in 1792. She was born in 1763 in Ashby and died there in July 1832 at age 69.

James and Dorothy Smith Broadhurst had four sons and a daughter: Stephen Broadhurst, Thomas Broadhurst, Ann Broadhurst, James Broadhurst, and Joseph Broadhurst.

Stephen³ Broadhurst, son of James² and Dorothy Smith Broadhurst, was born about 1805 (he was baptized 22 March 1807) in Ashby and died there in January 1870. He married Sarah (surname unknown) about 1837, probably in Ashby. Sarah was born about 1809 in Northamptonshire. Stephen and Sarah and their family were living at "Lion's Well" at the time of the 1841 and 1861 census and on Wood Street Ashby in 1851. Lion's Well is the second house from the Royal Hotel Stables, where Stephen is shown employed as a "Post Boy" in the 1841 and 1851 census and a "post chaise" driver in 1861.



According to a website on English carriages a *postchaise* is a chaise [horse-drawn carriage] used with relays of rented horses that are changed at each "post" (or station). The *postchaise* was always yellow and was sometimes referred to as "a yellow bounder." The carriage had a driver but was additionally controlled by a *postillion* or *post boy* riding one of the lead pair of horses, generally on the left side, of a 6-horse team.

The article continues: "Postillions wore a short single color jacket, a shiny white hat, white cord breeches, top-boots, white stock [neckcloth], and yellow waistcoat with pearl buttons. At all the posting-houses, horses in pairs were kept ready in harness day and night, and the post-boys themselves had to be fully dressed during the day if they were the 'next turn-out.' Most houses kept ten or a dozen post-boys, who went out in rotation. Stanley Harris, in his *Old Coaching Days*, quotes a set of printed rules that hung in the yard of a famous posting-house. One of them was 'That the first and second turn post-boy shall be always booted and spurred, with their horses ready harnessed, from eight o'clock in the morning until seven o'clock at night.'"

Stephen and Sarah Broadhurst had seven known children:

James⁴ Broadhurst, baptized 3 December 1833 in Ashby and died February 1834 in Ashby.

Louisa⁴ Broadhurst, baptized 25 December 1836 in Ashby, died February 1837.

Rosanna⁴ (Rose) Broadhurst, born 1838 in Ashby, married John Sharpe (second marriage for him, a tailor born in Yarmouth about 1832) and between them had three children: Thomas⁵ Broadhurst, born about 1860 when Rose was unmarried; Alice Sharpe, born about 1865, and John R. Sharpe, born about 1868.

Louisa⁴ Broadhurst [again], born about December 1840 in Ashby. Nothing more is known about her.

Jane⁴ Broadhurst was baptized 20 January 1844 in Ashby. Nothing more is known about her.

Maria⁴ Broadhurst was baptized 2 February 1847 in Ashby and died about April 1847 in Ashby de la Zouch.

Elizabeth⁴ (Eliza) Broadhurst was born about 1848 in Ashby and died in August 1860 in Ashby about age 12.

Thomas³ Broadhurst, son of James and Dorothy Smith Broadhurst, was baptized on 13 January 1793 in Ashby and died in June 1863 in Ashby at age 70. He married Ann, surname unknown about 1820. Ann was born about 1801 in Swadlincote, Derbyshire.

Thomas and Ann Broadhurst had ten children, all born in Ashby:

Sarah⁴ Broadhurst, baptized 19 December 1821 in Ashby and died after 1891; she married **William Wayte** in 1844 (he died before 1891) and had 5 children: **William Henry Wayte**, **Ann Elizabeth Wayte**, **Eliza M. Wayte**, **Harriet Wayte** and **Sarah Wayte**.

Caroline⁴ Broadhurst, baptized 4 October 1828. Nothing more is known.

Thomas⁴ Broadhurst, baptized 16 January 1821. Nothing more is known.

Ann⁴ Broadhurst, baptized 19 December 1832. Nothing more is known.

John⁴ Broadhurst, baptized 19 February 1845. Nothing more is known.

Eliza⁴ Broadhurst, baptized 19 February 1845. Nothing more is known.

Louisa Jane⁴ Broadhurst, baptized 6 August 1845. Nothing more is known.

Joseph⁴ Broadhurst, baptized 19 December 1820, died before 1826.

Joseph⁴ Broadhurst (again), baptized 13 April 1826.

Elizabeth⁴ Broadhurst, baptized 15 March 1824, died before 1845.

At the time of the 1841 Census Thomas and Ann were living at "the Green" in Ashby. Their daughter Sarah, age 20, was a dressmaker living at home. In 1851 they are living at Wright's Yard in Ashby. Their son Thomas, age 20, is unmarried, living at home, and a baker. Ann is age 18, a glover (maker of gloves). John and Eliza are shown as scholars.

The *Directory and Gazeteer of Leicestershire*, published in 1854, shows Thomas Broadhurst as Omnibus operator, departing Monday through Saturday at 4 p.m. from *Bullshead*, which I assume is an Inn. An *omnibus* is a large carriage pulled by horses that transported from 6 to 22 paying passengers.



Ann³ Broadhurst, daughter of James and Dorothy Smith Broadhurst, was baptized 29 March 1795 in Ashby. We know nothing more about her.

James³ Broadhurst, son of James and Dorothy Smith Broadhurst, was baptized 17 July 1808 in Ashby. He married **Elizabeth Sutton** on 3 December 1831 at Ashby. She was born about 1801 in Barton Under Needwood, Staffordshire. She died early in 1860. James and Elizabeth Sutton Broadhurst had 3 children: **Sydney Broadhurst**, **Julia Broadhurst**, and **Horace Broadhurst**. James next married **Mary Greenwood**, her maiden name unknown, age 24, a widow, about 1860. She had a daughter, **Martha Greenwood**, by her first husband, and one child with James, **Susan Broadhurst**, baptized 5 January 1862 in Ashby.

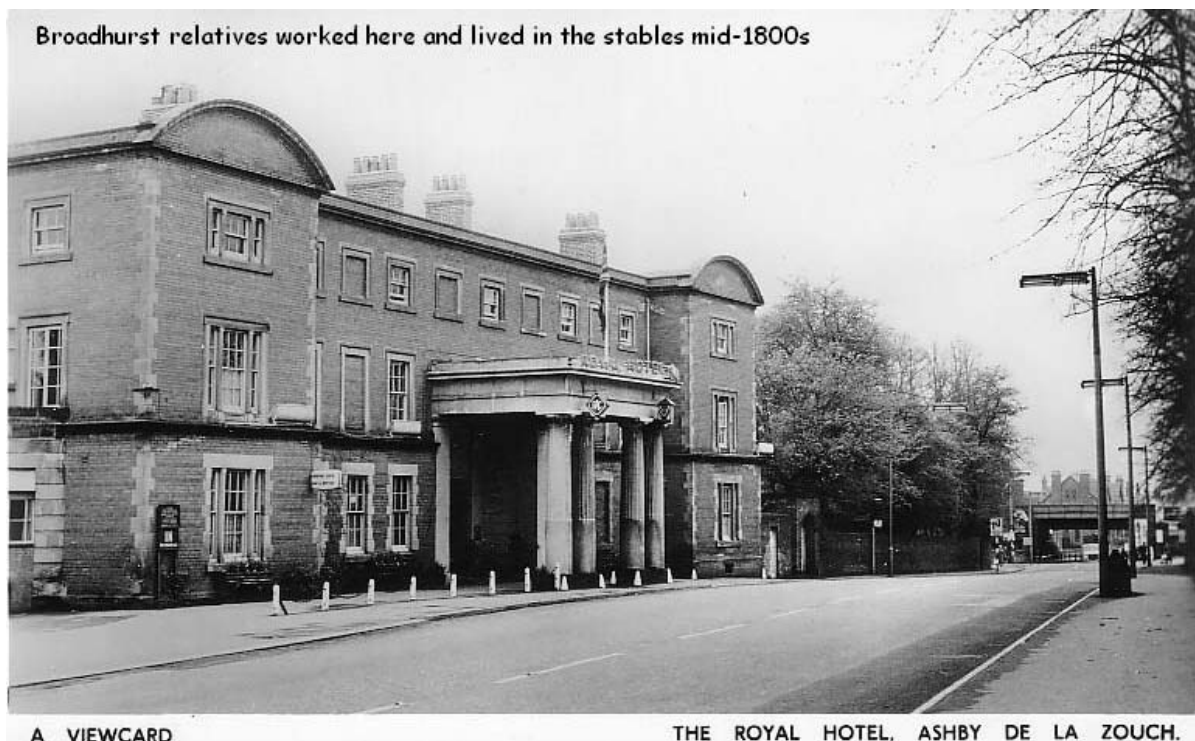
Sydney⁴ Broadhurst was baptized 18 December 1842 in Ashby. He married and had 3 children, **Elizabeth A Broadhurst** (about 1875), **Robert J Broadhurst** (about 1877) and **Frederick Broadhurst** (about 1879), all born in Birmingham. In 1881 they were living at 11 Grange Road, Beech Terrace Aston, Birmingham, and they were still there in 1901.

Julia⁴ Broadhurst was baptized 4 June 1845 in Ashby and died in June 1845.

Horace⁴ Broadhurst was baptized 7 July 1839 in Ashby and died during the fall of 1839.

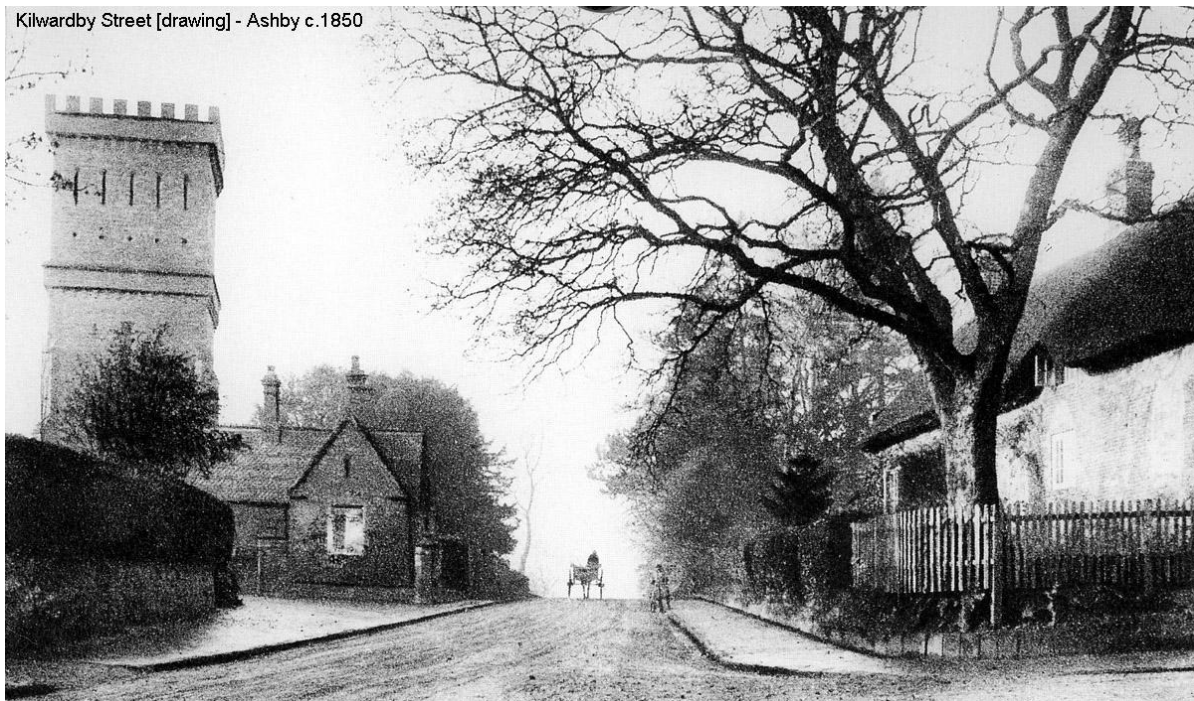
Susan⁴ Broadhurst was baptized 5 January 1862 and nothing more is known about her.

At the time of the 1841 Census James and Elizabeth were living on Kilwardby Street in Ashby. James was a post boy. In 1851 they were living at Pegg's Yard in Ashby and James was employed as a servant. Elizabeth was employed as a knitter [making cotton goods either at home or in a factory]. In 1861 James was employed as "boots" at the hotel, presumably the Royal Hotel. The position of "boots" at a hotel involved general portering duties as well as cleaning the boots of travelers and guests. Many Broadhursts were employed at the hotel during the mid-1800s.



Joseph³ Broadhurst, probably son of James² and Dorothy Smith Broadhurst, was born about 1801 in Ashby, was baptized on 22 March 1807 in Ashby, and died early in 1881 in Ashby at about age 80. Parish records show that a Joseph Broadhurst and **Ann Armiston** [also spelled Armston or Armustone] were married 6 December 1825 in Ashby. Parish records also show that an Ann Armston was baptized at Ashby on 11 October 1795, daughter of Thomas Armston and Hannah. Whether the Ann Armston born in 1795 is the wife of Joseph is doubtful. While various genealogies show this Joseph to be the same Joseph who is the son of William Broadhurst and Sarah Wardle, christened November 1787 in Ashby, I believe that identification is incorrect and inconsistent with the available data.

Here's why. If we ignore the 1841 census, where the ages of adults were rounded down to the closest multiple of 5 years, each subsequent census where the ages of Joseph and Ann are reported results in calculated birth years that vary significantly



from the known birth year of about 1787 for Joseph who is the son of William, and 1795 for Ann Armston the daughter of Thomas. In 1851 Joseph reports his age as 45, which projects to a birth year of 1806, a generation off (19 years) from the reported christening data of 1787. Each of the subsequent ages reported vary significantly from the christening date of the Joseph who was son of William and Sarah Wardle Broadhurst (per 1861 census, calculated birth 1801; 1871, calculates 1800; 1881, calculates 1800). His death in 1881 at age 82, projects to a birth year of 1799. None of these dates is close to 1787.

Ann consistently reports her age (or it may be reported for her by Joseph) as 3-4 years younger than Joseph. That projects to a birth year of 1803-1805, also quite different than the baptismal date of Ann Armston in 1795. According to the marriage date of 1825, Joseph would have been 38 and Ann would have been 30 when they first married. It seems unlikely that both Ann and Joseph would remember their ages so far off their actual ages. On the other hand, it also seems unlikely that we will find a different Joseph Broadhurst and Ann Armston that will fit these criteria. We are left with some uncertainty as the identity of Ann.

At the time of the 1841 Census Joseph and Ann Broadhurst are living at the Royal Hotel Stables in Ashby. Joseph is employed there as a *post boy* - also known as a postillion. The Royal Hotel was built 1826-1828 as accommodation for out of town visitors attending the Ivanhoe Baths. The baths [also known as the Saline Baths] were recently demolished but the hotel still stands.



The 1851 census returns show Joseph and his family living at "Pegg's Yard. John Armston is living with the family and shown as a "lodger" but he must be a relative. Ann is presumed to be the daughter of Thomas Armston; if John were Ann's father, as some have speculated, he would have been shown as "father in law" in the census. It is more likely that he was Ann's uncle. Since relationships in the census are shown with

respect to the head of household, in this case Joseph Broadhurst, he would have no relationship to John and the designation of lodger would be quite appropriate.

In 1861 they are shown still living at Pegg's Yard, Market Street, Ashby. Joseph, age 60, is still *post boy*. Son John, age 30 is a *hostler*, presumably working at the Royal Hotel. Henry, 21, is a cab driver; Joseph, 19, is also a post boy, and sons Charles, 17, and Benjamin, 15, are servant boys. In 1871 they are living at 73D Market Street (which may be the same house as in 1861. Joseph is 71, a widower, listed as *postilion*. Henry, now 32, is a driver. Benjamin, 25, is a widower, and his occupation is groom. Fanny is unmarried at the time of the census, but she married William Gates later that year. Edward, age 19, is a groom.

In April 1881 Joseph Broadhurst is living with his son Charles and his family. Joseph probably died early in 1881 at Ashby, age 82.

Joseph and Ann Armston Broadhurst had 13 known children:

[1] **Mary Ann⁴ Broadhurst** was born about May 1826 in Ashby, was baptized 23 August 1826 and died in February 1828 in Ashby at 1 year, 9 months.

[2] **Mary Ann⁴ Broadhurst** [the second with this name] was baptized 22 July 1828 in Ashby. Mary Ann married **Arthur Brealey** 1 February 1858 in Ashby. He was born about 1836. Arthur and Mary Ann Broadhurst Brealey had four children, all born in Hartshorne, Derbyshire: **David Brealey**, born about 1859; **Thomas Brealey**, born about 1868; **Joseph Brealey**, born about 1871; **Margaret Brealey**, born about 1873.

[3] **John⁴ Broadhurst** was baptized 30 May 1830 in Ashby de la Zouch. John married **Mary** [surname unknown] on 15 February 1857 in Ashby. Mary was born about 1836 in Donisthorpe, Derbyshire. John and Mary Broadhurst had nine children: **George⁵ Broadhurst** was born about 1860 in Ashby. **Mary⁵ Broadhurst** was baptized 7 September 1862 in Ashby. **Sarah⁵ Broadhurst** was born about 1864 in Ashby. In 1881 Sarah was working as a servant in the household of W. A. Hardwick (gentleman) at 25 Upper Church Street, Ashby. **Samuel⁵ Broadhurst** was baptized 2 July 1871 in Ashby. In the 1901 Census Samuel Broadhurst was listed as age 28, a railway laborer. **William⁵ Broadhurst** was born about July 1872 in Ashby and died in September 1872. **Ann⁵ Broadhurst** was born about November 1869 in Ashby and died in March 1870. **Charlotte⁵ Broadhurst** was born about July 1868 in Ashby and died in August 1868. **Arthur⁵ Broadhurst** was born about February 1867 in Ashby, was

baptized 7 April 1867 and died in November 1867. **Harry⁵ Broadhurst** was baptized 6 February 1859 in Ashby and died before April 1861.

[4] **Elizabeth⁴ (Eliza) Broadhurst** was baptized 26 August 1832 in Ashby and died in January 1833.

[5] **Elizabeth⁴ (Betsey) Broadhurst** was baptized 22 November 1833 in Ashby. She married **Christopher Firband**, a tailor, on March 27, 1859. Christopher was born about 1837 in Ashby. They had five children all born in Ashby: **Ellen Firband** was born about 1859; **Margaret Firband** was born about 1861; **Annie Firband** was born about 1868; **Tom Firband** was born about 1871; **Alice Firband** was born about 1877.

[6] **James⁴ Broadhurst** was baptized 4 March 1836 and died in 1925 about age 89. In 1871 James was a "post boy"; in 1881 he was shown on the census as "servant boy, coachman"; in 1891 he was a general laborer; in 1901 he was a laborer at a "pit bank" (a coal pit). He married (probably) **Rebecca Broadhurst**, daughter of **William and Elizabeth Smith Broadhurst** of Staffordshire, whose Broadhurst ancestry does not appear to be connected to our Broadhurst line. The marriage took place 18 October 1863. Rebecca was born about 1829 in Linton, Derbyshire, and died in 1903 about age 74. James and Rebecca Broadhurst had four children:

[1] **Gertrude⁵ Broadhurst** was born in 1862 in Ashby and died in 1937 at age 75; in 1881 and 1891 she was a milliner; she married **Joseph Haynes** in 1896.

[2] **Joseph⁵ William Broadhurst** [photo next page] was born 15 December 1864 in Ashby and died early in 1949 at age 84. Ian Methven, a descendant, wrote to me that Joseph, like most of his family, started work as a stable boy [probably at the Royal Hotel] but eventually became a train driver based in Leicester. From the census we learn that his occupation in 1881 was groom and in 1901 was railway engine stoker. In 1901 Joseph was living with his wife and son at 69 Worthington Street, Leicester. Joseph married **Mary Jane Toon** 29 January 1894 in St. John's Church, Donisthorpe, Derbyshire. Mary was born 21 October 1870 in Donisthorpe and baptized 11 June 1871 in St. John's Church, Donisthorpe. Joseph William and Mary Jane Toon Broadhurst had two children: [a] **Henry⁶ [Harry] Toon Broadhurst** was born 1 November 1894 in Leicester and died in February 1982 at age 87. Harry Broadhurst served with the Royal Field Artillery during the Battle of the

Somme where he was wounded. Henry married **Elsie Margaret Langton** with whom he had three children: **Kenneth⁷ Arthur Broadhurst**, **Neville⁷ Broadhurst**, and **Ronald⁷ Broadhurst**. [b] **Margaret⁶ Broadhurst**, born 8 August 1912 in Leicester, married **Leslie Gill** in 1934 in Leicester, and died in 1977.



[3] **Elizabeth⁵ Broadhurst** was born about 1867 in Ashby and died in 1949 about age 82. In 1881 Elizabeth was a servant in the household of the Joyce family in Castle Church, Staffordshire.

[4] **Francis⁵ (Frank) Broadhurst** was born about 1869 in Ashby. In the 1891 census he was listed as a Grocer's Porter.

[7] **Henry⁴ Broadhurst** was baptized 15 July 1838 in Ashby. Nothing more is known about him.

[8] **Joseph⁴ Broadhurst** was baptized 21 February 1841 and died before 1891. Joseph married Ann [surname unknown] at Ashby on 20 March 1864. In the 1871 census he is shown as living at 75A Market Street, Ashby, his employment as laborer. In 1881 he was living at O Court 21 in Ashby and employed as a groom. On birth records of his children he is listed as a "hostler" but that is a term with a variety of meanings. Several sources report that an "ostler" is a keeper or caretaker of horses and "hostler" can mean "innkeeper" but it can also refer to a groom or one who takes care of horses; in this instance it means the

latter. It is likely that Joseph was employed by the Royal Hotel stables. Joseph and Ann Broadhurst had five children: [1] **Grace Broadhurst**, born about 1865 in Ashby. In 1881 she was in service to the Cheatle family in Staunton Harold. [2] **Mary Ann Broadhurst**, baptized 1 November 1867. The 1891 census reports that Mary Ann was "simple from birth" -- mentally retarded. [3] **John Joseph Broadhurst**, also baptized on 1 November 1867 and died in late December in 1867 at nine weeks old. John Joseph and Mary Ann may have been twins. [4] **John Broadhurst**, born about October 1870 in Ashby. Nothing more is known about him. [5] **Harry Broadhurst**, born about 1874 in Ashby. Nothing more is known about him.

[9] **Charles⁴ Henry Broadhurst** was born 13 July 1843 in Ashby, baptized 6 August 1843 and died before 1901 [the 1901 census shows his wife had remarried to George Middleton]. He married **Mary Jane Webster** in 1867. In 1881 Charles and his family were living at South Street, Hugglescote and Donnington. Charles was a coal miner. His father, Joseph³ Broadhurst, was living with them and was also listed as a coal miner. In 1908, on the marriage certificate of his son Charles Isaac Broadhurst, his father Charles was listed as a boot and shoe dealer. Charles Henry and Mary Jane Webster Broadhurst had three children, all born in Hugglescote and Donnington: [1] **Mary⁵ Broadhurst**, born about 1869. [2] **Harriet⁵ Broadhurst**, born about 1880. Nothing further is known about Mary or Harriet. [3] **Charles⁵ Isaac Broadhurst**, born 23 February 1879, baptized 11 May 1879 in the Primitive Methodist Church, Ashby, and died about 1946 at age 67. Charles I. Broadhurst married Ellen Abbott in Sheffield in August 1908. Charles and Ellen Abbott Broadhurst had three children: **Charles⁶ Henry Broadhurst** (born 1911; died June 1984), **David⁶ Albert Broadhurst** (born 1913; died about 1980), and **Mary⁶ Broadhurst** (born about 1915; died about 1990). **Charles⁶ Henry Broadhurst** married Joan Talbot and they had one son, **Charles⁷ Anthony Broadhurst**.

Charles⁷ Anthony Broadhurst wrote to me about his father and grandfather, excerpted and edited for clarity: "Charles Isaac Broadhurst was an oil tank driver (kerosene), then carter, later poultry farmer. In 1929 my father Charles Henry Broadhurst emigrated to Canada just before his 18th birthday but returned four years later. Joined 2nd battalion Coldstream Guards in 1935 (he was almost 6 ft. 6 inches tall). He went to France in 1940, returning via Dunkirk. About 1942 he volunteered for India and served in the 2nd Punjab Rifles. He returned in 1945-46, married Joan Talbot whom he had met in 1941 and joined his brother Albert working as an agricultural mechanic on a farm near Gringley on the Hill, Nottinghamshire. In 1950 he moved to Lincolnshire, where my mother still lives and the rest of us live nearby."

[10] **Benjamin⁴ Broadhurst** was born about May 1845 in Ashby. He married first **Elizabeth Fowler** in the fall of 1868. She died in the spring of 1869. He next married **Martha B. Fowler** in 1872 in Shardlow, Leicestershire. In 1891 Benjamin was a coachman, living at the Royal Hotel stables. In 1881 the census shows Benjamin and his family living at Court 17 #4 in Ashby, his occupation shown as bus carter. Benjamin and Martha Fowler Broadhurst had children all born in Ashby: **Esther E. Broadhurst**, born about 1874; **Arthur Charles Broadhurst**, born about 1877; **Rose E. Broadhurst**, born about 1880; **Martha A. Broadhurst**, born about 1884; and **Mary L. Broadhurst**.

[11] **Fanny⁴ Broadhurst** was baptized 6 May 1849 in Ashby. In 1871 Fanny married William Gates in Ashby and they have five children born in Ashby: Eliza Gates (1872), Charles Gates (1874), Annie Gates (1876), William Gates (1880).

[12] **Harry⁴ Broadhurst** was born about February 1858 in Ashby and died there in March 1858.

[13] **Edward⁴ Broadhurst** was baptized 4 April 1852. We have no other information about him.

4: William Broadhurst and Sarah Wardle

William² Broadhurst, son of Joseph¹ Broadhurst and Mary Charlesworth, is our direct ancestor. He was baptized on 19 August 1759 in Ashby de la Zouch, Leicestershire, and was probably born earlier that month. He married **Sarah Wardle**, daughter of John Wardle and Sarah Barfoot on 1 April 1782 in Cole Orton, Leicestershire, about 3 miles from Ashby. Sarah Wardle was born about 1763 in Cole Orton.

William Broadhurst has become a controversial figure in the history of our family. There is a sometimes contentious debate about whether or not this William Broadhurst left Ashby and went to Philadelphia and then on to Ohio and Michigan, with his son also named William. Whether our William is the same person as the William who appeared in the newly-independent states across the ocean is disputed. If this William Broadhurst went to the U.S. then he left his family behind in Ashby, except for his son William. There is circumstantial evidence persuasive to many that this William is the same William Broadhurst who appeared in Ohio subsequently with his son but there is no certainty about this and I have chosen not to include that Ohio descendancy line in this history. There is a discussion of the issues related to this descendancy line in Chapter 5, "The Mystery of the Four Williams."

William and Sarah Wardle Broadhurst had ten children: **John Broadhurst, Edward Broadhurst, Mary Broadhurst, William Broadhurst, Margaret Broadhurst, Stephen Broadhurst, George Broadhurst, Thomas Broadhurst, Sarah Broadhurst** and **Joseph Broadhurst**.

1 - John Broadhurst - Mary Grundy

John³ Broadhurst, born November 1799 in Cole Orton, Leicestershire, married **Mary Grundy** in September 1828, and died after 1871 in Ashby. John Broadhurst is our direct ancestor and is the subject of Chapter 6 of this family history.

2 - Edward Broadhurst - Elizabeth Parr

Edward³ Broadhurst, was baptized on Christmas, 25 December 1797, in Cole Orton, Leicestershire. His descendant Neil Broadhurst believes that Edward was actually born about 1790, based upon his burial record that stated his age at death as 61 years old. He was buried 20 July 1851 in Lambley, Nottinghamshire, England.

Edward Broadhurst married **Elizabeth Parr**, daughter of William Parr and Sarah Marshall on 5 December 1819 in Lambley, Nottinghamshire. Elizabeth Parr was baptized on 9 February 1794 in Lambley, died in August 1866 in Lambley at age 72.

Edward and Elizabeth Parr Broadhurst had six children, all born in Lambley, Nottinghamshire: **Mary Broadhurst, Samuel Broadhurst, William Broadhurst, Hannah Broadhurst, Sarah Broadhurst, and Joseph Broadhurst.**

[1] **Mary⁴ Broadhurst** was baptized 25 January 1824.

[2] **Samuel⁴ Broadhurst** was baptized 24 March 1826.

[3] **William⁴ Broadhurst** was baptized 20 March 1831 and died in February 1873.

[4] **Hannah⁴ Broadhurst** was baptized 12 May 1833 and died in December 1834.

[5] **Sarah⁴ Broadhurst** was baptized 9 February 1822 [note conflicting information in following paragraph.] Sarah married **John Brandreth** 21 July 1850 in Lambley. John Brandreth was baptized 7 January 1816 in Lambley. Sarah Broadhurst had an illegitimate child, **George Broadhurst**, on 16 February 1845. John and Sarah Broadhurst Brandreth had three children of their own: **Mary Ann Brandreth, Henry William Brandeth, and Edward Brandeth.**

Robert N. Grant of Menlo Park, California provided me with background information and documentation by email written in 2001 that: (a) a letter dated 28 October 1975 from Rector C. M. Hubbard of Lambley stated that the baptismal records show that Sarah Broadhurst was baptized 24 March 1826 and that she was the daughter of Edward and Elizabeth Broadhurst. (b) The 1851 Census for Lambley listed Sarah Brandrith, wife of John Brandrith, as aged 29 and born in Lambley about 1822. (c) The marriage certificate of John Brandrith and Sarah Broadhurst was dated 21 July 1850 at Lambley Parish and listed her father as Edward Broadhurst. (d) The birth certificate for **George Broadhurst** was dated 16 February 1845 at Arnold Subdistrict, Basford District, Nottingham, and listed his mother as Sarah Broadhurst and did not name the father. (e) In his letter dated October 28, 1975, Rector C. W. Hubbard stated that "George Broadhurst was baptized on 24th February 1845, the illegitimate son of Sarah Broadhurst, a stockinger. [ed. note: a *stockinger* is a knitter of stockings, usually on a frame.] The father is not named...."

"....In 1851 she was residing with her husband and their eight month old child at 36 Main Street, Lambley, while **George Broadhurst** resided at 33 Main Street, Lambley, with his grandparents Edward and Elizabeth Broadhurst. **George's** occupation at the time was described by his grandfather as 'scholar'...."

"If John Brandrith were the father of George Broadhurst, it seems unlikely that John would have George residing with George's grandparents instead of in John's own home across the street. The more likely conclusion is that John did not want Sarah Broadhurst's illegitimate child living in his house.

George⁵ Broadhurst was born 16 February 1845 in Lambley and died 22 September 1916 in Toledo, Ohio at age 71. George Broadhurst married **Selina Carrington**, daughter of George Carrington and Catherine Holmes on 20 July 1868 in Trinity Church, St. Peter, Derby, Derbyshire, England. Selina was born 15 February 1848 in Spondon, Derby and died 19 April 1927 in Toledo, Ohio at age 79. George and Selina Carrington Broadhurst had seven children: **Horace Edward Broadhurst**, **Florence Jane Broadhurst**, **William Henry Broadhurst**, **William Henry Broadhurst**, the second of that name after the first died, **Sidney George Broadhurst**, **Alfred Edwin Broadhurst**, and **Florence Rachel Broadhurst**. All of the children except Horace Edward were baptized at the Centenary Methodist Church, City of Point St. Charles, Quebec. Two of the children died in infancy: Florence Jane Broadhurst on August 21, 1874, of tubercular meningitis and William Henry Broadhurst (first of that name) on January 18, 1875, of smallpox.

Robert N. Grant wrote to me that at the time of his marriage to Selena Carrington, George Broadhurst was a porter. He emigrated with his wife to Montreal in 1870, and apparently came with Selena's brother Edwin Carrington (and wife Emily), and Selena's sisters Frances Georgiana, Rachel, Julia and Elizabeth Carrington. After his arrival in Montreal in 1870 and until his retirement in 1909 George Broadhurst was an engineer for the Grand Trunk Railroad. After retirement he and his wife moved to Toledo, Ohio, where they died (in 1916, and 1927, respectively).

In her marriage certificate, dated July 21 1850, five years after her son George's birth, Sarah Broadhurst described herself as a *spinster*. In his marriage certificate George Broadhurst lists his father as John Broadhurst, but this may have been merely a convenient device to avoid having to state that his father was unknown.

1-Horace⁶ Edward Broadhurst was born 22 October 1869 in Derbyshire, England and died 31 December 1933 in Brooklyn, New York at age 64. Horace first married **Agnes** (surname unknown) who died in July 1938 in Brooklyn, New York. Horace next married **Mary A. Brady** on 16 August 1892 in St. Albans, Vermont. Mary was born in 1868 in

Bakersfield, Vermont. They had one son: **George⁷ Horace Jordan Broadhurst**, born 6 January 1897 in Toledo, Ohio. He was a Vaudeville actor, lived in Chicago, and died before World War 2. George married **Madeline Fuhs**, born in 1899 in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. They had four children: **Patricia⁸ Broadhurst**, **George⁸ Broadhurst**, **Margaret⁸ Mary Broadhurst**, and **Edward⁸ Broadhurst**.

2-Florence⁶ Jane Broadhurst was born 15 November 1871 in Montreal, Quebec and died 21 August 1874 in Montreal at age 2.

3-William⁶ Henry Broadhurst was born 3 August 1874 in Montreal, Quebec and died 18 January 1875 in Montreal.

4-William⁶ Henry Broadhurst was born 31 January 1876 in Montreal, Quebec and died 21 December 1960 in Haney, British Columbia at age 84. William married **Florella Wright Copping** 13 April 1896 in New Glasgow, Quebec. Florella was born 20 June 1874 in Kilkenny, Quebec and died 9 August 1935 in Joliette, Quebec at age 61. William and Florella Broadhurst had seven children: **Herbert William**, **Horace Zina**, **Charles Oswald**, **Leicester Carrington**, **Francis Austin**, **Clinton Wright**, and **John Winston**.

Herbert⁷ William Broadhurst, born 1 February 1897 in New Glasgow, Quebec and died 21 November 1953 in New Westminster, British Columbia at age 56. He did not marry.

Horace⁷ Zina Broadhurst, born 27 December 1897 in New Glasgow, Quebec and died 31 May 1953 in Homestead, Florida at age 55. He had no children.

Charles⁷ Oswald Broadhurst, born 3 March 1900 in New Glasgow, Quebec and died 23 August 1900 in New Glasgow, Quebec.

Leicester⁷ Carrington Broadhurst, born 30 July 1901 in New Glasgow, Quebec and died 17 October 1966 in Hammond Lake, Indiana at age 65. He married first, **Marie Patnoudé**; next he married **Jessie Wright**; third he married **Elsie Peaker**, born 4 December 1893 in Leeds, Yorkshire, England and died 26 November 1974 in Hammond, Lake, Indiana at age 80. Finally he married **Ethel Mae Braman** 7 July 1923 in Crown Point, Lake, Indiana. This marriage ended in divorce. They had four children:

Margaret Alice Broadhurst, William Horace Broadhurst, Leicester Carrington Broadhurst, and Elsie Mae Broadhurst.

Francis⁷ Austin Broadhurst was born 26 August 1903 in New Glasgow, Quebec and died 16 January 1967 in East Chicago, Indiana at age 63. He never married.

Clinton⁷ Wright Broadhurst was born 13 July 1907 in New Glasgow, Quebec and died 17 April 1971 in Gainesville, Florida at age 63.

John⁷ Winston Broadhurst was born 9 February 1921 in Joliette, Quebec. John married **Penelope Simson** 31 October 1946 in Montreal. They had a stillborn child. John next married **Eileen Alice Hammond** 23 September 1950 in Burnaby, British Columbia. They had four children: **Joan Eileen Broadhurst, Judith May Broadhurst, James Francis Broadhurst** and **John William Broadhurst.**

5-Sidney⁶ George Broadhurst was born 4 May 1879 in Montreal, Quebec and died 4 July 1943 in Montreal at age 64. Sidney married **Mildred Louise Savage** 30 June 1908 in Granby, Quebec. Mildred was born 20 September 1883 in Shefford Mountain, Quebec and died 31 August 1939 in Quebec City, Quebec at age 55. Sidney and Mildred Broadhurst had seven children:

Mary⁷ Selina "Mollie" Broadhurst was born 16 December 1909 in Granby, Quebec. She married Felix Larose, 19 June 1933 in Quebec City, Quebec. The marriage ended in divorce. They had one son: **George⁸ Charles Wilfred Broadhurst**, born 16 February 1937 in Quebec City

Philip⁷ Sidney Broadhurst was born 18 March 1912 in Waterloo, Quebec and died 2 December 1991 in Toronto, Ontario at age 79. He married Donald Mae Richardson 21 October 1939 in Kingston, Ontario. They had four children: **Peter Allan Broadhurst** (1941); **Barbara Ruth Broadhurst** (1944), **Maureen Joyce Broadhurst** (1948), and **Robert Craig Broadhurst** (1950).

Ralph⁷ Savage Broadhurst was born 8 November 1913 in Waterloo, Quebec and died 19 November 1984 in Lakeland,

Florida at age 71. Ralph married Wenda Aileen Orr 20 July 1940 in Milby, Quebec. They had five children: **Janet Louise Broadhurst** (1945), **Allan Wayne Broadhurst** (1949), **Ralph Neil Broadhurst** (1952), **Keith Edgar Broadhurst** (1954), and **Lindsay Sidney Broadhurst** (1958).

Barbara⁷ Agnes Broadhurst was born 5 November 1917 in Joliette, Quebec. She married Samuel John Porter 25 September 1943 in Montreal, Quebec. They had two children: Timothy Nichol Porter (1946) and Elsbeth Louise Porter (1952).

Stuart⁷ Leslie Broadhurst was born 11 May 1920 in Joliette, Quebec and died there 3 June 1920.

Margaret⁷ Florence Broadhurst was born 19 September 1921 in Joliette, Quebec and died 20 December 1989 in Victoria, British Columbia at age 68. She married Henry Alexander "Harry" Clinch on 26 April 1956 in Montreal, Quebec.

George⁷ Henry Broadhurst was born 5 June 1927 in Joliette, Quebec and died 30 April 1999 in Toronto, Ontario at age 71. George married Eileen Naomi Van Cise 20 March 1954 in Toronto, Ontario. They had two children: **David George Gordon Broadhurst** (1955) and **Philip Ghent Broadhurst** (1963).

6-Alfred⁶ Edwin Broadhurst was born 19 November 1881 in Montreal, Quebec and died there 24 October 1947. He married Elizabeth Ann Hamilton 21 June 1905 in New Glasgow, Quebec. They had two children: **Clinton Hamilton Broadhurst** (born 11 August 1906, died 26 September 1906 in Montreal) and **Verra Elizabeth Broadhurst** (born 13 April 1910 in Winnipeg, Manitoba; died 22 August 1975 in Montreal at age 65).

7-Florence⁶ Rachel Broadhurst was born 10 May 1884 in City of Pointe St. Charles, Quebec and died 28 May 1954 in St. Louis, Missouri at age 70. Florence married **Bernard Clinton Grant** 3 April 1907 in Montreal. Bernard was born 11 December 1884 in Canterbury, New Brunswick and died 26 January 1939 in St. Louis, Missouri at age 54. They had two children:

Bernard Carrington Grant was born 22 January 1908 in Toledo, Ohio and died 30 May 1995 in Boca Raton, Florida at age 87.

Bernard married **Mae Louise Parker** 14 June 1930 in Toledo, Ohio. They had two children: **Carole Joyce Grant** (1939) and **Barbara Kay Grant** (1941) .

George Nelson Grant was born 26 May 1912 in Toledo, Ohio and died 23 June 1960 in Kirkwood, Missouri at age 48. George married **Frances Mary Tissier** on 6 August 1934 in East St Louis, Illinois. They had two children: **John Carrington Grant** (1937) and **Mary Frances Grant** (1943). George next married **Leota Victoria Wright** 19 March 1944 in Brentwood, Missouri. They had two children: **Diane Lynn Seeger Grant** (1939) and **Robert Noel Grant** (1945).

[6] **Joseph⁴ Broadhurst** was baptized 27 February 1820 in Lambley, Nottinghamshire, England, and died 5 January 1890 in Lambley about age 69. Joseph married **Mary Ann Brown** 22 July 1839 in Lambley. Mary was born in 1821 and died 4 September 1897 in Lambley at age 76. Joseph and Mary Ann Brown Broadhurst had two children: Martha Broadhurst and William Broadhurst.

1-**Martha⁵ Broadhurst** was born in 1840 in Lambley. Martha married **Samuel Tomlinson** 18 September 1860 in Lambley. Samuel was born in 1840 in Woodborough, Nottinghamshire and died in 1871. They had three children: **Eliza Tomlinson** was born in 1863; **William Tomlinson** was born in 1865; and **Emma Tomlinson** was born in 1870, all in Woodborough, Nottinghamshire.

2-**William⁵ Broadhurst** was baptized 9 February 1843 in Lambley, Nottinghamshire. William married **Eliza Emma Hazeldine**. Eliza was born about 1847 in Lambley, Nottinghamshire, England. They had four children all born in Lambley, Nottinghamshire.

George⁶ Samuel Broadhurst was baptized 9 June 1872.

Albert⁶ Edward Broadhurst was baptized 27 December 1874.

John⁶ Hazeldine Broadhurst was baptized 10 June 1877.

Anne⁶ Mary Broadhurst was baptized 7 September 1879.

This branch of the family has a long and well-settled history. Many of the descendants of this branch went to Canada and now live throughout Canada and the United States.

3 - Mary Broadhurst - Thomas Wardle

Mary³ Broadhurst was baptized on 4 December 1785 in Ashby and was probably born in November or December 1785. She married **Thomas Wardle**, son of Thomas Wardle and Elizabeth (last name unknown) on 17 May 1802 in Ashby, when she was 17 years old. Thomas was about 32 years old, based on his baptism in July of 1770. They had four children: **James Wardle** (1759), **William Wardle** (1759), **Thomas Wardle** (1766, died before 1770), and **Thomas Wardle** (same name again, 1770).

4 - William Broadhurst

William³ Broadhurst was baptized on 12 September 1790 in Ashby, and was probably born shortly before that date. As we mentioned with respect to his father also named William Broadhurst, there is considerable controversy about whether this William is the same William Broadhurst who went to Pennsylvania and Ohio, married Elizabeth Townsend in Ohio, and subsequently moved to Michigan with his father of the same name. This issue is discussed in the following chapter, "The Mystery of the Four Williams." We know nothing about this William Broadhurst, unless he is the William Broadhurst who went to Pennsylvania and then to Ohio. That is why this mystery is so intriguing and at once so controversial. We have no evidence of William³ or William² in England, and we have no reliable indicator of where the William Broadhurst (father or son) in Pennsylvania and Ohio came from, although they certainly came from somewhere.

5 - Margaret Broadhurst - William Smith

Margaret³ Broadhurst was baptized on 19 May 1793 in Ashby. She married **William Smith** probably before 1820 in Loughborough. They had six children all born in Loughborough: **Margaret Smith** (1820), **William Smith** (1822), **Sarah Smith** (1824), **Stephen Smith** (1822), **Hannah Smith** (1831), and **Henry B. [probably Broadhurst] Smith** (1833).

This line continues but it is not the purpose of this book to follow lines other than the Broadhurst line.

6 - Stephen Broadhurst

Stephen³ Broadhurst was baptized on 26 July 1795 in Cole Orton, Leicestershire. We do not have any additional information about him. We do not know if he died young, whether or not he married, or whether he had any descendants.

7 - George Broadhurst - Elizabeth Morley

George³ Broadhurst was baptized on 1 July 1804 in Ashby. He married **Elizabeth Morley**, who was born in Loughborough, Leicestershire, about 1811. They had five children, per a correspondent's information, but I have not been able to confirm that information: Eliza Broadhurst (1834, Loughborough, Leicestershire), Joseph Broadhurst (1835 Ashby de la Zouch), Selina Broadhurst (1841, Whitwich), Louisa Broadhurst (1845, Nottingham), and Philomena Broadhurst (1850, Nottingham). We have no other information about them.

8 - Thomas Broadhurst - Sarah Disney

Thomas² Broadhurst, son of **William¹ Broadhurst** and **Sarah Wardle**, was baptized 19 January 1783 in Ashby de la Zouch. Thomas married **Sarah Disney** 4 December 1797 in Ashby. Sarah was born about 1776 in Ashby and died in March 1850 in Ashby de la Zouch. Thomas and Sarah Disney Broadhurst had at least three children:

[1] **Mary³ Broadhurst** was baptized 25 December 1798 in Ashby de la Zouch. We have no additional information.

[2] **Ann³ Broadhurst** was baptized 24 May 1801 in Ashby de la Zouch. We have no additional information.

[3] **John³ Broadhurst** was baptized 13 January 1805 in Ashby de la Zouch. John Broadhurst married **Sarah Smith** 4 April 1825 in Ashby. John and Sarah Smith Broadhurst had 12 children: **Thomas Broadhurst**, **John Broadhurst**, Emma Broadhurst, George Broadhurst, Eliza Broadhurst, Esther Broadhurst, Benjamin Broadhurst, Sarah Ann Broadhurst, Henry Walter Broadhurst, Mary Broadhurst, Frank Broadhurst (died young), and Frank Broadhurst (again).

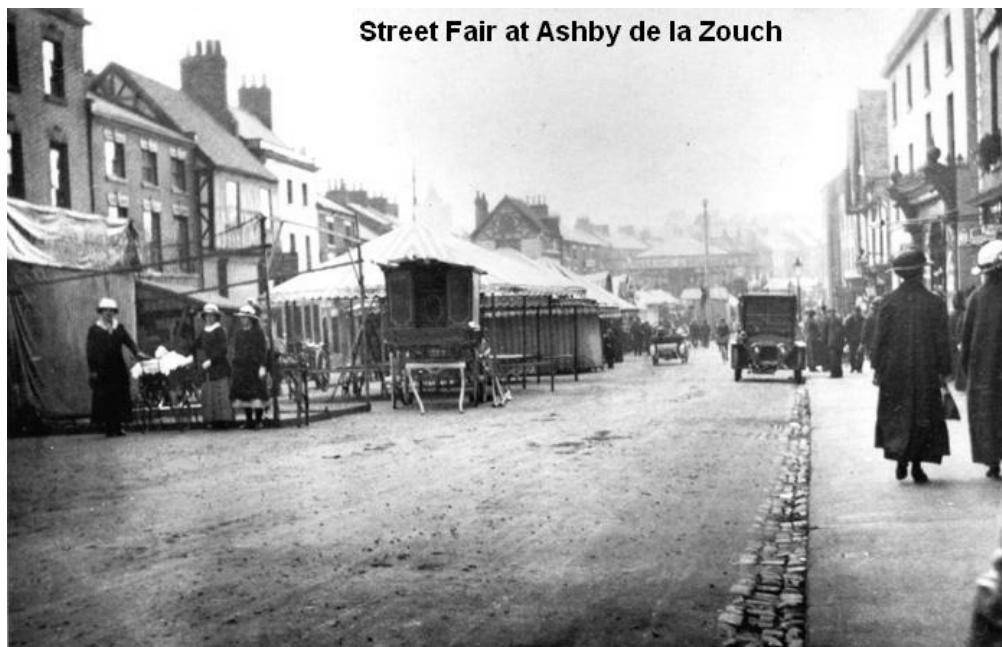
At the time of the 1841 Census John and Sarah Broadhurst were living on Kilwardby Street in Ashby. John³ was a brick maker. Sons John⁴ (age 13) and Thomas⁴ (age 15) were employed as laborers. In the same census Sarah Disney Broadhurst, age 60, was living nearby at "Hilltop."

In 1851 the family was living at "Hilltop" in Ashby. Sarah Disney Broadhurst had died the previous year. Son Thomas⁴ Broadhurst was now married and living next door with his wife Maria. Son John⁴ Broadhurst was also married and living with his wife Susan. Father John³ Broadhurst was both a brick maker and coal dealer. Mother Sarah, and their unmarried daughters Esther (age 14), Emma

(age 20) and Eliza (age 18) were all employed as glove knitters. **George**⁴ Broadhurst, now age 16, was a brick maker. **Benjamin**⁴, age 12, was in school.

1-Thomas⁴ **Broadhurst** was baptized 13 March 1827 in Ashby. He married Maria [surname uncertain, may be Cooper] about 1849 in Ashby. Thomas and Maria Broadhurst were living at "Hilltop," two houses away from his father in 1851. Thomas was a brick maker. Thomas and Maria Broadhurst had two children: **John**⁵ **Broadhurst** was baptized 4 November 1849 in Ashby. We have no additional information about him.

Sarah⁵ **Ann Broadhurst** was baptized 4 November 1849 in Ashby and died in 1851 at age 2. I have not been able to locate this family after 1851.



2-John⁴ **Broadhurst** was baptized 23 November 1828 in Ashby. John married Susan [surname unknown] . He was a brick maker in Ashby. John and Susan Broadhurst had seven children, all born in Ashby: **Georgianne**⁵ **Broadhurst** was born about 1852 in Ashby. In 1871 she was unmarried, a general servant in home of Matthew Vinrace, a farmer. **Caroline**⁵ **Broadhurst** was baptized 3 September 1854. **George**⁵ **Broadhurst** was baptized 13 January 1859. **Frank**⁵ **Broadhurst** was baptized 5 May 1861. **Alice**⁵ **Broadhurst** was baptized 5 August 1866. **Clara**⁵ **Broadhurst** was baptized 6 December 1868. **Frances**⁵ **Broadhurst** was baptized 26 September 1856.

3-Emma⁴ Broadhurst was baptized 19 November 1830 in Ashby. The 1851 Census shows her unmarried, employed as glove-knitter

4-George⁴ Broadhurst was baptized 24 February 1833 in Ashby. In the 1851 Census George, age 16, is a brick-maker, following his father's trade. In the 1881 Census George, still a brickmaker, is living with his family in Nottingham. George married **Eliza** [surname unknown]. Eliza was born about 1833 in Derby, England. George and Eliza Broadhurst had two children: **Phebe⁵ A Broadhurst**, born about 1863 in Derby, England, who married Walter Lancashire. **Albert⁵ Broadhurst**, born 1872 in Derby.

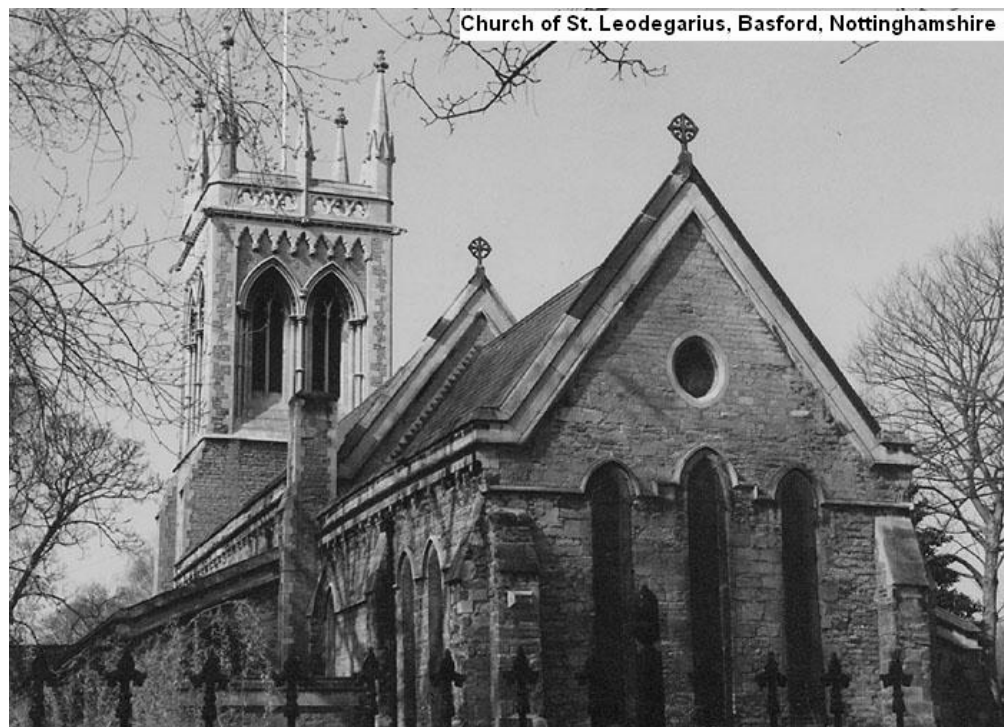
5-Eliza⁴ Broadhurst was baptized 16 November 1834 in Ashby. In 1851 Census Eliza is reported to be unmarried and employed as a glove-knitter.

6-Esther⁴ Broadhurst was born about 1836 in West Bromwich, Staffordshire. The 1851 Census shows him employed as a glove-knitter. Esther Broadhurst married **Francis "Frank" Crossland**, son of **James Crossland** and **Sarah Wailey** on 24 December 1857 in St. James Carrington Church, Basford, Derbyshire, England. Francis was born 23 October 1838 in Basford, Nottinghamshire. Francis and Esther Broadhurst Crossland had 11 children: **Sarah Crossland** was born in Basford, Nottinghamshire. **Frank Crossland** was born in 1861 in Basford and died 24 November 1869 in Ripley, Derbyshire at age 8. **Emma Crossland** was born 4 November 1863 in Ripley, Derbyshire. **Jabez Crossland** was born in 1865 in Ripley, Derbyshire. **James Crossland** was born in 1868 in Ripley, Derbyshire. **Jane Crossland** was born in 1870 in Ripley, Derbyshire. **Samuel Crossland** was born in 1872 in Ripley, Derbyshire. **Esther Crossland** was born in 1874 in Ripley, Derbyshire. **Frank Crossland** was born 28 April 1877 in Ripley, Derbyshire. **Alfred Crossland** was born in Ripley, Derbyshire. **William Crossland** was born 31 August 1880 in Ripley, Derbyshire.

There is an interesting story about this Broadhurst-Crossland family connection in an article written by Yvonne Daykin entitled *Basford Roots*.

My grandfather, Frank Crossland, was born in 1877, in Ripley, Derbyshire. As a boy he was taken to visit relatives in Basford, near Nottingham, travelling by horse and cart. My own journey into my family history has uncovered those long forgotten links with Basford.

The search back in time has ended with Hannah Crossland, who lived in Oxtun in Nottinghamshire and was the mother of five illegitimate, or "base born" children as they were described in the parish register. The eldest was Francis who was baptised in Oxtun on 5 July 1767, and who became my great x 3 grandfather. The others were William, baptised in 1770, Joseph in 1773, Elizabeth Flower in 1776 and Ann in 1778. There is no trace of Hannah in the Bastardy records and it seems unlikely that she would have had five illegitimate children without any financial support. *Flower* was a local surname and it may be that the father of some or all of the children was a man of that name, and there was some reason why they did not marry.



Francis Crossland married Marina Herriot at Mansfield Woodhouse on 19 October 1789. They both made their mark in the register. The witnesses were John Rose and Joseph Sansom. Francis and Marina, who was known as Maria, settled in Basford, near Nottingham. Over the next 17 years they had eight children, who were all baptised at the parish church of St. Leodegarius. Ann, the eldest, was christened in 1791, George a year later and William in 1794. There followed a five-year gap before Mary's christening in 1799. Samuel's turn came in 1801. The next child, Joshua, was christened in July 1803 and lived for one year. James was christened on 31st March 1805. He became my great-great grandfather. Finally Maria, born in 1806, died before her second birthday.

The six surviving children grew up during the early years of the Industrial Revolution, and were probably expected to work from an early age in the local factories, or help in the out-work undertaken at home. In Basford there were bleaching and dyeing works linked to the domestic knitting industry. Steam driven cotton and silk mills ensured local supplies of yarn. Besides providing male employment the industry offered associated work to the women and children of the family. They received no formal education.

When James Crossland married at the age of 21 both he and his wife Sarah Wailey signed the register with a cross. The marriage took place on 14 August 1826 at Radford. The witnesses were Joseph Hooke and James Mitchell. James and Sarah made their home in Basford, and James worked as a labourer to support his growing family. They had eleven children over the next 24 years, all baptised at St. Leodegarius. The eldest, Mary Ann, was christened on 8 July 1827. The next child, Hannah, born in 1830, lived for less than two months and was buried in April. By the time of the census in 1841, when the family was living at Woods Lane in Basford, five more children had been born. They were William, age 10, Alfred 7, Maria 5, Francis 2 and Samuel, who was 10 months old. Francis was born on 23 October 1838, and was my great grandfather. When he was christened at twelve days old he was mistakenly entered in the register as a girl.

John was the next child, born in 1842. In May of the next year James and Sarah suffered the death of their eldest son, William, at the age of thirteen.

Three more children were to be born - Sarah Ann in 1845, Jabez three years later, and finally Enoch. Sarah did not survive the birth of her eleventh child, dying a month after his birth at the age of 43. Enoch was christened on 11 November 1850, three days after her funeral, but only lived for a month after his mother's death.

The census of 1851 shows James, now a widower, living in Wood Street with seven of his children. He was described as a road labourer. The eldest daughter Mary was no longer at home, and Mary Pyecroft, James' mother-in-law and a widow, was living with the family. The four older boys were working in the local knitting industry, Alfred and Francis as bleachers; Samuel aged ten was a "winder of cotton" and John aged eight years was a "rope spinner."

On 24 December 1857 Francis Crossland married Esther Broadhurst at St. James Carrington Church, Basford. The bride and groom both signed the register and the witnesses were Samuel Watson and Elizabeth Easom. Esther and Francis were said to be of "full age". Esther was 21, her birth date was 28 September 1836, but Francis was only 19. Perhaps he did not want it to be known that he was younger than his bride.

In 1861 Esther and Francis were living in Queen Street, Basford, with their two children Sarah and Frank. Francis was still working as a bleacher. Their next child, Emma, was born in Ripley, Derbyshire, on 4 November 1863. Why did the family leave Basford? By 1863 the knitting industry, where Francis worked as a bleacher, was in a depression, and the machine-lace industry had not yet taken off. Moreover in the Basford area there were outbreaks of disease, notably typhoid and cholera, resulting from industrial pollutants being added to the river upstream of the extraction point for public supplies. So Basford was no longer a desirable place in which to live.

There was also the influence of Esther's father, John Broadhurst. He was a native of Ashby de la Zouch in Leicestershire, a brickmaker and some-time coal dealer. In the mid 1830's he had tried his luck in West Bromwich, where Esther was born, but had soon returned to Ashby. In the early 1850's, he took his wife Sarah (nee SMITH) and the six youngest of their eleven children to Basford, where he found work in his trade of brick making. They were living in David Lane at the 1861 census. Now he was ready for another move. His eldest son Thomas, also a brickmaker, was already in Derbyshire, having lived in Clay Cross and Mapperley before finding work in Ripley. So John and Sarah, now nearly 60 years of age, moved to Ripley with their youngest son Frank. Esther and Francis followed with their two young children. In contrast to Basford, Ripley was growing rapidly with new jobs being created in the nearby ironworks, brick-works, coal mines, railways and potteries.

There were many labouring jobs available, and new skills were needed in the developing industries. Ripley was much healthier, the industries were mainly on the outskirts and open countryside was within easy reach. There was plenty of housing available for rent.

Esther and Francis Crossland's family grew rapidly. By 1871 they were living in Green-Hillocks and had three more children: Jabez born in 1865, James in 1868 and Jane in 1870. Young Frank died on 24th November

1869 at the age of eight. He was the only one of their eleven children not to survive childhood.

Samuel was born in 1872, Esther came next in 1874, then Frank, my grandfather, who was born on 28 April 1877 and named after his dead brother. Alfred followed and finally William, born on 31 August 1880, completed the family.

Francis worked variously as a banksman in a coal mine, a labourer and a carter. As soon as they were old enough the girls went into domestic service and the boys got work as pottery hands or coalminers. Francis possessed a Family Bible and recorded the names and birthdays of himself and his wife, his children, the death of his son Frank, and later the childrens' marriages. His writing is a neat copperplate, with some uncertainty about the use of capital letters. It is not the hand of someone who is used to writing. However it does show that he received some schooling in spite of working from a very young age, and he was probably a capable reader. His own children would have benefited from the Board Schools which came about after the 1870 Education Act, although education was only made compulsory up to the age of ten in 1880.

When Francis took young Frank and his other children to visit their relatives in Nottinghamshire, he was re-tracing the route he had taken as a young man in the hope of finding a better life for his family. I hope he had no regrets about leaving Basford.

7-Benjamin Broadhurst was baptized 17 February 1839 in Ashby. At the time of the 1851 Census he was employed as an errand boy.

8-Sarah Ann Broadhurst was born in Ashby. Her birth certificate shows she was born 20 April 1841, 5 a. m., in Illsley's Yard, Kilwardby Street.

9-Henry Walter Broadhurst was baptized 5 October 1845 in Ashby. The 1881 Census shows him residing at Chalk Row, Greasley, Nottingham. In 1881 his occupation was brick maker. In 1991 he is a railway foreman. Henry married **Hannah** [surname unknown] who was born about 1851 in Clay Cross, Derbyshire. Henry and Hannah Broadhurst had five children: **Isaac W Broadhurst**, born about 1871 in Hoyland, York, England; **Hannah E Broadhurst**, born about 1875 in Eastwood, Nottingham, England; **Mary**

E Broadhurst, born about 1877 in Watnall, Nottingham, England; **Henry W Broadhurst**, born about 1879 in Codnor, Derbyshire; and **Benjamin Broadhurst**, born about 1880 in Kimberley, Nottingham, England.

10-Mary Broadhurst was baptized 6 February 1848 in Ashby de la Zouch.

11-Francis Broadhurst was baptized 26 June 1843 in Ashby and died in July 1844 at age 1.

12-Francis "Frank" Broadhurst was baptized 3 February 1850. He was given the same name as his earlier deceased brother.

9 - Sarah Broadhurst

Sarah³ Broadhurst was baptized on 19 March 1792 in Ashby. Nothing further is known about her.

10 - Joseph Broadhurst

Joseph³ Broadhurst was baptized on 25 November 1787. Nothing more is known about him.

5: The Mystery of the Four Williams

Occasionally our search for our family history leads us into blind alleys or blank walls, and we have had our share of dead ends, as is evident from the last chapter where often we entered the notation "no more information is known" about the person in question. Sometimes we run into controversies. We have such a controversy involving our ancestor William Broadhurst, baptized in Ashby de la Zouch, Leicestershire, on 19 August 1759 at the parish church, and presumably but not necessarily born shortly before that date, and his son by the same name, who was baptized in Ashby in 1790. Note that those dates are baptism dates, not birth dates. That may be important in this discussion. Most baptisms occurred within days or weeks of birth, but sometimes a longer period - even years - elapsed between birth and baptism.

Our ancestor **William Broadhurst** married **Sarah Wardle** on 1 April 1782 in the village of Coleorton, about 3 miles from Ashby. Over the next 23 years William and Sarah had ten children, one of them my 2nd great-grandfather **John Broadhurst**, the father of my grandfather **James J. Broadhurst**. William and Sarah Wardle Broadhurst had a son also named William Broadhurst, who was baptized in September 1790 in Ashby de la Zouch and was probably born there not long before 1790.

Essentially the controversy is whether our William Broadhurst, son of Joseph and Mary Charlesworth Broadhurst, who lived in Ashby de la Zouch, who married Sarah Wardle, who had ten children in Ashby de la Zouch including a son also named William Broadhurst, is the same William Broadhurst who with a son of the same name, appeared in Ohio shortly after 1800 and then went on to Michigan, where they died some years later. Some Broadhurst family historians have concluded that these two sets of William Broadhursts are one and the same and link the Ohio-Michigan Broadhurst line to Joseph and Mary Charlesworth Broadhurst. They may be right. There is strong circumstantial evidence to support that argument. However we should consider the advice of Neil Broadhurst, who wrote to me several years ago that absent any more direct proof than we have now that there is a connection between these two pairs of William Broadhursts, we should be cautious in drawing that conclusion too hastily and should wait until we have exhausted all attempts to find any evidence of the Ashby Broadhursts' continued presence in England after 1800 before we conclude that they emigrated to the U.S.

When I first looked at this issue some years ago I was convinced that the evidence for the linkage, even though it was speculative and circumstantial, was sufficiently convincing because (a) the respective ages and birth years of the two William Broadhurst sets fit together pretty well and it would be too much of a coincidence if there were two father and son sets all named William whose ages and birth dates

fitted together so nicely; (b) we could find no evidence that either William Broadhurst from Ashby de la Zouch left any record of his continued presence in England, or his death, after the date that the other father and son pair named William were in Ohio; and (c) we could find no birth records in England of any other father and son both named William during the same time period that could be the Ohio-Michigan William pair because in each case of William pairs that we located we found evidence of marriages, births, census records or some other evidence that indicated their presence in England during the period in question.

That said, I am not yet entirely convinced that the case has been made that the Broadhursts in Ohio and Michigan are related to our Ashby Broadhurst line. Over the past several years detailed arguments have been made by two different researchers that have raised some doubts. Their arguments have been compelling if not entirely convincing. However, those arguments have laid out a significant number of facts carefully assembled with a reasoned connection between them which altogether and in the context of their argument make a very powerful case that these two Williams are not the same persons. During the period of time several years ago when this issue was discussed at length on a web-based Broadhurst discussion group there was a considerable exchange of emails, sometimes quite heated, between those with strong views on either side of the issue. I would like to get beyond the emotion of the issue and try to outline in broad strokes what seem to me to be the key issues and what helpful or unhelpful facts count toward one side or the other of the issue.

I think I should also be clear that I am laying out the evidence as neatly and concisely as I can largely for myself so that I can get clear in my own mind what is persuasive and what is not, and to determine how I want to read the evidence.

Here are what I take to be the key facts:

William Broadhurst, son of Joseph Broadhurst and Mary Charlesworth, was born in Ashby de la Zouch, Leicestershire, some time before August of 1759, at which time he was baptized. This William Broadhurst married Sarah Wardle, born about 1763 in Coleorton, Leicestershire and had children born in Ashby de la Zouch, with birth dates between 1785 and 1804. One of the children of William and Sarah Wardle Broadhurst was also named William and he was baptized September 12, 1790 and was probably but not necessarily born in 1790.

For purposes of keeping clear who we are talking about as this discussion unfolds I will refer to the two Williams above from Ashby de la Zouch as **William I** (born about 1759) and **William II** (born about 1790).



Elizabethan House in Ashby de la Zouch

In Michigan, supported by newspaper accounts written some 25 years later in an account of the death of his son, as well as contemporary records, and a photo of a gravestone, we have evidence of the burial in September 1832 of a William Broadhurst (whom we will refer to as **William III**) in Benton Cemetery, Niles Township, Berrien, Michigan. The contemporary account lists his age at death as 84 (his grave marker says age 83) from which we reasonably may conclude that his birth was about 1748-49.



Dates in this period are notoriously inaccurate for a number of reasons: people had little reason to remember dates precisely, including their age and birthdate, as there was little use for them; memories were often inaccurate, as we can see from the various census returns where people gave their ages inconsistently from census to census and more often than we would like, quite far off the mark from what we otherwise know about them; birth certificates were not issued, parish records of baptisms and christenings were inaccessible, lost or burned; and families may not remember accurately what they were told about people, dates and events of the past. There are several instances in my own family history where the wrong name or wrong

date was carved on a tombstone or where events involving one person in the past were confused with another person, or dates written down by an aunt before she died were just plain wrong. The point is that we need to make room for the possibility that some of the things we think we know about people and events may in fact be incorrect.

William III had a son, also named William (whom we will call **William IV**), who died 5 May 1854, near the place of his father's death, according to contemporary newspaper accounts, at age 65. That leads us to the conclusion that William IV was born about 1790-91.

We have the intriguing fact that both fathers William I and William III were born about the same time (1749 versus 1759; the 1759 date is the date of baptism, and the birth very well could have been several years previously; sometimes children were not baptized until later) and that sons William II and William IV were born in 1790-91. Is this merely an interesting coincidence? Or does it count as evidence that these two pairs are the same, both father and son having emigrated to Michigan (perhaps by a circuitous route and not necessarily at the same time) from England?

So far as I can tell, the identification of the Michigan pair with the English pair is primarily dependent upon the coincidence of these dates. I do not know of any clear evidence that suggests that the Michigan pair came from England, or that the English pair emigrated to the US from England, so I think we are left with a possible link that is intriguing but not yet proved.

If we don't know anything more about William I and William II in England, we at least know a great deal about William III and William IV in Ohio and Michigan that might help establish where they were before they were in the American midwest. And we have the uncomfortable but incontrovertible fact that those Broadhursts who showed up in the records of Ohio and Michigan about 1800-1810, or their ancestors, came from England at some point, so the question is whether William III and IV came from England directly or their ancestors in a previous generation came from England, and from where in England they came.

The evidence relative to William III and IV in Michigan extends over quite a period of time and includes land records, census records, oral tradition written down at a later time, and news articles that may be a bit embellished and that treat dates carelessly in a way that creates some conflicts and problems with their credibility. The cluster of evidence taken as a whole is conclusive of the fact that William III and William IV came to the Berrien Michigan area about 1830 and that they came from Ohio. We know that William Broadhurst (William IV) and Elizabeth Townsend were in Pennsylvania in the early 1800s, but we do not know if William IV originated in

Pennsylvania or just stopped there for awhile after he came from England before continuing his journey west. Both William IV and Elizabeth Townsend left Pennsylvania and traveled west to Ohio, Elizabeth apparently traveling with her family. We do not know if William IV traveled in the same group as Elizabeth, but since they both started at the same place and ended up at the same place it is reasonable to speculate that they came together and that they were part of a larger group of settlers from, or that traveled through, Pennsylvania and migrated west as part of a larger movement of peoples moving inland from the coast. William and Elizabeth were married shortly after their arrival in Ohio and began raising a family shortly thereafter. Subsequently they and some of their neighbors and kin moved again, this time to Michigan.

There is a piece of "oral tradition" recorded among the descendants of William III and William IV that was not written down until several generations later that suggested that William III came from Scotland with his brother, and that a third brother remained in Scotland and was Lord Broadhurst, a member of Parliament. This is the sort of folk memory that we see in family oral traditions that builds on a piece of truth and then expands into a folk tale in the repetitive retelling over many years. The only Broadhurst who was a Member of Parliament (MP) was Henry Broadhurst, whose history and whose descendants we know and who was in Parliament in the 1880s and was probably in the news in Michigan and may have been the basis for this story. The only other source for this story that I could find was an English nobleman whose titles included *Lord of the Manor of Broadhurst, Sussex*, but that seems too obscure an item to have been part of oral memory of a frontier family.

Oral tradition embellishes reality, as it did in the story above, but can nevertheless hold useful clues if you don't try to get too much mileage from it. My elderly aunt Evon Broadhurst Griswold told me many years ago that our Broadhurst ancestors came from England and that we were descended from the Duke of Ashby and had estates in England that were lost due to unpaid taxes (none of which is precisely true, but which does reflect a kernel of truth in that the family origin was in Ashby de la Zouch, and there is an old Norman castle there which apparently has nothing to do with the family but which made a good story. In the story about William III above, I am intrigued about the reference to the brother who came to the U.S. with William III, with other brothers left behind, because I think there is a clue here to a possible explanation of the emigration pattern that may have played itself out here and which may be relevant to the possible connection between these two pairs of Williams.

A newspaper article published in 1876, 20 years after his death, in reference to William IV, says that he came to Michigan not earlier than 1830 from Ohio, he had a family of nine children when he came and had two children born subsequently in Michigan. However in 1933 the same newspaper, quoting William III's great-

granddaughter, said that William III came to Michigan in 1828 from Wheeling, West Virginia, and bought the land they occupied in Michigan from the federal government in 1831 (or 1833). The point is that the chronology and the facts of this period are uncertain and depend on which sources are valued above others.

Both William III and William IV are counted in the 1820 and 1830 Federal census in Harrison County, Ohio, and in both census years they were living near Amos Beans, whose daughter married into the William IV family. It appears that these are the same Broadhursts that went to Michigan, despite the surname of *William Broahirs* listed in the 1830 census. The Beans also appear in Michigan.

William IV married Elizabeth Townsend on 11 November 1813 in Ohio (she was born in Buck's County, PA). Elizabeth was disowned in 1814 by her Quaker church (in Bucks County, Pennsylvania) for marrying "contrary to discipline" (which means for marrying outside her Quaker tradition).

Up to this point in the discussion there is nothing that directly connects William I and II with William III and IV other than what may be only the coincidence of dates and ages. On the other hand there is nothing that is clearly conclusive that they are not the same father-son pair. So where do we go from here?

Here is where it gets difficult to follow the trail backwards from Ohio to their origin. There are a number of particular facts that may have relevance to this part of the discussion that can be read in several different ways, resulting in quite different interpretations and conclusions as to the relationship of the "Four Williams."

All the Broadhursts in the US came from Britain (with one exception, descendants of slaves who took the Broadhurst name of their former masters), either directly or indirectly through a third country such as Canada, but of course the question is which Broadhursts, and when did they come and from where, and are they related; and if so, how? There are at least two Broadhurst connections in Virginia (one named John) in the late 1600s. There are other Broadhursts in Pennsylvania in the 1700s mentioned in church and court records as well as in the Federal census of 1790. It is this connection with Pennsylvania, and Bucks County in particular, that has been conjectured as the place from which William III and IV originated before they were in Ohio.

Does the extant evidence support the contention that the ancestral line of William III and William IV descends from Pennsylvania Broadhursts? There are Church records in Bucks County of a John Broadhurst who married Alse [=Alice] van Clinkenburgh in 1708 in Philadelphia. There is no evidence that this John is the same John who was in Virginia. The record in Pennsylvania shows that John Broadhurst and Alse had a son

Henry Broadhurst born in 1710. A descendant of the Pennsylvania Broadhurst family has constructed the descendant tree based upon some factual evidence in the record, supplemented by reasonable conjecture, as follows: A Rebecca Broadhurst, possibly wife of Henry the son of John Broadhurst and Alse or of another male Broadhurst who may or may not have been a brother of Henry, may have been the mother of some or all of six male Broadhursts (see below) who are referenced in various records during this period. The factual record consists of at least the following relevant specifics:

A 1784 Bucks County tax record lists William Broadhurst, 1 house, 3 people.

The 1782 and 1785 tax records for Bucks County contain a record of a Henry Broadhurst. We do not know if he is the Henry Broadhurst born in 1710.

The Federal Census for 1790, Bucks County, which was essentially to determine the number of males of military age, records

1. William Broadnax, his household containing 2 males ages 15 or younger, 3 males ages 16 or older (which would include William), 3 females (age is not specified for females in that census), and 2 slaves.
2. Thomas Broadnax, 1 male 16 or older and 3 females;
3. Thomas Broadhurst, one male 15 or younger, 2 males 16 or older, 3 females;
4. Henry Broadhurst, 1 male 15 or younger, 1 male 16 or older, 3 females.

There are two difficult issues that arise out of this record.

First, is the *Broadnax* in the census a variant of *Broadhurst*? There are some linguistic associations that suggest it could be. This is Pennsylvania Dutch country. Broadhurst was written as *Bradecks* in Dutch Reformed Church records. Spelling was not a refined art in the 1700s and variants in spelling were common, often depending on the pronunciation. *Broadnax* only appears in the 1790 census; it is not evident in later census records, but Broadhurst is there consistently from 1790 onwards. On the other hand, the 1790 census lists both *Thomas Broadhurst* and *Thomas Broadnax* and they are clearly different persons in that census, so we are left with uncertainty as to whether we should conclude that *Broadnax* is a variant form of Broadhurst.

Second, even if there is a William Broadhurst in Bucks County in 1784, is there any evidence that this William is the same person we identified as William III, the William who went to Ohio and to Michigan?

The six male Broadhursts listed as *possible* sons of Rebecca Broadhurst in at least one family tree are William, Thomas, Henry, Joseph, Charles and Robert. But a disinterested look at the evidence suggests that while it is reasonable to presume

those with the same surname who are in this area at around the same time may be related, that does not mean that they are necessarily brothers. I think, however, that there is evidence that at least some of them are related and that at least some of them are brothers.

If William III is the William Broadhurst of the 1784 land record and/or the William Broadnax of the 1790 census, then it is clear that he cannot be William I, who was still having children in Ashby de la Zouch in England as late as 1804.

Another piece of evidence argued as relevant to the issue is the 1810 Federal census for Solebury Township in Bucks County Pennsylvania. It shows William Broadhurst, but is it the right William Broadhurst? The 1810 census contains more information than previous census returns, but it does not seem to help us very much with our problem. The census records two Brodhurst households.

First is Thomas Brodhurst. The household consists of one male age 45 or older, one male and one female ages 26 to 45, one male and one female ages 16 to 25, one female age 10 to 16, and one boy and one girl under 10.

Second is William Brodhurst. Members of the household were : 1 male, age 45 or older, 3 males and 1 female from age 26 to age 45, 1 male and 1 female age 16 up to age 26, 0 children between 10 and 16, 1 boy and 1 girl under age 10.

So, the question we have to ask ourselves is whether there is evidence here that the William Broadhurst who went from Ohio to Michigan is the same Brodhurst as in this 1810 census. And if this is the same William as in Ohio and Michigan, is the head of household William III or William IV? At the time of this census in 1810, William IV would be age 20 (born about 1790). We know that he married in Ohio, so presumably he is still single now and childless, so it is unlikely he would be considered head of the household in this census.

That leaves us with William III as potential head of the household. Born 1748-49, he is now 61 years old. There is no mention in any record that we know about that he had a spouse at this time. We don't know anything about children of William III other than William IV. There could have been others, but then why is there no mention of them? His spouse could have died, even in childbirth, but why no mention of that? And why no remarriage? Whose children are here in this house? They are unlikely to be William III's and they cannot be William IV's.

Is the William Brodhurst of this 1810 census our William Broadhurst III? The household contains a number of extra adults who may be there as visitors or relatives,

and could even be new immigrant arrivals and may not even be Broadhursts. We do not know for sure. But the family appears to consist of mother, father, two young children, and five other adults. If the head of household here is William Broadhurst III, then whose family is in the household and why didn't they all go on the trip to Ohio?

One troubling piece of evidence that is relevant to this issue is data from the later Federal census years, which asked in some instances the place of birth of the residents, and the place of birth of each resident's mother and father. Some in the later generations of the Ohio-Michigan Broadhursts recorded their father as having been born in Pennsylvania or in New Jersey. The question of course is how much these later descendants actually knew about their family origins, and whether the person with accurate information was the respondent in the census. They may have known that their parents had come from Pennsylvania or New Jersey, but they may not have known where their parents had been born. Sometimes the question was answered by other family members who may not have known and merely guessed or remembered family stories incorrectly.

I have a number of instances in my own family where the question was interpreted to mean "where did you come from before here?" rather than "where were you born?" And there are misunderstandings, as in one instance where a wife answering for her husband said that he was born in Wales, when in fact he had been born in England but had served in a British military unit known as the Welsh Fusiliers. So while we must pay attention to the answers in the census, we have to be careful that we accept them as one piece of evidence among others.

So what can we conclude about the Four Williams? William I and William II may or may not be the same persons as William III and William IV but there is no clear and convincing evidence that they are, so we are going beyond the evidence toward wishful thinking to conclude that they are the same persons.

We do not have evidence that William I and William II actually left England and came to the U.S. We do not have evidence that William III and William IV came from England. We have evidence that William III and William IV began their westward journey to Ohio and Michigan from Pennsylvania, although the precise nature of their connection with the Broadhursts in Pennsylvania is uncertain, and we do not know whether that was their origin or whether they came through there on their way from England or elsewhere.

It would be helpful if the record was more conclusive. I hope that by laying out this problem in relatively clear terms and stating what evidence we have to work with and

what evidence would be helpful, that in time others will acquire some bits and pieces of information to add to the discussion and move it forward. Without clear and convincing evidence we are left to fill in the blanks with conjecture.

Without historical records there is still one way to show definitively whether there is or is not a connection between the two pairs of William Broadhurst—a DNA test. Such genetic tests are used fairly commonly to establish relationships and their use in family history is becoming more widespread. However I have tried unsuccessfully for several years to find a male direct descendant of William III who is willing to provide a DNA sample to compare with my DNA. We had one volunteer that we could not use because he had been adopted so the blood line was not direct.

The fact is that we just do not know whether William Broadhurst III and IV are the same persons as William Broadhurst I and II. We will continue to look at the evidence but each of us who is affected by this question will have to decide this issue one way or the other depending on how we choose to read the evidence and what we decide is determinative. Some of us will include the link between these Broadhursts in our family history and others will not. But right now, we cannot know for sure what the truth is. I have decided not to link my family history to the Broadhursts of Pennsylvania, Ohio and Michigan. At the same time I remain open to the possibility that we are related.

There is a plausible explanation of our dilemma that would account for the various facts that we have to deal with. It is a theory that goes beyond the evidence but which is consistent with the evidence, and it will purport to show how William I and II could be the same persons as William III and IV. It is not proof. It is not necessarily even convincing, but it is at least plausible.

It goes like this. William II heads off to the U.S. to seek his fortune sometime between 1808 and 1812. He arrives at the Port of Philadelphia. He lives for awhile in the area, perhaps even moving a bit west of Philadelphia to Bucks County. He falls in with the Beans family. A group including William II and the Beans heads off across the mountains on the settlers overland trail to Ohio. He marries Elizabeth Townsend and begins his family. His mother in England [Elizabeth Wardle Broadhurst] dies and his dad being now a widower, William II invites his dad to join him in Ohio. William I sails on the ship *Nancy* arriving in May 1816 and continues on to Ohio. His brother Joseph Broadhurst decides to head for the States also, sailing on a ship that arrives in October 1816. A "Mrs. Broadhurst" - not otherwise identified - arrives on the ship *Nancy* in 1817 and may have joined the rest of the family in Ohio. [It is instructive to look at the early passenger and immigration lists for the Port of Philadelphia. There is just enough there to be tantalizing but not quite enough to make our case. A **William**

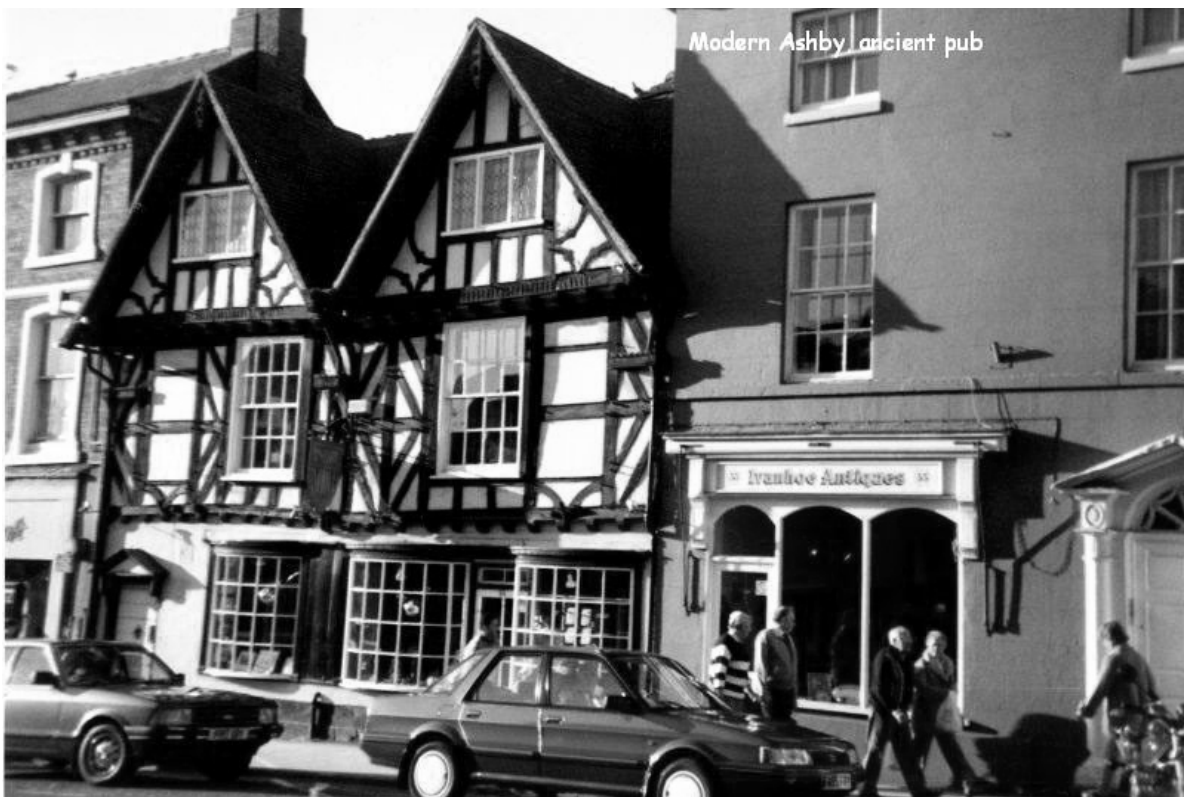
Broadhurst arrived on an unidentified ship on May 13, 1816. **Joseph Broadhurst** arrived six months later on the ship Nancy on October 19, 1816. A female **Broadhurst** passenger arrived the year following on the ship Nancy on October 2, 1817. .] William II had brothers Stephen and Joseph and sister Sarah who have left no record in England after their baptismal record, no death, no marriage, nothing. It is certainly possible to suppose that the reason we can find no record of them in England is that they also emigrated to America with their father William I.

Did it happen this way? We don't know. But it is possible.

6: John Broadhurst and Mary Grundy

As we go back further in time it gets increasingly harder to find records of our family that will give us some idea of who our ancestors were, when they lived and how they conducted their lives. A lot of research over several years has uncovered quite a bit of information about our earliest ancestors, although some of it is spotty and some of our reconstructions may prove to be inaccurate. Much of what we have discovered consists of names, dates and places, which is all the written records tell us directly. That requires us to attempt to reconstruct the history of our ancestors and what their lives were like as best we can from the available records. In other words, we must interpret the data and try to make sense of it.

My first attempts at trying to uncover something of our family history occurred in 1978 when I got some of my initial information about our family history on the Broadhurst side from my aunt Evon. All she knew was that there was a family story told to her when she was young about the family's origin in England in a place called Ashby or Ashley Zouche. She remembered hearing about a family castle located there and I had imagined our descent from English nobles. It turned out that she got it partly right. With a little checking I discovered the town of Ashby de la Zouch, in the county of Leicestershire in the Midlands of England. There was a castle there but it



had been abandoned and fallen into disuse a long time before there were any Broadhursts in Ashby de la Zouch.

Twenty-five years ago without knowing how to pursue this quest to reconstruct family history, I took a chance and wrote a letter to the Mayor of Ashby de la Zouch. In time I received an answer back from David Watson, then the mayor, and recently the historian and curator of the Ashby Museum. In a letter dated 9 January 1979 he wrote that the only record that he was able to find was of one John Broadhurst of Mill Lane, who was a Bill Poster in 1875. Of course at that time we had no idea that he was our direct ancestor, but little by little we began to put the history together.



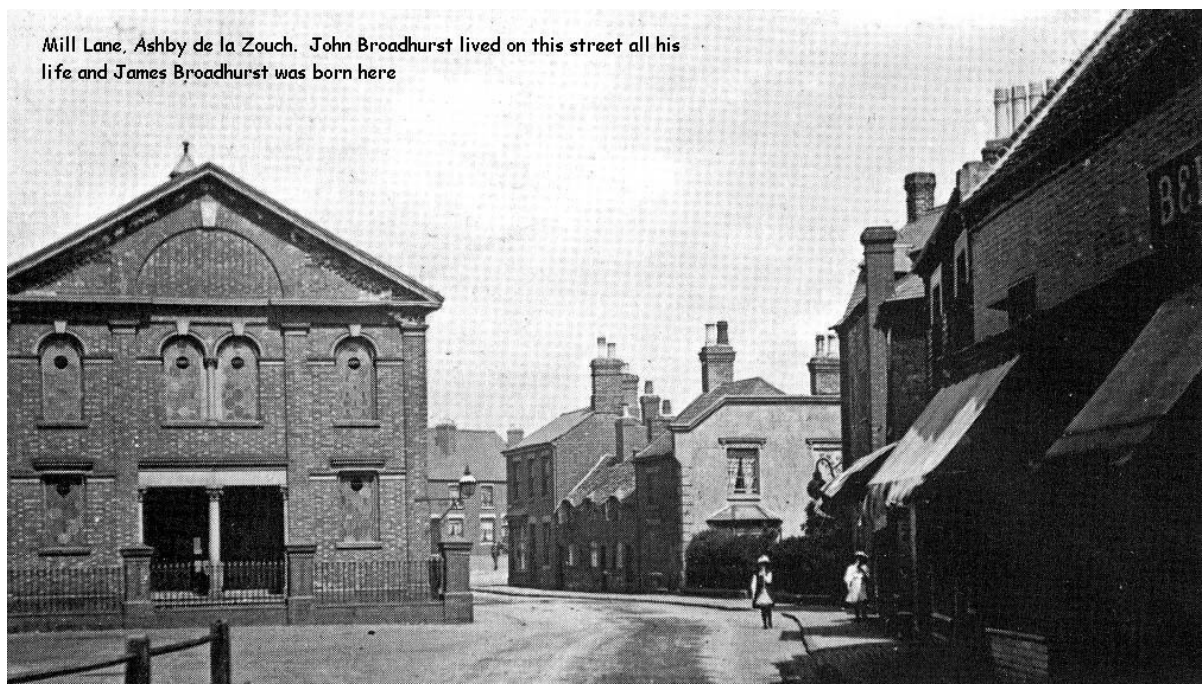
St. Helen's Church - Ashby de la Zouch

John Broadhurst was born about 1799 and christened 17 November 1799 at Cole Orton, Leicestershire, a few miles from Ashby. Christening generally occurred from a few days to a few months after birth. John's wife, **Mary Grundy**, was born 10 June 1804 in Ashby de la Zouch, the daughter of Thomas Grundy and Mary Sherwin Grundy. We found the marriage record for John and Mary in the parish records at St. Helen's Church in Ashby [now referred to as *The Bishop's Transcripts*]. The marriage record

simply states: John Broadhurst of this parish, batchelor, and Mary Grundy of this parish, spinster, 2 September 1828. Witnessed by: James Marshall (signature) and Catherine King (her mark). Catherine was illiterate.

John and Mary had their first child, **Elizabeth Broadhurst**, in 1829. She died in 1839. In May 1832 their first son **Thomas Broadhurst** was born, but he died quickly and was buried two days after his birth.

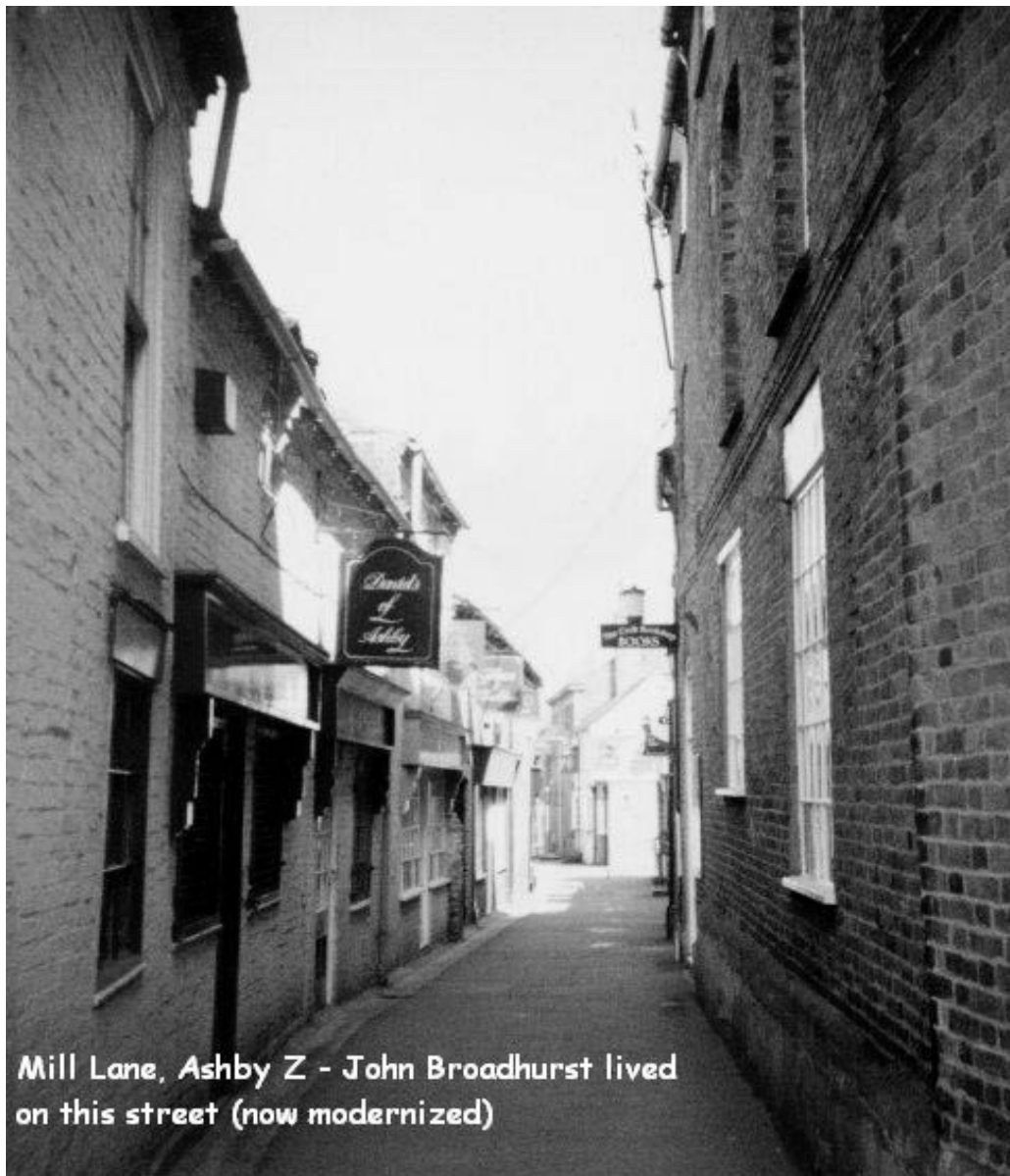
The first census in England took place in 1841, and in that census at Ashby de la Zouch, living on Mill Lane we found: John Broadhurst, age 40, occupation agricultural labourer; Mary Broadhurst, his wife, age 30; **Ann Broadhurst**, age 7 [baptized 25 December 1833]; **James Broadhurst**, age 2 [my great-grandfather, born 1838]; and **Esther Broadhurst**, 3 months old [baptized 11 April 1841]. Living with them were two children, Martha Babbington, age 13, and Ann Babbington, age 7.



We do not know who the Babbington children are or why they are living with John and Mary. It is possible they may be related to either John or Mary. Their parents may be deceased. A search of the census and other extant records could find no record of Babbingtons in the area or of the death of any Babbingtons. The IGI [International Genealogical Index] shows a Martha Babbington, christened 9 November 1828 at Benniworth, Lincolnshire, parents John and Sarah Babbington. Martha, who was 13 years old in 1841, must be the Martha born in 1828 in Lincolnshire. There are a number of Babbington families recorded in Lincolnshire in 1820s to 1840s, but I can find no

direct link of these Babbingtons to any Broadhurst family. It is possible there is no family relationship—the children may have been taken in by John and Mary because their parents had been killed after they arrived in Ashby.

We are fortunate that John and Mary did not move around very much. We find them in each of the subsequent census years living at the same residence on Mill Lane in Ashby de la Zouch.



In 1851, John Broadhurst is listed at Mill Lane as head of household, age 51, agricultural laborer; his wife Mary Broadhurst, age 47; **Ann Broadhurst**, daughter, unmarried, age 17, a glover (maker of gloves); **James Broadhurst**, son, age 15, scholar;

Esther Broadhurst, daughter, age 10, scholar. John and Mary had another child, **Mary Jane Broadhurst**, christened April 17, 1847, who would have been about 4 years old. She is not present at the time of the census, so under the assumption that she died early I searched for and found her death record indicating that she died in November 1849.

In 1861, still at the same address on Mill Lane, the census notes John Broadhurst, head of household, age 61, occupation "post boy," resides at Mill Lane, born at Ashby; Mary Broadhurst, wife, age 55, born Ashby; Ann Broadhurst, daughter, unmarried, age 27, occupation "knitter," born Ashby; and Esther Broadhurst, daughter, unmarried, age 20, occupation "knitter," born Ashby. A "post boy" or postillion rides the lead horse of a two or four horse team pulling a carriage or wagon. A "knitter" works at a commercial loom in a cotton goods factory. James (my great-grandfather) is absent from this census. In 1859 he had joined the 17th (Leicestershire) Regiment of Foot [infantry], and by 1861 he was stationed at the British military garrison and fort guarding the harbor in Nova Scotia.



Times were hard, housing was scarce, and many families took in boarders to help make ends meet. Living in the household of John and Mary Broadhurst as boarders were Frederick Lambert, married, age 27, a labourer, born in Lincolnshire, and his wife Ann, age 20, also born in Lincolnshire. This is curious because Lincolnshire is quite some distance away and this is the second time that a Lincolnshire connection shows up in John and Mary's household. I have not been able to find a Broadhurst connection to

Lambert and there is probably not a relationship between them. I found the marriage of Frederick Lambert and Ann Bradshaw, 25 February 1860, in Metherringham, Lincolnshire, and there is a record of the christening of Ann Bradshaw, 11 September 1840, also in Metherringham, Lincolnshire.

In 1871 John Broadhurst is living at 5 Mill Lane, now age 72, his occupation is recorded as a "bill poster" [a "bill poster" puts up signs and advertising in store windows and on public bulletin boards]; his wife Mary, age 65; and **Mary Hall**, age 7, their granddaughter, daughter of Esther Broadhurst Hall and James Hall, born at Coalville, a village located a few miles from Ashby. Why was their granddaughter living with them? We do not know.



The Children of John and Mary Broadhurst

John's daughter **Esther Broadhurst**, born in the spring of 1841, married **James Hall** on 15 October 1863 and their daughter **Mary Ann Hall** was baptized in Coalville on 25 February 1864. Esther was present living at home in the census of 1851 and in 1861. In the later census she is shown with the occupation of "glover knitter." At the time of the Census of 1881, Esther's daughter, Mary Broadhurst Hall, now 18, born in Coalville, was an unmarried domestic servant in the home of E. J. and Ann Reynolds, brother and sister, both unmarried and annuitants [pensioners], residing at Cross Street, Sale, Cheshire, England.



Unidentified Broadhurst with delivery wagon in Ashby de la Zouch

What happened to James Hall? Had he died? As we noted above, Esther Hall was a servant in 1881 and James cannot be found. However I located James Hall in the 1861 census listed as a lodger in Thringstone (described in the census description as south of the Turnpike Road leading from Ashby de la Zouch to Loughboro), near Coalville, then age 21, occupation collier. A "collier" was a coal miner. There were many coal mines around that general area, and obviously there was one at Coalville. Mines were very dangerous. Mining casualties were frequent, and even women and children worked in some mines. It is probable that James Hall was killed in a mining accident or other tragic event. A check of the database of mining accidents in England shows a James Hall was killed in the mines in the period 1860-1864 but I have not yet been able to determine precisely when and where, so I do not know if it is the right James Hall or not.

John and Mary Grundy Broadhurst had 5 other children in addition to Esther, but there is not much to tell about them.

James Broadhurst, my great grandfather, born in 1838, is the subject of the next chapter.

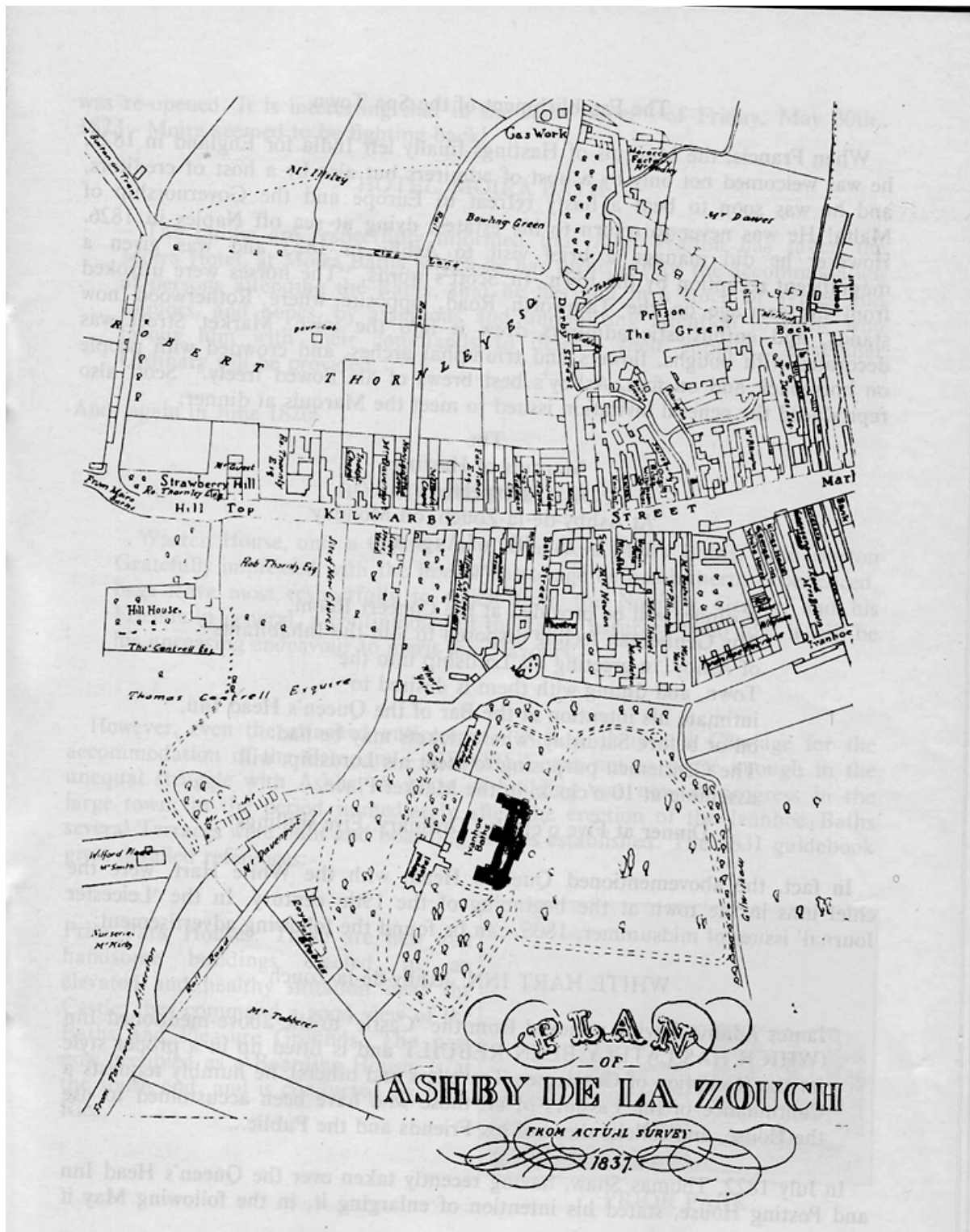
John and Mary's daughter **Ann Broadhurst** was born in 1833 and christened on Christmas Day in 1833 but very little more is known about her. She appears in the censuses of 1841, 1851, and 1861 living at home. By 1851 she was employed as a "glover knitter" and may have worked at home. She is not found in the census of 1871. We do not know what happened to her. She may have married or she may have died. A search of available records does not show either a marriage or a death.

Elizabeth Broadhurst was born in 1829 and died in 1839, at age 10, about a year after her brother James was born.

Thomas Broadhurst was born in 1832 and lived only a few days. He was buried two days after his baptism.

Mary Jane Broadhurst was born in 1847 and died in 1849 at two years old.

John and Mary Broadhurst's son James Broadhurst had joined the British army and had been sent to Canada. He never returned to England. We do not know if James communicated to his parents in England, or if his parents knew what happened to him, or if James knew anything more about his family. One of the facts of emigration in those days is that it was fairly common but it had a very dramatic effect on isolating families and disconnecting family ties. That makes reconstructing family history quite difficult.



7: James J. Broadhurst – Mary Ann Tracey

My great-grandfather James Broadhurst was born 9 October 1838 in Ashby de la Zouch, Leicestershire, England. His birth certificate shows that he was born at 6 a.m. at Hextall's Yard on Market Street to John Broadhurst and Mary Grundy Broadhurst. John's occupation was listed as "groom," which means he took care of horses, possibly for the Royal Hotel or for a carter or carrier. James' birth was acknowledged and recorded ten days later by John's "mark" indicating that he was illiterate, as were most of his contemporaries in Ashby.

According to David Jackson, director of the Ashby Museum, there were two areas of Market Street that were named Hextall's Yard at the time of the 1841 census. One was an alley or court that ran between Market Street and South Street and was so named because Thomas Hextall had a grocery shop fronting onto Market Street adjacent to the entrance to the yard. The other was behind William Hextall's shop on the north side of Market Street. William Hextall was a printer who had a shop on the east side of the corner of Market Street and Mill Lane. Hextall's yard contained four cottages located behind the shop that were accessed from Mill Lane. He believes that the Hextall's Yard noted in the birth certificate was most likely the one behind

Market Street - Ashby de la Zouch



William Hextall's print shop because the 1841 Census for Ashby de la Zouch shows John and Mary Broadhurst living at a house on Mill Lane that was adjacent to Hextall's print shop.

John's age was recorded as 40 at the time of the 1841 census and his occupation was stated as agricultural laborer, so his occupation had changed since the birth of James. His wife Mary was listed as age 30. Instructions provided to census takers directed that the age of adults was to be rounded down to the nearest multiple of 5. John was actually at least 42 years old (based on christening date) when the census was taken. At the time of the census in 1841 John and Mary had three living children, **Ann Broadhurst**, age 7; **James Broadhurst**, age 2; and **Esther Broadhurst**, 3 months old.



Oxcart - Ashby de la Zouch

Christening records in Ashby de la Zouch show that two additional children were born to John and Mary that are not listed on the census records. **Elizabeth Broadhurst** was born in August 1829 (and per burial record died in 1839 at age 10) and **Thomas Broadhurst**, baptized on 9 May 9 1832, and buried two days later. Clearly infant mortality was high, as is clearly evident from the number of infant deaths recorded in the St. Catharine's death index for Leicestershire.

Ten years later at the time of the 1851 Census John Broadhurst and his family were still living at Mill Lane. Ann Broadhurst was now 17 year old, unmarried, her occupation

listed as a "glover," a maker of gloves, probably in a local factory. [There was a large textile industry in Leicestershire at the time and the census records show that many residents of Leicestershire worked in the textile manufacturing industry either at home or in factories.] My great-grandfather James is listed as a student, his age recorded as 15 [at the time he was actually only 13 years old; the "15" may be the result of a transcription error reading the handwritten 5 as a 3]. Esther is now 10 years old and is also a student. An additional child of John and Mary, **Mary Jane Broadhurst**, was christened on April 17, 1847; she is listed in the St. Catharine's House records as having been born in the 2nd Quarter of 1847 [between April and June], but she is not listed with the family in the 1851 census because she had died in 1849.

We don't know anything more about James until he enlisted in the 2nd Battalion of the *17th (Leicestershire) Regiment of Foot* (infantry) as a private soldier on 2 May 1859 at Leicester. His military record in the Public Records Office (PRO) shows he enlisted at age 21 years and was 5 ft. 9½ inches tall. He received a bounty of two pounds ten shillings as an enlistment inducement, which almost certainly was given to his family as compensation for losing the benefit of having a son.

17th Regiment Soldier c1850



The 17th Regiment of Foot had a distinguished history. According to a history of the unit published in 1899 [*Records and Badges of the British Army*, Chichester], supplemented by information received by email from David Stevens, a historian of British military history, the 17th Regiment returned to England from duty in India in 1848. In 1854 it was sent to Gibraltar and from there to the Crimea where it participated in the siege of Sebastopol. After the peace, the 17th Regiment was sent to the British territory of Canada. The regiment had been reduced to battalion size at this time and a second battalion was subsequently formed in 1858 and added to the Regiment.

The new 2nd Battalion went to Canada to join the remaining elements of the 17th Regiment, which in the interim had been re-constituted as the 1st Battalion of the 17th Regiment. In June 1865 the 1st Battalion returned to England. The 2nd Battalion remained in Canada until 1868. Our family interest in the battalion ends with its service in Canada, but it is worth noting that the 17th Regiment fought in India in 1870 and served in Afghanistan in 1878.

After his induction in May 1859 James was sent to Plymouth, Devonshire, where the 2nd Battalion was stationed at the time, and his basic training as a soldier occurred there. In July 1859 the 2nd Battalion was moved to Aldershot Camp in Hampshire, where Private Broadhurst stood guard on the 1st muster. He was given a furlough for the entire month of December 1859, at which time we presume he went home to Ashby. He was promoted to corporal effective January 1860 and his leave in December may have been a reward for that promotion. He returned to duty at Aldershot Camp on the first of January 1860, where he was now corporal of the guard for the 2nd muster. He remained at Aldershot Camp until the summer of 1860, when his unit was transferred once again, this time to Shorncliffe Camp at Dublin, Ireland, where he remained until the spring of 1861.



On 25 March 1861 he was promoted to Sergeant. At about that same time the 2nd Battalion was moved to Curragh Camp in Ireland where they remained through 1861. By January 1862 Sgt. Broadhurst was with the 2nd Battalion at Halifax, Nova Scotia as the General's Orderly. During December 1861 the 2nd Battalion crossed the North Atlantic, a trip that would have meant two to three very rough and cold weeks at sea.

James continued to be stationed in Halifax throughout 1863 and 1864 except for a short time beginning 8 June 1863 when he was shown in the unit's military records as "on detachment." There is no indication as to where he went or what he was doing while on detached service. Sometime in late summer of 1863 he returned to his unit. A researcher with some knowledge of the military history of the area speculated that he may have been sent to Windsor in Hants County or to Cape Breton. It is also possible that he may have traveled as the general's orderly accompanying the general on a visit to other military camps or a special assignment out of the area. As we discuss in the paragraphs below the Civil War was under way and there were agents of both sides active in Halifax and there are many reasons why secret activities of the British military may have been undertaken.

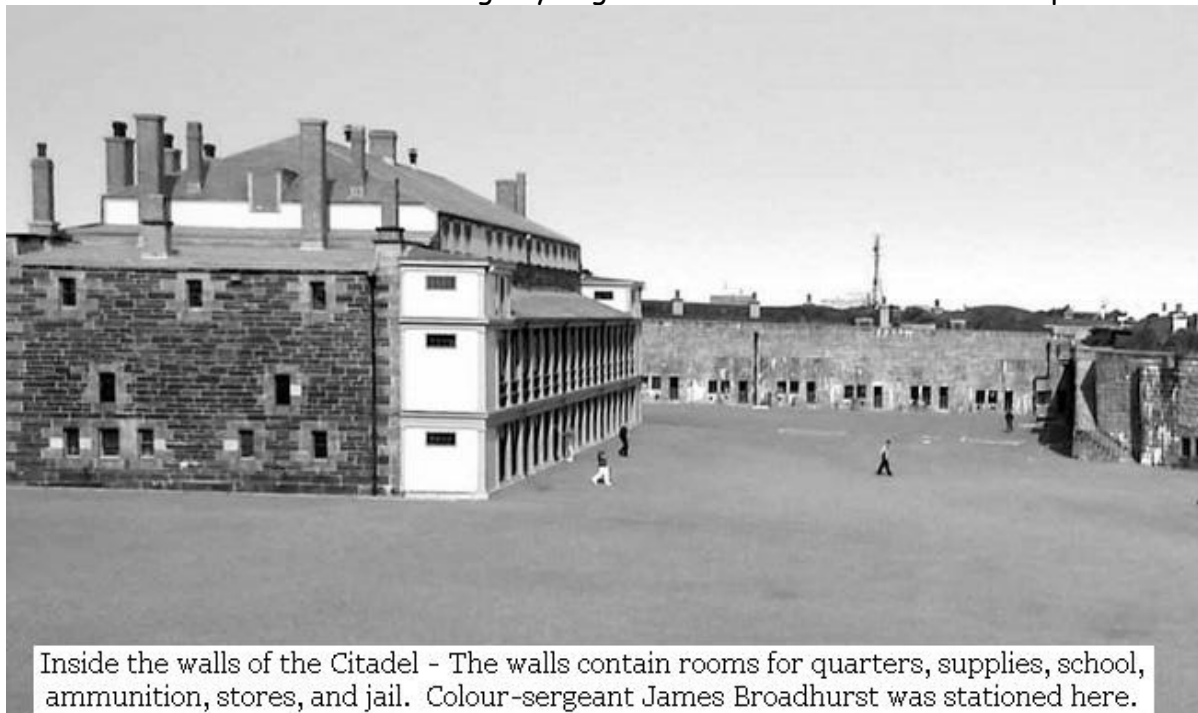


While in Halifax the 17th Regiment was based at the Halifax Citadel, a military fortress located on a rise overlooking the city and Halifax Harbor. The purpose of the fort was to protect the very important British naval base below at anchor in the harbor. The British navy was very active during this period. The fort has a commanding view of the

harbor, the largest natural harbor on the east coast of North America, and was equipped with the most modern long-range guns. The fort still stands much as it did when it was finished in the 1850s and now is one of the most visited tourist sites in Canada. A visit to the fort (which I visited in the fall of 2003) provides a pretty good view of what life was like for a soldier stationed there in the 1860s.

The life of a British soldier in the mid-1800s was not an enviable one. Queen Victoria began her long rule the year before James Broadhurst was born in 1838. Information about life in the British military during this period was assembled from several sources. All agree that the life of the Victorian-era soldier was a harsh one, the degree of hardship varying between regiments and assignments. Flogging was commonplace, even for minor offences until it was finally abandoned in the British Army and the Royal Navy in 1881, well after James had left the service.

The soldier's living conditions slowly improved as the 19th Century progressed. His pay was raised slightly, the food improved and living conditions became healthier. During the period of James Broadhurst's military service soldiers were issued their uniforms, a mattress, a pillow, four blankets and two sheets. The blankets were rarely washed, clean sheets were issued once a month, and fresh straw for the mattresses once every three months. The soldier's working day began at 6.30 am and ended at 6.15 pm.



Inside the walls of the Citadel - The walls contain rooms for quarters, supplies, school, ammunition, stores, and jail. Colour-sergeant James Broadhurst was stationed here.

Peacetime rations were sparse. Until 1870 the only food issued was three quarters of a pound of meat (usually inferior beef), a pound of bread and a pound of potatoes, for

which sixpence a day was deducted from the soldier's daily pay of one shilling. If the soldier wanted vegetables he had to buy them for himself. Even as late as 1900 the last meal of the day was tea at 4 pm, which consisted of tea, bread and sometimes some butter. The only cooking utensils issued were two copper pots to each company. At Aldershot Camp, where James was stationed for a short while, a soldier sent to the camp hospital had his dinner cooked in his battalion and carried to him in a pail. By the time he received it the food was usually cold. The officers, as is true today as then, ate better than the troops and most were remarkably disinterested in the food provided to the common soldiers.

Officers came from the ranks of the wealthy. Before 1871 commissions and promotions were purchased in the cavalry and infantry, and officers could sell their commissions when they retired. By the time James was stationed in Nova Scotia most regiments had been issued the new Enfield rifle, introduced as a replacement for the older muzzle-loaded musket that had been in service since before the American War of Independence. This was still a muzzle-loading weapon but lighter and more accurate than the old 'Bess' that it replaced. The Enfields remained in service until the introduction of breech-loading weapons in the early 1860s. We can reasonably assume that James was issued one of the new breech-loading rifle. The soldier would have carried his rifle together with his bayonet, a pack and a webbed belt for cartridge pouches. Officers would have carried swords and, in the 1850s, a percussion-lock single shot pistol. Later, the revolver replaced the single shot pistol.

It is probably just as well for James that he left the army while he was in Nova Scotia and did not return home to Britain or make a career of military service. Apparently the soldier was not well thought of at home by the civilian population. Redcoats were often denied service in pubs or seats at the theatre. Many bars had a sign saying "*men in uniform not admitted*." Except when on furlough, only soldiers of the rank of colour sergeant or above were allowed to wear civilian clothes (James rank was colour sergeant).

A military historian in Canada sent me an email in which he provided some background information on the activities of the 2nd Battalion of the 17th Regiment during the time it was stationed in Nova Scotia from 1862-1865, which coincides with the period of the American Civil War. The British military in Nova Scotia played no direct role in the US Civil War. Britain was officially neutral in the conflict. The Royal Navy was stationed in Halifax to defend the sea lanes with Great Britain and to stop any British vessel attempting to run the Northern blockade of Southern ports. Because there was money to be made by trading with the South, many merchant ships left Halifax sailing for Bermuda or Barbados before running the blockade. The British army was continually on the lookout for agents who seized colonists to force them to fight on

one side or other of the war. Spies and agents from both the Federals and the Confederates operated openly in Halifax at that time.

Both the Federal government and the Confederacy sought support from various European states, including Britain. A nasty incident called "the Trent affair" had the potential for involving Britain in the conflict. The Confederacy appointed two agents to go to London to seek British support. The agents first traveled on a blockade runner to Cuba and then boarded the Trent, a British ship, to continue their journey. A Federal cruiser confronted the Trent on the open seas and seized the two Confederate agents. When Lincoln and the Federal government in Washington heard about the incident they realized the potential seriousness of this hostile act against a British ship and immediately dispatched officials to arrange with the British for the release of the Confederate agents to British officials. However because of the possibility of conflict as tension increased between the antagonists the British forces in Halifax were prepared to repel any invasion from one or another of the antagonists.

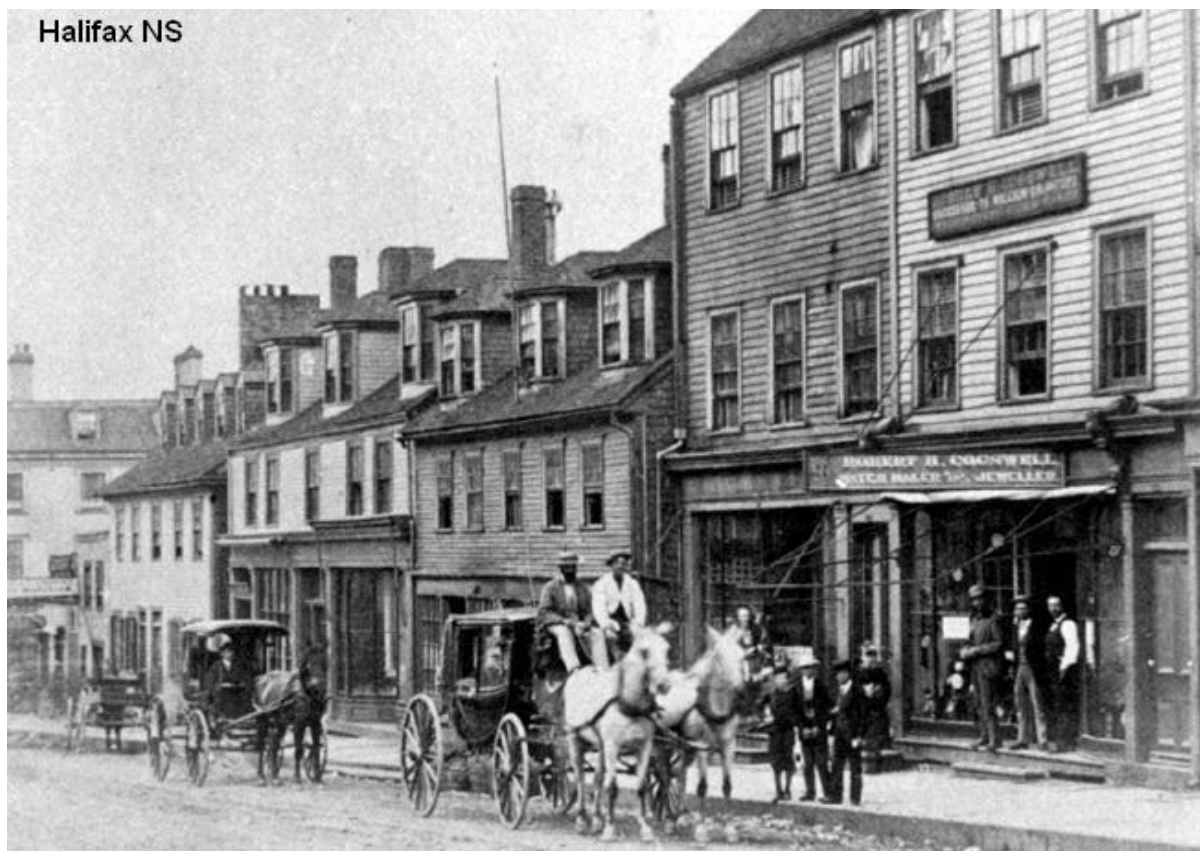
Camp Hill NS Defensive Gun Protecting Halifax Harbor



In December 1863 James was promoted once more, this time to Colour Sergeant, taking the place of a sergeant who had deserted. The next entry in the log concerning Sgt. Broadhurst was a notation dated 2 September 1864 to the effect that he had purchased his discharge in Halifax on that date. No reason is stated. Why did James "muster out" from the British army at that time? While we cannot know for sure

absent any specific reason in the historical record, it is certainly reasonable to assume, since his discharge came at about the same time as the birth of his first child, that his departure from the army was directly related to that event.

Because there was no actual military conflict involving the 17th Regiment the troops would have been given relatively generous time off, which they would naturally spend in Halifax. We do not know how James Broadhurst met his future wife, but because she came from a military family, there were doubtless social occasions at which such a meeting occurred. James' early retirement from the military surely resulted from the fact that in January 1864 James had married **Mary Ann Tracey** and by September Mary Ann was well along in her pregnancy with their first child, **Mary Ella Broadhurst**. James had married while he was still in military service and apparently he left the military because it was no longer practical for him to be in military service while trying to raise a family.



As noted below, his service record indicates that James Broadhurst was married in January 1864 while he was still in military service. The date of his marriage together with the date of his departure from the military may help to clear up some confusion in family records about the age and birth date of that first child, whose name is sometimes given as Mary Ella Broadhurst and at other times as Ella Mary Broadhurst.

She was called Ella in later years, maybe to avoid confusion with her mother, and perhaps family members forgot over time that Ella was actually her middle name.

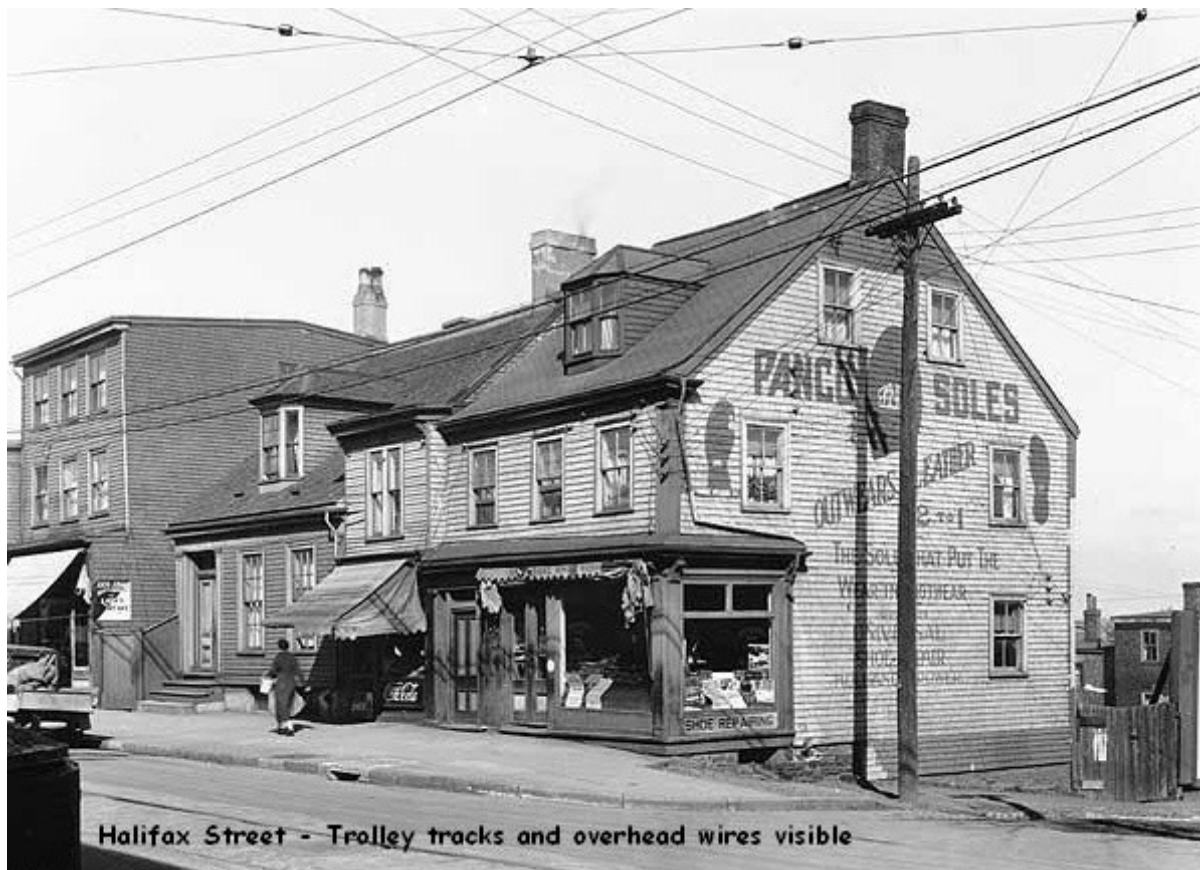
Various family records agree that Mary Ella is the first born child and most family sources show her birth date in October 1866, but there is considerable evidence that the October 1866 data cannot be correct. The 1881 census for Halifax records data for the family and shows my great aunt Mary E as 16 years old and my grandfather **John Thomas Broadhurst** as 14 years old, a two-year difference in their ages. We know that John Thomas Broadhurst was born January 17, 1866, the date confirmed by his birth certificate recorded at Sherbrooke, Nova Scotia. If the census recorded Mary and John's actual age at the time of the census, in order to account for a two-year age difference we would have to put her birth in 1864. If we take John's birth date in January 1866 and calculate backwards a minimum of ten months for an earlier birth, the latest date Mary Ella could have been born would be December 1864.



The British military kept good records. *The Family Records Centre* in London holds the *Register of Army Marriages*, and while no marriage is listed there for James Broadhurst, the records show the birth years of several of his children, including Mary E. Broadhurst, born Halifax, Nova Scotia in 1864. So we conclude that at the time of James' discharge from the army in September 1864, Mary Ella Broadhurst had already been born or her birth was imminent. An October birth date is reflected in family history and it seems reasonable to conclude that she was born in October 1864, shortly

after James was discharged from military service, rather than in 1866. That date fits nicely into the recorded date of his marriage to Mary Ann Tracey on January 12, 1864. In June 1865 the 1st Battalion of the 17th Regiment of Foot returned to England. It is likely that James knew that the Battalion would be returning soon to England, and that may have been a factor in his decision to leave the army at that time. In any event, given the pay of enlisted men, it would have been difficult for James to raise a family while remaining in service.

It appears that after James left his service in the 17th Regiment, James and Mary Ann Tracey Broadhurst made their home at or near Sherbrooke, Nova Scotia. We do not know where Mary Ella Broadhurst was born, but James' next several children were born (or had their births recorded) at Sherbrooke, Guysborough County, Nova Scotia: John Thomas Broadhurst in January 1866, **Elizabeth Broadhurst** in August 1867, and **Joseph James Broadhurst** in July 1869. Infant deaths were common in this time and families tended to have many children in the hope that some would survive to adulthood. Elizabeth Broadhurst died at Sherbrooke as an infant during 1868.



By the time of the 1871 Canadian Census the Broadhurst family had moved to Halifax where the census lists **James Broadhurst**, age 30, shopkeeper; **Mary A Broadhurst**,

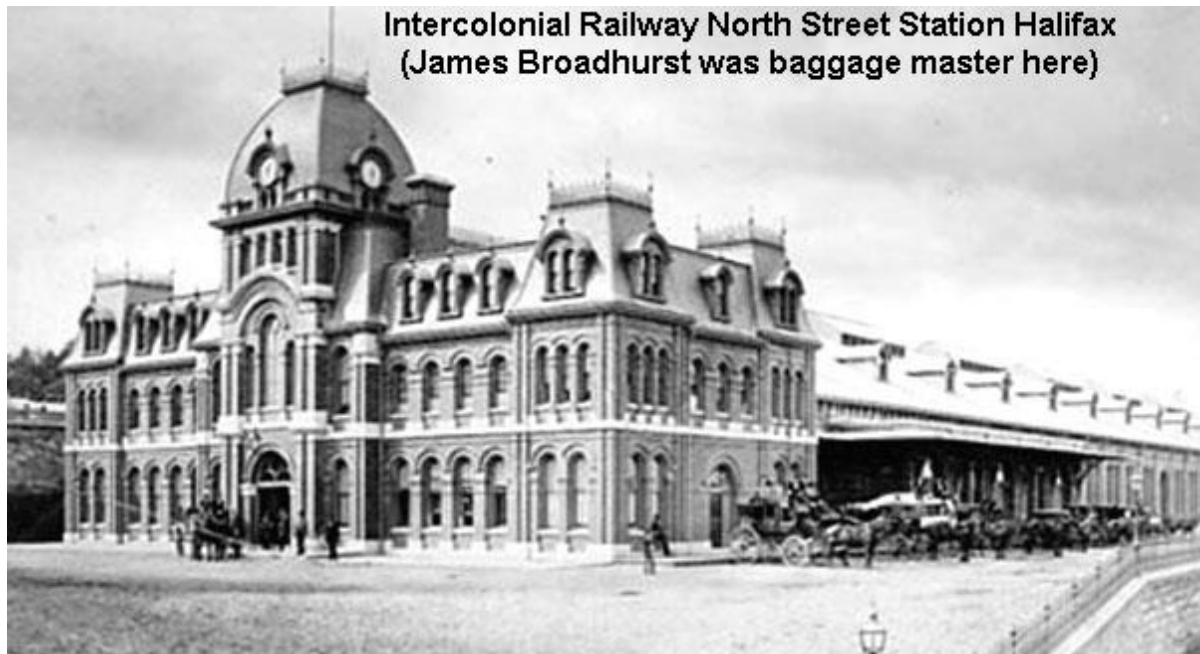
age 26, born West Indies; **John T Broadhurst** (my grandfather), age 5 (and notes that he attends school); and **Joseph J Broadhurst**, age 2. The eldest daughter Mary E is missing from the household. The reference book "*The Atlantic Canadians 1600-1900*" lists James Broadhurst in 1871 as a liquor merchant. Apparently he was the proprietor of a small liquor store which would have sold mostly imported West Indies rum.

The same 1871 census shows Mary E Broadhurst, age 6, living in the home of **James and Helen Tracey** at the time of the census for reasons unknown. James and Helen were the grandparents of Mary Ella Broadhurst and parents of her mother, Mary Ann Tracey. It is possible that the census taker recorded the information incorrectly; perhaps Mary E. was just visiting her grandparents and the census taker recorded her relationship with the head of household as "grandaughter" rather than "visitor," which would have been the standard for recording someone who did not ordinarily live in the household.



What that 1871 census does not show is the birth and death of **Esther Hannah Broadhurst**, who was born to James and Mary Tracey Broadhurst in Halifax in July of 1871 and died 15 months later, according to Snow's funeral records in Halifax. James and Mary Ann had moved back to Halifax, but did not remain there very long. Without any evidence to go on we must assume that they moved for economic reasons.

Some time after 1871 James and his family moved from Halifax to Moncton, New Brunswick, for reasons that we do not know, but the birth of sons **William Albert Broadhurst** and **Charles Henry Broadhurst** were recorded in Moncton in August 1875 and September 1877, respectively. By 1879 the family had moved back to Halifax. The *Halifax City Directory 1879-80* shows James was employed as baggage master for the newly-constructed Intercolonial Railway [now CNR, the Canadian National Railway] and was residing with his family at 124 Maitland Street in Halifax. The British North America Act of 1867 required the new central government of Canada to connect Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Quebec, and Ontario with a rail line. Within ten years, the Dominion of Canada constructed **The Intercolonial Railway of Canada** to connect Halifax and Atlantic Canada with Quebec and Ontario. James Broadhurst worked for the ICR as baggage master in Halifax. Several years later *McAlpine's Directory for Halifax 1881* shows James, still baggage master for the Intercolonial Railway, now living at 88 Agricola Street in Halifax.



By 1881 James' family had grown considerably. The 1881 Census lists James Broadhurst, now 41, still employed as baggage master. Mary A Broadhurst, now 35, is shown as born in Trinidad, West Indies. The family's religious affiliation is noted as Church of England. The children: Mary E. Broadhurst, 16; John T. Broadhurst, 14, employed as a newsagent probably selling newspapers on a street corner, and not in school; Joseph T. Broadhurst (note the error in his middle initial, it should have been J. rather than T., a transcriber error in deciphering the handwritten copy), 13, also is a newsagent and not in school; Emma Broadhurst, 8; William Broadhurst, 8 (another transcriber error, should be 6); Charles Broadhurst, 3; and Lilley Broadhurst, 2.

During the 1880s more children were born: **Blanche Broadhurst**, born 1883; **Florence Broadhurst**, born 1885 (she only lived a month); and **Arthur Broadhurst**, born 1887.

James and Mary Ann Tracey Broadhurst had more than their share of tragedy. They lost three children as infants. Then in 1889 their 20-year old son Joseph, who had gone to Portland "to seek his fortune," was killed in an unfortunate construction accident when a steel beam fell on him and crushed him.

In 1890 James was seriously injured in a railroad accident when he was knocked from a rail car. All we know about this accident comes from his obituary. While he continued to work as baggage master until shortly before his death in 1898, he never regained his health or strength after the accident. He died on Friday 3 June 1898 and was buried in Camp Hill Cemetery in Halifax.

Sometime before 1897 the family had moved to 2 Ontario Street in Halifax. The *Halifax City Directory* shows them living there at the time the directory was published in 1897. The 1901 census shows the family living at the same Ontario Street address; Mary Broadhurst is now listed as widow and head of the household, living with William Broadhurst, 27; Blanche Broadhurst, 19; and Arthur Broadhurst, 14. Charles Henry Broadhurst had married **Emma Maude Mills** probably in 1898 and had a son, **Arthur Broadhurst**, 2 years old at the time of the census, and they were also living with Mary at the Ontario Street address. Later that year little Arthur died.



James' obituary appeared in the Halifax newspaper on June 7, 1898:

The funeral of the late James Broadhurst, baggage master for many years at North Street Station, took place yesterday from his late residence, Ontario Street. It was very largely attended and the railway employees turned out in force. Mr. Broadhurst was 59 years of age. He came here in 1860 with the 17th regiment as color-sergeant and received his discharge while on this station. In 1890 he was knocked from a car at Deep Water and had three ribs, hip bone and collar bone broken. He never fully

recovered from his injuries and his death was due to the effect of the shock, which weakened him year after year....."

James' Wife: Mary Ann Tracey Broadhurst

My great-grandmother Mary Ann Tracey also came from a military family. Her father, **James Tracey**, had been a British soldier in the *23rd Regiment of Foot* (infantry), also known as the *Royal Welsh Fusiliers*, at the time of her birth, and like James Broadhurst he had been a colour-sergeant and he had mustered out of military service in Nova Scotia.

James Tracey's military records were obtained from the *Public Records Office* in London (the "PRO"). Based on information in those records that his age on discharge was 39 years and 7 months, and he was discharged on September 1, 1848, we calculate his birth at about January 1809. In 1848, at the time of his mustering out in Halifax, a summary of his 22 years of military service was entered into his military record, apparently in support of his pension application; the notes are interesting and worth quoting here:

Colour Sgt. James Tracey, 23rd Regiment of Foot, born Galway. Attested for regiment at Gibraltar on 14 September 1825 at age 17 years. Served 21 years 259 days. Served abroad for 18 yrs 10 months. Was in Portugal 1 yr 1 month, Gibraltar 8 yrs, North America 6 yrs 4 months, West Indies 3 yrs 5 months. Discharged as unfit for further service due to chronic rheumatism and general debility. His disability has arisen from the effect of the climate of the West Indies. His conduct has been that of a very good and efficient soldier. Age on discharge 39 years 7 months. He was 5 feet 7 and a half inches tall, with brown hair and grey eyes; fair complexion. Trade on enlistment was a tailor. He intends to reside and receive his pension at Halifax, Nova Scotia." [recorded 1848]

James Tracey's military service is recorded in the usual precision of a British military record. We can speculate with some reasonable certainty that his father may also have been in the military. James was born in Galway, Ireland, but he enlisted and was "attested" for the regiment in Gibraltar, where a British military garrison was stationed. If James was at home in Galway he would have enlisted there for military service; it would have been odd to travel to Gibraltar solely so that he could enlist in the army. While James could have gone to Gibraltar with his parents who may have been in business or were settlers in Gibraltar, it seems more likely given the conditions of the time that James was an "army brat," the son of a soldier whose family was stationed at Gibraltar .

A researcher in England who hunted for James in the records of the 23rd Regiment was able to find only some of the records of the *Royal Welsh Fusiliers* from the period that James Tracey was in military service, and he summarized that partial record with respect to James:

Duty Muster Record for James Tracey

1 April - 30 Sept 1844: 23rd Foot at Barbados. James present. 1 Oct - 31 Dec 1844: Barbados and Trinidad. James present. 1 Jan 1845 - 1 Mar 1846: Trinidad. James present and shown on regular duty. 1 Jan - 31 March 1846: Trinidad . James present.. Two musters regular duty. Third muster in Dominica.

1 April 1846 - 30 June 1846: 1st Battalion 23rd Regiment of Foot, Royal Welsh Fusiliers stationed at Antigua. No. 388 Colour Sergeant James Tracey present at Dominica all three musters.

1 July - 30 Sept 1846 , James shown at Antigua. 1 Oct - 31 Dec 1846 , James shown at St. Johns (one of the islands in the West Indies) ; he was in the hospital for the third muster.

1 Jan - 31 March 1846, James was at Barbados until 15 March, then at sea to Halifax.

1 April 1846 - 30 September 1848 , James was at Halifax on guard duty for all three musters: James present until 31 August 1847 when he was discharged to out pension.

No. 388 Colour Sgt. James Tracey, born Galway, a tailor by trade; enlisted 12 Sep 1825; non-effective 1 Sept 1848. Discharged to out pension.

England's National Army Museum has an exhibit and story about wives who traveled with soldiers. Only about a half-dozen soldiers in each military unit were permitted to take their wives with them. In the 1800s lots were drawn for a limited number of wives and families to travel with their husbands but the lots were not drawn until just before they were due to board ship to go overseas as that was the only way they could prevent the men deserting if they knew in advance they'd have to leave their families behind. James Tracey was one of those fortunate enough to have his wife with him during his tour of service, and that was fortunate also for our family history because military chaplains were meticulous record keepers and recorded the birth of Mary Ann Tracey, who eventually became the wife of James Broadhurst.

The *Index of Regimental Births 1761-1924* in the PRO lists baptisms recorded by army chaplains. The chaplain of the 23rd Regiment recorded the birth of **Mary A Tracey** at Trinidad in 1845 and of **Elizabeth J. Tracey** in Antigua in 1846. Mary and Elizabeth surely were sisters. Although parents are not recorded with the baptisms, James

Tracey was the only Tracey in the roster of the 23rd Regiment during that period. I have not been able to find any mention of Elizabeth anywhere after the record of her baptism. In the 1871 census taken at Halifax she is not shown as a member of the Tracey household, but she would have been 26 years old and probably married by 1871 so it is unlikely we could find her in that census; however, given the fact that after an exhaustive search we could not find any evidence of her in Halifax it is also possible she died early of accident or disease.

After James Tracey mustered out of military service in 1848 we believe that he lived in Halifax. James is listed in the 1869-1870 *McAlpine's Directory* for Halifax as a grocer, and his business address is listed as 134 Gottingen, with his residence listed on Gerrish Street. At the same home address, Joseph Tracey is listed as a printer. We assume he is James' son.

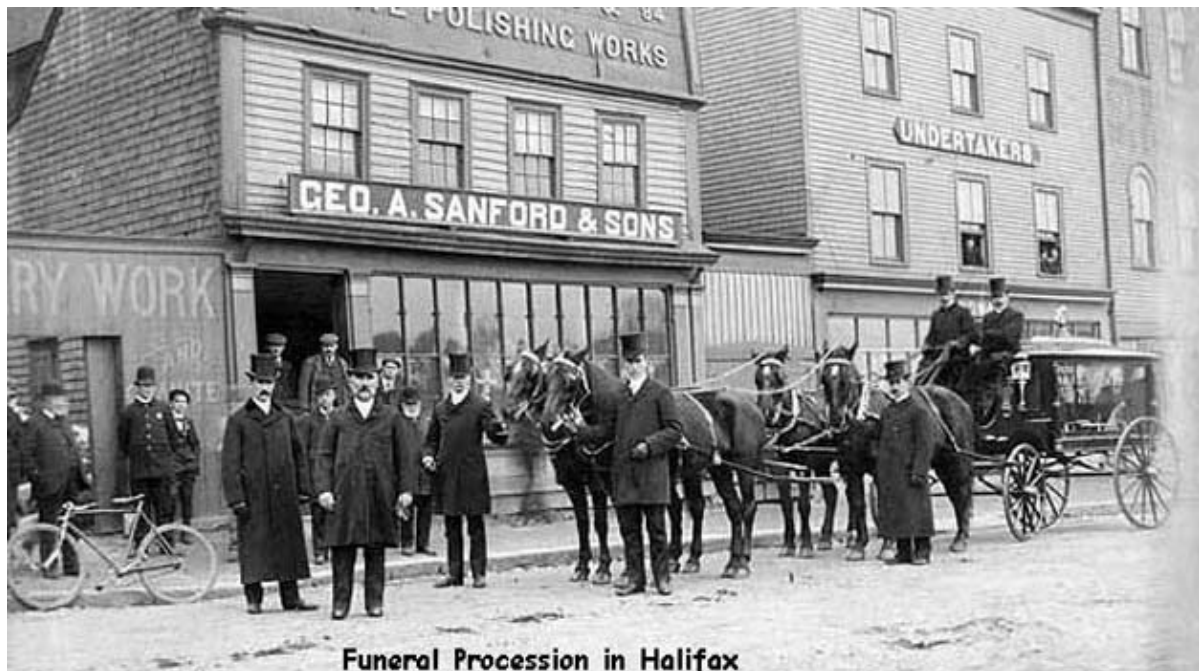
That is confirmed by the 1871 Census in Halifax, which lists James Tracy, age 61, born Ireland, religion not readable, occupation is shopkeeper. Living with James and Helen Tracey are sons **Joseph Tracey**, age 23, born Nova Scotia, a printer; **Edwin William Tracey**, age 21, born Nova Scotia, occupation plumber; and **Charles Alfred Tracey**, age 18, occupation printer. Probably Charles worked with his brother Joseph.



Also in the 1869-1870 *McAlpine's Directory*, a Stephen Tracey is listed as a grocer, his business is located on Upper Water Street, and his home is at 93 North Park Street. We do not know if Stephen Tracey is related to our Traceys.

In the 1870-71 *McAlpine's Directory* for Halifax, James Tracey, is listed at 134 Gottingen Street, which we assume is the address of his grocery store. Possibly he lived above the store. In the 1881 and 1891 *McAlpine's Directory* for Halifax James Tracey is shown at 124 Maitland Street, which we assume is his home. There is no reference to his business.

At the time of the 1881 Census in Halifax James Tracey, now age 73, is listed as a widower and is living with his son William Tracey, and his occupation is now listed as tailor, his occupation at the time he enlisted in the British army. Son William must have given up plumbing because he is now a tinsmith. In 1871 his name was shown as **Edwin William Tracey**, so it appears he now goes by William. In this census he is 31, in the earlier census he is shown as 21. William's household consists of his wife, Isabel Tracey, age 26, and daughters Sarah Tracey, age 3, and Mary Tracey, age 1. William Tracey shows his nationality as Irish, whereas the rest of the family indicates they are of English origin. All are members of the Church of England.



8: Children of James and Mary Ann Tracey Broadhurst

John Thomas Broadhurst was born on 17 January 1866 in Sherbrooke, Nova Scotia, died on 2 January 1930 in Norwich, CT at age 63, and was buried in Maplewood Cemetery, Norwich, CT. He is my grandfather and direct ancestor and will be the subject of the next chapter.

William Albert Broadhurst was born on 8 August 1875 in Moncton, New Brunswick, and died in March 1940 at age 65.

Emma Matilda Broadhurst was born on 1 November 1872 in Halifax, Nova Scotia.

Blanche Winifred Broadhurst as born on 14 July 1883 in Halifax, Nova Scotia, and died on 25 July 1964 San Francisco, CA at age 81.

Ella Mary Broadhurst was born in October 1864 in Canada, probably in Halifax where James was stationed at the time.

Lillian Belle Broadhurst was born in 1879 in Halifax, Nova Scotia, died on 13 January 1929 in Dartmouth, Nova Scotia, at age 50, and was buried on 15 January 1929 in Camp Hill Cemetery, Halifax, NS.

Charles Henry Broadhurst was born on 7 September 1877 in Moncton, New Brunswick, Canada and died on 2 January 1940 in Portland, ME at age 62.

Arthur Cleveland Broadhurst was born on 21 February 1887 in Halifax, Nova Scotia and died on 22 January 1917 in Portland, ME at age 29.

Joseph James Broadhurst was born on 24 July 1869 in Sherbrooke, Nova Scotia, died on 13 February 1889 in Portland, ME at age 19, and was buried in Camp Hill Cemetery, Halifax, Nova Scotia.

Florence M Broadhurst was born in August 1885 in Halifax, Nova Scotia, died in September 1885 in Halifax, and was buried on 15 September 1885 in Camp Hill Cemetery, Halifax, Nova Scotia.

Elizabeth Broadhurst was born on 15 August 1867 in Sherbrooke, Nova Scotia and died on 16 November 1868 in Sherbrooke, Nova Scotia at age 1.

Esther Hannah Broadhurst was born on 1 Jul 1871 in Halifax, Nova Scotia, died on 2 October 1872 at age 1, and was buried in Camp Hill Cemetery, Halifax, Nova Scotia.

Photo c1910, camping: [.] Charles H, Maude A, William A, Emma M, Arthur C, Lillian B.
[seated] Mary Ann Tracey Broadhurst, [children] Rita, standing, Marjor W. in stroller



c1900-1905: Front: Mary Ann Tracey Broadhurst, William A Broadhurst. Rear: Lillian B, Maude A Drysdale B, Emma Mills B, Charles H Broadhurst



William Albert Broadhurst – Maude Amanda Drysdale

William Albert Broadhurst was born on 8 August 1875 in Moncton, New Brunswick, Canada and died in Norwich, Connecticut in March 1940 at age 65. In 1896 he was living in Halifax, Nova Scotia, and according to the genealogical magazine *The Atlantic Canadians* he was employed at that time as a plumber. At the time of the 1901 Census in Halifax he was employed by the Tram Co. [tram photo below] and was living at 2 Ontario Street, Halifax, with his mother, Mary Ann Tracey Broadhurst, who was a widow at this time.



On 31 July 1901, still in Halifax, he married **Maude Amanda Drysdale**, daughter of William Drysdale and Elizabeth Carmichael. Maude was born on 29 July 1878 in Nova Scotia. William and Maude Broadhurst had a daughter, **Rita Broadhurst**, born 28 August 1903 in Halifax. A second child, **Benjamin Broadhurst**, born 1906, died August 1907 of "infantile cholera," appears to be their child also; the death was reported by William Broadhurst, and the father's employment was listed as Tram Co., which fits William. There is another child, born in Nova Scotia, that appears to be William and

Maude Broadhurst's daughter as well, but we would not have known about this child except for the fact that a volunteer searching death records for me in Nova Scotia found her. There is a death record for **Lillian W. Broadhurst** at Snow's Funeral Home, Halifax, that shows she died in 1905 at age 7 (and therefore was born about 1897). At the time of her death Lillian Broadhurst was living with Maude's parents, **William and Elizabeth Carmichael**. The death record shows Lillian's religion as Presbyterian. She is buried in the same burial plot at St. John's Cemetery in Halifax as the infant children **Arthur Albert Broadhurst** and **Charles Broadhurst**, sons of William's brother **Charles Henry Broadhurst** and **Emma Maude Mills**. The uncertainty as to whether Lillian is Maude Amanda Drysdale Broadhurst's daughter arises from the inconvenient fact that Lillian was born about 1897, while William and Maude were not married until 1901. Also, if Maude bore the child while she was still single the child's surname should have been listed as Drysdale, so we are left here with something of a mystery as to whether this child belongs to William and Maude, and if not, then whose child is she? We speculate that Lillian W. Broadhurst was born as the illegitimate daughter of Maude Amanda Drysdale [William being the father] and for that reason was living with the maternal grandparents. Subsequently William married Maude.

Not many years later, while she was still a young woman, Maude became seriously ill with pulmonary tuberculosis. She died on 26 March 1911 in Halifax at age 32. At the time of her death the family of William Broadhurst was living on St. Margaret's Bay Road. According to the burial record at Snow's Funeral Home in Halifax, she was of Scottish nationality and a Presbyterian. She was buried at St. John's Cemetery in Halifax in the same plot as her nephews Arthur Broadhurst and Charles Broadhurst.

After her mother's death, which occurred when she was only six years old, **Rita Broadhurst** [photo right, taken 1934, with her son **Donald Emmons**] and her father William apparently went to Portland, Maine. William's sisters, **Emma Broadhurst** and **Ella Mary Broadhurst**, and their respective husbands, were living in Portland and it is likely that they moved in with one of these families. The 1915 Portland City Directory notes William, occupation boilermaker, had just left his mother's home in Portland, Maine and moved to Norwich, Connecticut, where his brother (my grandfather) **John Thomas**



Rita Broadhurst Emmons - June 1934
[probably son Donald Emmons]

Broadhurst was living. William left Rita behind in Portland to live with her aunt **Emma Broadhurst Barbrick**, who raised her. William did not stay long in Norwich. Apparently shortly after moving to Norwich he obtained a government job at Fisher's Island, New York. For some years after that time he worked as a laborer at Fort H. G. Wright on Fisher's Island, a military base that employed a number of civilian contractors. The obituary of his brother **Arthur Cleveland Broadhurst** in January 1917 mentioned that William was from Fisher's Island.

The 1920 Federal Census shows him still living at Fisher's Island, his age at the time was 44, his birthplace was Canada, he was not a citizen, his father was born in England, he could not read, he was listed as "single" rather than widower, and his occupation was shown as laborer for the U.S. government.

We do not have any record of him between 1920 and his death in 1940. Sometime during those years he moved back to Norwich, CT, where he lived by himself. My Aunt Irene Broadhurst's diary for 1940 mentions the death of her Uncle Bill, in the entry for Saturday, March 23, 1940:

I had just gotten into bed when Evon called up to tell us that after we left she was reading the paper and that Uncle Bill's death notice was in the paper. Well, it really was a news item as he was found dead in his room -- cause was heart attack. Mother told her to call the undertaker and give him Rita's address. As the Undertaker didn't know who Bill's relatives were he was quite pleased with the info.

The next entry was on Sunday, March 24, 1940:

When Charlie [Charles Schlough, a friend of Irene's] came over we went down to see Bill. Evon, whom we went after first, was not home, but we met her and Tip [Clifford Griswold, Evon's husband] near School Street. She got in our car and we went to the Undertaker's. Mr. Byle and Mr. Eagles were both out so we rode around, went to the beach, and then drove back again. They were still out, but Evon thought of going over to Eagles' house. When Mr. Eagles found out our wishes he advised us not to see Bill then, as he must have been dead about 36 hours when they found him and had been lying on his face. He said he had not heard from Portland yet, but as Arthur had called us for Chester [for Chester's phone number?] we knew they had received the message.

Entry for Monday, March 25:

Evon [her sister, Evon Broadhurst Griswold] called and said she had heard from Byles that the Portland undertaker had made arrangements with him to ship Bill's body to Portland tonight. He also said they couldn't do anything with Bill's face as he had been dead too long, so we didn't see him at all.

Rita Broadhurst, daughter of William Broadhurst and Maude Amanda Drysdale, was born 28 August 1903, in Nova Scotia, probably in Halifax, and died 5 July 1988 in Portland, Maine, at age 84. She was raised by her aunt and uncle, Emma and Chester Barbrick. In the 1920 Census she is shown as age 15, living with Emma and Chester, who had no children of their own. About 1923 she married **Emerson Emmons** (b. 1904, ME; died 1969, Portland, ME), and they had five children: Delores E Emmons (born about 1926) who married a man named Smith and had a son Dennis Smith; Elmer E Emmons, Jr. (born about 1927); Robert W Emmons (born about 1929); Donald E Emmons (born about 1930); and Lila Emmons (birth date unknown). The 1930 Census shows her with her husband and children residing at 148 Maine Avenue, Portland. Elmer Emmons, age 26, is an electrician who owns his home, valued at \$4000. Rita Broadhurst Emmons died 5 July 1988 in Portland, Maine.



Emma Matilda Broadhurst - Chester Garfield Barbrick

Emma Matilda Broadhurst was born on 1 November 1872 in Halifax, Nova Scotia. We know very little about her. The Halifax City Directories for 1897 through 1899 list Miss Emma Broadhurst, a cotton mill worker, boarding at 2 Ontario Street (the home of her parents). She is not listed in the directory in 1900. We do not know when she went to Portland, Maine, but based on information in the 1930 census we believe that she went to Maine in 1900, and we know that others of her siblings were there shortly after 1900.

Emma married **Chester Garfield Barbrick** in Nova Scotia, but the date of that marriage is not known. Chester was born 23 September 1881 in Canada but we do not know precisely where. He must have been living in the Halifax area, and presumably that is where he met Emma, who was 9 years older than Chester. Chester is listed in the 1901 Canada Census in Maitland, Hants County, Nova Scotia as "adopted son" in the family of Thomas and Elizabeth Robson, age 19, Scottish nationality, religion is Presbyterian. We do not know who his parents are, but it is possible that Elizabeth Robson is his mother, formerly married to a Barbrick, and may have been adopted by Thomas Robson. Also in the household are Joseph Monteeth, listed as son-in-law, age 35, born 27 July 1865; and John Sewell, adopted son, age 11, born 15 June 1889.

Emma and Chester lived in Portland, ME for the rest of their lives. They had no children of their own but they raised their niece Rita Broadhurst after the death of her mother. I have photographs of their cottage at 189 Franklin Street in the Long Island district of Portland, ME, where they lived until about 1930, and which seems to have been an active family vacation spot during the 1920s.

The Federal Census in January 1920 shows them living at that cottage. That census noted that Chester G. Barbrick, age 39, rented the house they were living in. He stated for the census record that he immigrated to the U.S. in 1897, he was born Canada, and both of his parents were born in Canada. His occupation was listed as house painter. Emma M, his wife, was listed as age 44. Her immigration date was also stated as 1897. That is odd, considering that we know that Emma was living in Halifax in the 1897-1899 period. Note that in the 1930 census their immigration date is stated as 1900. We do not know why the earlier record said 1897, when that was clearly incorrect. Their niece Rita Broadhurst, age 15, was living in their home.

The *City Directory, Portland Maine* for 1915 lists Chester A Barbrick, painter, residing at 189 Franklin Street, Portland. Emma's mother Mary Ann Tracey Broadhurst, her brother Charles, and her sister Lillian were also listed at that same address.



Chester and Emma Barbrick - Dorothy Broadhurst June 1934 - Maine

Emma does not appear in that directory, but may be she is not listed separately because she was Chester's wife. Chester and Emma are listed in the *Casco Bay, Maine City Directory* and *Crowley & Lunt's Long Island Directory* for 1927-1928, living at 189 Franklin Street. Chester is in the same directory for 1923-1924 with the same information.

The 1930 Census shows them living on Congress Street, Portland. The census has some information that conflicts with information from other sources. Chester is 49, his age at first marriage is 23 (so he was married in 1904), his immigration date is 1900. Emma is 56, her age at first marriage is 30 (so she was married in 1902). She stated her immigration date was 1900. Census information frequently is wrong so we should not make too much of these discrepancies, but they certainly raise some questions.

We do not know when or where Emma Broadhurst Barbrick died. Chester Barbrick died 24 July 1972 in Portland, Maine at age 90.



Emma Broadhurst Barbrick 1934

Blanche Winifred Broadhurst - Millard John Stone

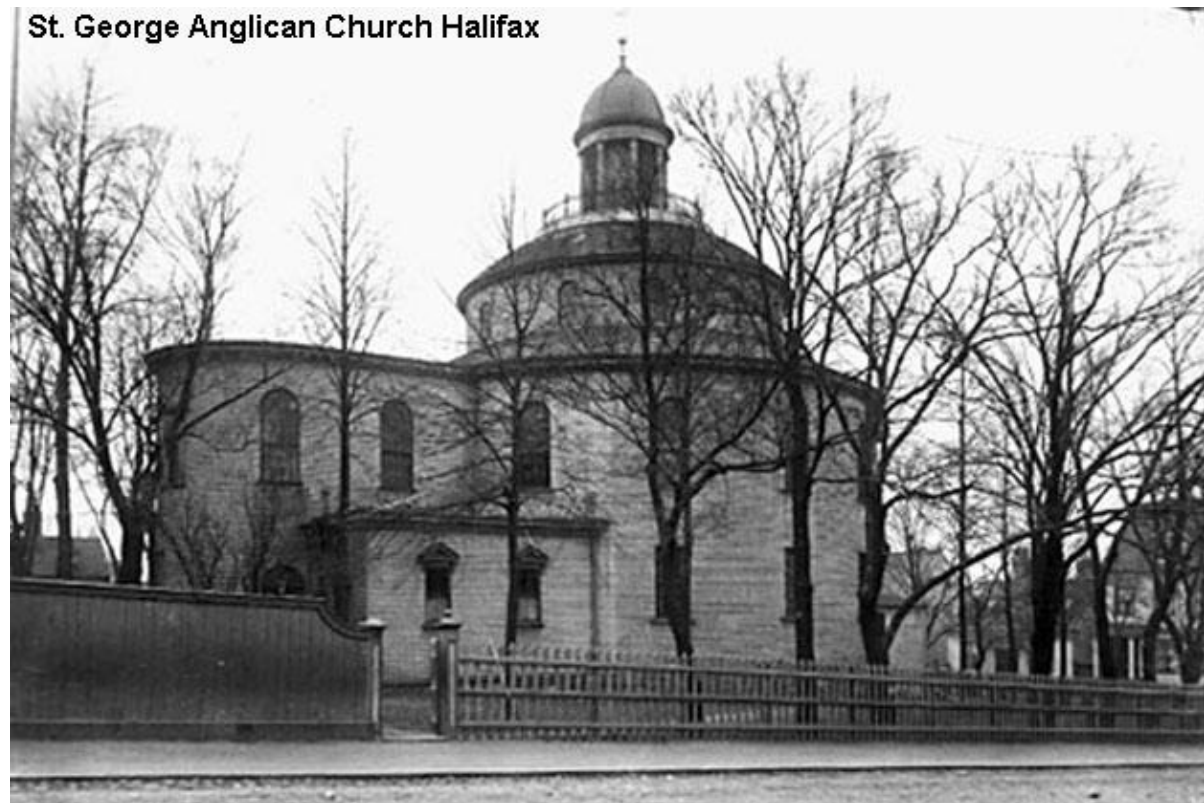
Blanche Winifred Broadhurst was born 14 July 1883 in Halifax, Nova Scotia. Blanche married **Millard John Stone**, son of Jeremiah C. Stone and Emma Baker, on 3 April 1909 in Boston, MA. Millard was born on 27 July 1879 in Grand City, MO and died on 12 January 1955 in San Francisco, CA at age 75.



Blanche and Millard Stone had four children: **Mabel Stone**, born on 5 October 1910 in CT; Mabel married William Travitt, and they had two sons, William Travitt and Donald Trevitt. **Richard Millard Stone**, born 10 June 1924 in San Francisco, CA, married Dorothy Jean Deppman and they had three children: Michael Lewis Stone (born 1949), Linda Susan Stone (born 1951) and Stephen Richard Stone (born 1952). **Ruth Stone**, born in 1911 in Virginia and died in 1931 in San Francisco, CA; and **Dorothy Stone**, born on 4 July 1915 and died on 24 December 1915 as an infant.

At the time of the US Federal Census 1930 for Marin County, Sausalito Township, California, Millard and Blanche were residing on Montfort Street, they own the house they are living in, its value was \$4500. Millard's occupation was listed as "collector, railroad," which we assume means a conductor or ticket taker on a passenger rail line. Blanche, 46 years old, indicated that she emigrated to the U.S. in 1894. Their daughter Mabel, age 20, born CT, was employed as a telephone operator. Also present was Ruth, age 19, born Virginia, not employed, and son Richard, age 5, born California..

Blanche Broadhurst's Confirmation Certificate, dated 29 March 1899, issued at St. George's Anglican Church, Halifax, Nova Scotia, was signed by Frederick, Lord Bishop of Nova Scotia [Church of England, in the U.S. known as Episcopal]. It was one of the few old family mementos passed down to me by my Aunt Evon, but there was precious little else passed along about her so I had considerable difficulty in locating any information about her..



Fortunately there was a photo of a 1930s vintage car with "Blanche - Millard Stone - Sausalito" written on the back. That was an important clue to finding out more information. I tried searching directories, obituaries, old newspapers, and any other websites in California that might contain some clues. I got lucky. Someone at a newspaper in California noted on a website that he had access to a data base of obituaries from California newspapers. I contacted him. Bingo. He found an obituary for Millard Stone and that obituary contained the names of relatives attending the funeral. There are a lot of Stones in California, but on the second or third call I hit the right one. From there I was put in touch with a relative who had both information and photos.

Most important I was given a document entitled "*Remembrances of Blanche [BROADHURST] Stone*" written in June 1986 by her daughter **Mabel Stone Trevitt**

Thompson given to me by **Donald Trevitt**, her son. I have edited it and added notes for clarity.

My mother [Blanche Broadhurst] was born and raised in Halifax, Nova Scotia, Canada. After she finished school in Halifax she wanted to visit her brothers and sisters, most of whom lived in Portland, ME and New London, CT. In Portland she met a man by the name of Charlie Griffith and went with him off and on for several years. She was reluctant to marry him despite his proposals. My folks met at Ft. Williams, Maine. At that time my dad was a sergeant in the Coast Artillery Corps, U.S. Army. There is an interesting story about how they met. One summer day the whole family [those living in Portland] took a walk out to Fort Williams. My mother was wearing a new dress (with a flounce on the skirt). While going down some cement steps, Charlie stepped on the skirt and tore the back of the flounce exposing my mother's legs! My mother was furious and embarrassed at this awful turn of events.



Herbert Broadhurst, Blanche Broadhurst Stone, Richard Stone and Millard Stone - 25 July 1937 – Elizabeth Broadhurst home in Norwich, Connecticut

My father was across the street and saw what had happened and ran over with a package of pins he happened to have in his pocket and offered them to the ladies to help my mother look presentable again. After all was fixed, my mother invited the handsome Sergeant to walk her home and stay for dinner. After dinner my grandmother invited him to come again the following Sunday. My dad was sent to South

Carolina. Meanwhile my mother and he corresponded regularly. Eventually Dad proposed and told my mother that he was being transferred to Fort Trumbull, CT, and that he could get quarters there. She consented and they were married in Boston, MA.

My dad was sent to Fort Trumbull, CT and that was where I was born. A year later dad was sent to Fortress Monroe, Virginia, where my sister Ruth was born. My mother's doctor was out of town and a substitute was called away from a drinking party at 2 a.m. He grabbed Ruth's head harder than he realized; it sobered him but it was too late. He left the dents of his four fingers at the base of her head. Ruth's right hand and arm became totally paralyzed, she dragged her left leg, had epilepsy and could never speak during the 21 years she lived. My mother potty-trained her and she had some understanding as she would listen then turn and smile. My dad took her to a famous brain specialist in Boston. He told my folks that she had one chance in a thousand of coming off the operating table alive. Dad said he thought she was entitled to that chance but the ladies my mother knew begged her not to as "she could outgrow it." How could she? Everytime I washed her hair I could feel the deep dents. With it all she was a happy child, because she knew she was loved by all of us. I learned responsibility and compassion at a very early age.

Dad was sent to Fort Totten and Fort Andrews, both in New York State. When I was 3 years old, we went to Fort Banks, MA. We lived there for five years. When I was five years old a horrible gypsy woman tried to steal me but a soldier at the fort made her leave without me. I can still see both of them as clear as can be! A few months later my sister Dorothy was born on the 4th of July. On Christmas Eve, I heard my mother crying and ran into the bedroom. My dad was shaking Dorothy and the minute I saw her I knew she was dead! It was pneumonia. We spent all summer in Maine every year for the five years we lived in Massachusetts and dad would come up weekends. [The cottage in Maine owned by her sister Emma Barbrick was used widely by members of the Broadhurst family for vacations in those days.]

My grandmother wanted to leave her home in Halifax so arrangements were made for her to live with us [at their home in Mass]. A year later when I was about 8 years old [1918], my dad was transferred to Fortress Monroe again. When my grandmother [Mary Ann Tracey Broadhurst] heard that we were going to be transferred to Fortress Monroe she was thrilled as she had never been south before. We were all packed and furniture shipped but the night before we were to leave my grandmother died. The whole family descended upon us, mostly from Norwich CT and Portland ME. I was wondering how we would cope with all the company but some soldiers from the barracks across the street came by with a huge kettle of soup, bread, ham, vegetables, dessert, cups, dishes, utensils, coffee, chairs, everything we needed. My mother's brothers took over and had the body sent to Portland for the funeral as we had to leave at 9pm on the train for Virginia. There was no way my Dad could have asked for leave as this was during W.W.I. It was hard on all of us but especially on mom not to be able to attend her mother's funeral.

Blanche W Broadhurst Stone c1930 Mill Valley CA



Fortress Monroe was the only fort we lived in that could be rightfully called a fortress. It even had a moat around it. It was very picturesque. Across the street from the main entrance were four small cannons captured from General Cornwallis at Yorktown during the Revolutionary War.

A year later when I was nearly 10, dad got orders to go to Fort Mills, Corregidor, Philippine Islands. My dad had been to China and the southern Philippines for two years right after he first enlisted in the army. He had been in China for a few months during the Boxer Rebellion. My dad was one of the soldiers who arrived in the international expeditionary force to rescue the European captives held in Pekin [China].

We left Virginia by train for San Francisco but were delayed in Chicago for three days and were late by one day arriving in San Francisco, so we missed the Army transport that would have taken us to Hawaii, missed having the ship frozen in the ice in the harbor of Vladivostok, Siberia, and also missed a typhoon off the China coast. Friends of ours who were on that ship told us that during the three day storm, the ship's whistle was blowing every five minutes, night and day, and our friends had to sleep with their clothes on and hold on to their life preservers to keep them handy.

We were in San Francisco for three weeks where I had my 10th birthday on October 5th. On October 25th, 1919 we went to the Army Transport docks at Fort Mason (San Francisco) and I was startled when I saw our ship, the General Logan. Although it was huge it hadn't been painted since the war's end the year before and it still had camouflage paint with grays yellow and blue colors to avoid submarines. We went directly to Guam and then to Manila.

We arrived in Manila three weeks after leaving San Francisco. We transferred to an Army Mine Planter to get to Corregidor, 28 miles away in the South China Sea. While we waited at "Bottomside Station" (also called the Barrio) for the open air street car to take us to our new home on Topside, I found myself looking across the straits to Mt. Marivels about five miles from us. Later we found out that it was also called Bataan Peninsula. Corregidor is about 8 miles around and 800 feet high. My large bedroom window faced Bataan and we could see Manila on a clear day. Our quarters were at the 800 ft. level. This area was a thrilling experience as it seemed there were new things to see every week. Dad was promoted to Warrant Officer shortly after our arrival. We used to go to Manila twice a month during the two years we lived there. Also we made a trip to Subic Bay and Olongapo on the Mine planter. An unforgettable memory was seeing flying fish put on a display for us for hours, and the sun touching their wings giving a rainbow effect was breathtaking!

The first year we were there we had the worst typhoon in 25 years. Most people lost their heavy metal roofs but we were lucky and safe. The next year, we had another but not as bad. About two month's before dad's tour of duty was to end he had three weeks leave. We planned a trip to China (my mother, dad and I). I was thrilled. Ruth would stay with our Filipino girl [servant] as she understood her needs. Marcelina's husband

was in the Philippine-American Army and he was transferred two weeks before we were to leave. She had to leave with him and my mother couldn't trust anyone else to take care of Ruth so Dad went alone.

Dad got orders to go to Fort Winfield Scott near the Presidio in San Francisco. Our transport was the *General Thomas*. It looked so clean with its peacetime white paint with the red, white and blue stripes around the smokestack! We sailed out of Manila breakwater on 10 December 1921.

A few days later we sailed by the Island of Formosa. The high jagged mountains marched right down to the ocean. Five days after leaving Manila we were in Japan where they were waiting to "coal our ship." There was snow on the ground but the Japanese men were barefooted, wore coolie hats, a shirt (no sweater or coat) and a loin cloth. They would run up the gangplank with huge bamboo baskets full of coal (one basket on each end of the pole), then I could see empties leaving the ship. This went on for three days and nights without stopping.

The first day we went ashore and I was walking at Ruth's pace behind my folks when I noticed some commotion behind me. I looked and there were a group of Japanese following us and pointing and laughing at Ruth! All my protective instincts boiled over and I started throwing handfuls of gravel from the road at the crowd. My dad grabbed me so there wasn't an international incident (which it could have been). (In Asia, when a child is born with physical problems, they throw them into the nearest river!) We were there for three days, then left.

When we were a week from the nearest land, we got into a 3-day typhoon. What bothered me the most was when one of the 50-foot waves would suddenly move aside and we dropped into space like a fast elevator and the bottom of the ship was slapped real hard. I was afraid the ship would split apart. Luckily it only happened twice. Soldiers, with sidearms, guarded the doors of the lounge to be sure no one went out on deck. What frightened me was that they looked as scared as I was.

We stopped at Hawaii for three days and enjoyed this lovely area and then arrived in San Francisco on 10 January 1922.

When we got to San Francisco they found that Dad had diabetes, his blood sugar was high and he could have died any moment. They hospitalized him for six months, then retired him on disability and gave him less than six months to live. He was 42 years old. During this time I went to school in San Francisco near the Presidio. Dad got a job with the Southern Pacific and in less than a year, insulin was available. Meanwhile Dad bought a home in Mill Valley, Calif., worked like a beaver, and paid off the home in three years. Twenty-five years later he retired from the Southern Pacific. He died when he was 75, very peacefully.

My brother Richard was born two years after dad retired from the Army. During World War II, Richard was a 1st Lieutenant and a bombardier on a Flying Fortress [B29] out of England and was wounded over Czechoslovakia. This meant a six-hour flight to get back to England for hospitalization. He spent over a year in government hospitals while they saved his arm. A few short weeks after he was injured his plane crashed and all his crew were killed. Then we realized how fortunate we were.

Meanwhile I graduated from Tamalpais High School, got a job as a private secretary in San Francisco, and met my first husband, Bill Trevitt, a war hero. We married and bought a home at Lake Tahoe. Bill [William Trevitt] was bedridden for 13 years and in and out of government hospitals due to war wounds and a bone disease in both legs and a hip. He was buried on our 15th wedding anniversary at Golden Gate National Cemetery in San Francisco.

Blanche Broadhurst Stone died on 25 July 1964 in San Francisco, California at age 81. Millard Stone died 12 January 1955 in San Francisco.



Mabel Stone Trevitt 1930s

Ella Mary Broadhurst - John Murdock Bell

Ella Mary Broadhurst, daughter of James Broadhurst and Mary Ann Tracey, was born in October 1864, probably in Halifax, Nova Scotia. She married **John Murdock Bell**, son of Jacob C. Bell and Margaret [surname unknown] on 18 April 1888 in Portland, Maine. John Bell was born in September 1861 in Maine. I have not been able to find any record of them after the 1920 census and I do not know their date or place of death.

Children from this marriage were: **Lillian Ida Bell** was born on 5 May 1894 in Portland, Maine and died on 26 May 1964 in Los Angeles, CA at age 70. **Ella B Bell** was born in February 1899; we do not know anything else about her. **Irene Margaret Bell** was born in July 1891 in Portland, Maine and died at Fort Sam Houston, TX about 1939-1940. Their son John Bell [presumably "Jr"] was born about 1902; we know nothing else about him. Two other children died as infants, names and dates unknown.



1-2 John & Ella Bell 3-4 Charles and Irene Easterbrook 5-6 Lillian and Eugene Merrill 1921

Ella Mary [or is it Mary Ella?] was the eldest child of James Broadhurst. We are certain neither about her name nor her birth date. Family records, including penciled notes given to me by my aunt **Evon Broadhurst Griswold**, show her name as Ella Mary and her birth date as October 1864 in Canada. We know from her father's military records that she was born in Nova Scotia, but we have not been able to find a birth record there.

The confusion about her name and age is compounded by conflicting records. Various census records show her name differently. The Census of 1871 in Halifax, Nova Scotia, shows her as Mary E. She was Ella M. in the 1900 Census in Portland. She is shown as Ella Mary in the marriage registration record in Nova Scotia. The 1900 Census in Portland records her birth date as October 1866 and her age as 33, but we believe that both her birth date and her age are wrongly stated in that census. The census of 1871 [Halifax, NS] shows Mary E as age 6; census of 1881 [Halifax, NS] shows her as 16. **John Thomas Broadhurst**, the second child [my grandfather], has a confirmed birth date in 1866. All census records as well as family records show her the oldest child of James. If we assume that her birthday came after the census day for that year, she would have been 7 in 1871, and her projected birth date would be 1864. The census may record her "nearest" age or last attained age and could vary because the month of census may have varied. We conclude that Evon Broadhurst's notes were correct, that Ella Mary Broadhurst was born in October 1864.

She was the first of the Broadhurst family to move to the United States. In 1888 **Ella Mary Broadhurst** married **John Murdoch Bell** in Portland, Maine, but the marriage was recorded in Halifax, Nova Scotia. Why was it recorded in NS records? A correspondent in Nova Scotia said that it was not unusual to send a copy of a marriage record back to where the family lived. We presume that Ella and her new husband were living in Maine in 1888, based on their marriage in Maine; Ella reports in the 1900 census that she emigrated in 1886, but why she went there and what she was doing there are a mystery. However John and Ella appeared in the 1900 Federal Census residing at 48 Greenleaf Street, Portland, with three of her living children [apparently 2 children died young] in the home of her mother-in-law, Margaret Bell, a widow, who had three of her adult children living at home with her.

That record shows the occupants of the house as John M. Bell, head, born September 1861, age 38, married 12 years, born in Maine, father born in Canada, mother born in Scotland, occupation shipping clerk; his wife Ella M. Bell, born October 1866, age 33, had 5 children, 3 children living, immigrated in 1886; and three children, **Irene M. Bell**, daughter, born in Maine in July 1891, age 8; **Lillian J. [I?] Bell**, daughter, born in May 1894, age 6; and **Ella B. [Broadhurst?] Bell**, daughter, born February 1899, age 1.

Living in the same house but identified as a separate family were **Margaret Bell**, head, born December 1838, age 61, widowed, had 11 children, 6 living, born in Scotland, father and mother both born in Scotland, immigrated 1855, in the country 45 years. Margaret is identified as the house owner. Several of her adult children were living with her: Charles Bell, son, born August 1863, age 36, single, born in Maine, father born in Canada, mother born in Scotland, occupation bookkeeper; Arthur W. Bell, son, born January 1877, age 23, single, born in Maine, occupation shipping clerk; and Jessie A. Bell, daughter, born February 1882, age 18, single, born in Maine, occupation stenographer.

John's father **Jacob C. Bell** was born in 1832 in Nova Scotia. His mother was born in Scotland. Jacob Bell's father, John's grandfather, was also born in Scotland. [Nova Scotia means "New Scotland" and was settled in its early days largely by immigrants from Scotland.] Jacob Bell was a fish processor. The 1889 and 1890 Portland city directory lists the partnership of *Jacob C Bell & Murdo McMillan*, with an address at Foot of Cove, and J. C. Bell & Co., at 48 Greenleaf, identified as a fish curer. His sons John, Alexander and William were in business with him, John and Alexander listed as "fish curers" and William listed as "bookkeeper."

John Bell's parents, Jacob and Margaret Bell, had 11 children, but for the 1900 census they reported that only 6 of them were still alive. Childhood deaths were common and they seemed to be particularly unlucky.

In 1910 the census shows that John and Ella Broadhurst Bell were still living in Portland with their children Irene Bell, now 18; Lillian Bell, 15; Ella Bell, 11; and John Bell, 8. Also living with them was Mary Tracey Broadhurst, 65, Ella's mother and widow of James Broadhurst; and Lillian Broadhurst, her sister.

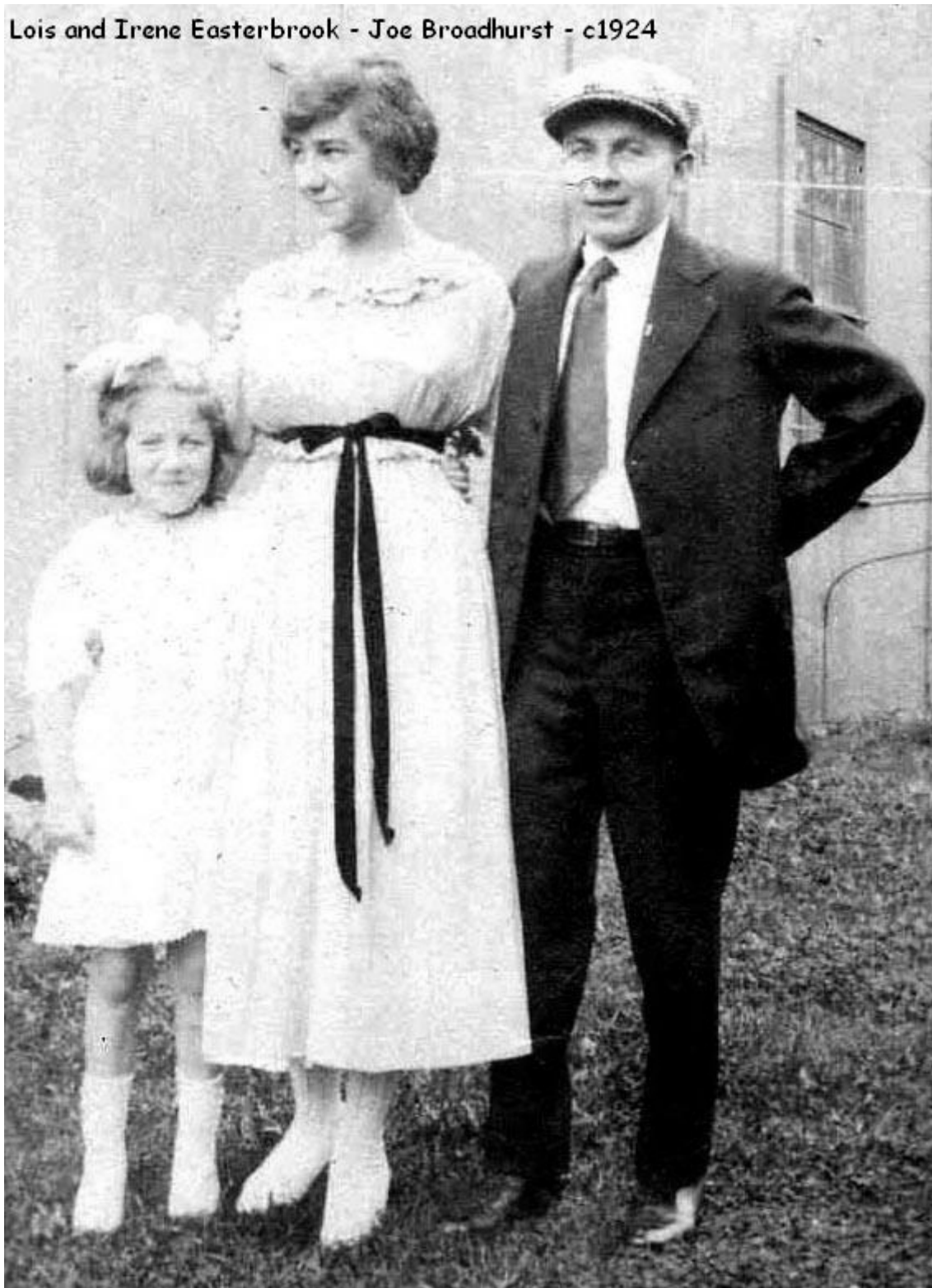
Their eldest daughter, **Irene Margaret Bell**, born 1891, married **Captain Charles A. Easterbrook**, born 18 September 1884 in St. John's, Newfoundland, Canada. Charles Easterbrook emigrated from Newfoundland to Portland, ME in 1902 and became a naturalized citizen in 1915. He joined the Army in May, 1917 and was sent to Fort Oglethorpe, GA, apparently to an officer training school. We were at war and officers were much needed. He became a 2nd Lieutenant later that year and was initially assigned to the Philippine Scouts. He was promoted and transferred to the Regular Army in 1920 and was assigned to Camp Eldridge in the Philippine Islands in the Consular Service. The 1920 US Census in March 1920 found him living at Camp Eldridge with his wife Irene Bell Easterbrook, then 28 years old, and their first child, **Lois Beaven Easterbrook**, age 1, born in the Philippine Islands.

At the time of the 1930 Census Charles Easterbrook, now a Captain, and his family were located at Fort Amador in the Balboa District, Panama Canal Zone. Lois is now 11, and Dorothy, also born in the Philippines, is 9 years old.

We know nothing about the Easterbrooks until the announcement of the engagement of their daughter **Lois Beaven Easterbrook** in this Houston, Texas newspaper clipping from 1939-1940:

Maj. and Mrs. Charles A. Easterbrook announce the engagement of their daughter, Lois, to Lieut. Charles J. Harrison, infantry, United States Army. Miss Easterbrook was graduated from the Ruth Coit School in June 1936, and has since attended the Incarnate Word and Our Lady of the Lake colleges. Lieut. Harrison was graduated from the United States Military Academy [West Point] in June, 1937, and is at present stationed with the 23rd Infantry at Fort Sam Houston. He is the son of Capt. J. E. Harrison, United States Army, retired, and Mrs. Harrison of Limona, Fla. The wedding will take place in the early summer.

Lois and Irene Easterbrook - Joe Broadhurst - c1924



Irene Bell Easterbrook with her daughter Lois Beaven Easterbrook on a visit to Norwich, CT c. 1924. With them is my father Joseph J. C. Broadhurst, cousin to Irene.

Another article for the social pages of an unidentified and undated Houston newspaper, accompanied by a photo of Lois Easterbrook seated on a horse in formal riding attire had much the same information but added:

She is an attractive and popular member of the young army set.... The wedding will be one of the interesting events of the early summer.

At about the same time, probably 1939, a tattered and undated news clipping from an unidentified newspaper, announced the death at Fort Sam Houston of Irene Margaret Bell Easterbrook "from a complication of heart trouble and pneumonia." Her death occurred after the announcement of the engagement of her daughter Lois to Charles Harrison, but before the marriage. She was clearly alive when the announcement of the engagement was made, per the news clipping, but the announcement of her death mentioned her daughter Lois Easterbrook as a survivor, so she was not yet married.

We know nothing else about the Easterbrook family. Charles Easterbrook died October 1970, according to the Social Security Death Index. He was living at the Soldier's Home in Washington, DC, when he died. In an interesting coincidence the Soldiers Home in Washington was located about three blocks from where I lived during 1943-1945.



George Broadhurst Merrick - Howard Pollard Merrick - 1943

Lillian Belle Broadhurst - Howard Pollard Merrick

Lillian Belle Broadhurst was born in 1879 in Halifax, Nova Scotia, died on 13 January 1929 in Dartmouth, Nova Scotia at age 50, and was buried on 15 January 1929 in Camp Hill Cemetery, Halifax, NS. Lillian married **Howard Pollard Merrick**, son of George Parker Merrick and Clara Ada Way on 1 August 1917 in St. John, New Brunswick. Howard Merrick was born on 23 December 1876 in Halifax, Nova Scotia, died on 22 March 1965 in Dartmouth, Nova Scotia at age 88, and was buried on 24 March 1965 in Camp Hill Cemetery, Halifax, Nova Scotia.

We do not know why they were married in New Brunswick. Lillian had been living in Portland for quite a few years before her marriage and Howard Merrick appears to have been living in Halifax prior to their marriage. We do not know how they met and living in different places would seem to make a meeting and courtship unlikely. Our best guess is that something took Howard Merrick to Portland, Maine for some period of time, or perhaps they met when Lillian went back to Halifax to visit friends. Her father had been long dead, and her mother and siblings had all moved to the U.S. some years earlier.

In 1910 Lillian was living in Portland, Maine, at the home of her sister and brother-in-law, John and Ella Bell. The Portland City Directory for 1915 lists her working as a forewoman at 105 Middle Street, which must have been a cotton goods factory, and boarding at 189 Franklin Street, living with her widowed mother Mary Ann Tracey Broadhurst and her brother Arthur Cleveland Broadhurst.

Howard and Lillian had two sons: **Arthur Howard Merrick**, born in 1921 and **George Broadhurst Merrick**, born in 1924. Both sons served in the Canadian military during World War 2, Arthur in the Royal Canadian Navy, and George in the Argyll & Sutherland Highlanders. George and his unit were part of the D-Day landing on the coast of Europe. George was killed in action in Belgium on 28 October 1944 during the Battle of the Scheldt, the Canadian army's push into Belgium to capture the low-lying coastal areas being held by the Germans.

George's obituary appeared in a Dartmouth, Nova Scotia, newspaper 60 years ago:

Dartmouth, N.S. - Nov. 9, 1944 - Dartmouth citizens were saddened last night when they learned that Private George "Puddie" Merrick, 20 years of age, son of Howard Merrick, journeyman plumber, Thompson Street and the late Mrs. Merrick, had been killed in action. Official word of the death in action of Dartmouth's well known and popular hero, was received yesterday by his father. Young Merrick, who was a member of Canada's Army, was fighting in Belgium. He was a sniper. He enlisted for overseas

service in 1943. Previous to this he had served in the Ack Ack [anti-aircraft artillery unit] and Tank Corps in Canada.

George Merrick, popularly known as "Puddie" by his associates, had attended the Dartmouth High School but a short time before he enlisted. He was one of the founders of the Dartmouth Boys Club, and until he joined the Army had contributed generously to the growth and development of the club. He was particularly active in all branches of sports such as hockey, baseball and basketball. He was a fine type of young man with a promising career. Surviving besides his father is one brother, Arthur "Gibby" of the RCNVR, stationed at Newfoundland.

George was buried in the Canadian military cemetery at Bergen-Op Zoom Holland. His inscription is on the Merrick family monument at Camp Hill Cemetery in Halifax and says simply:

F52605P George B Merrick - Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders of Canada - January 25, 1924 - killed in action October 28, 1944 - At Rest



Evon, Irene and Herbert Broadhurst, at the home of their father John T Broadhurst in Norwich, with their aunt Lillian Broadhurst. Photo taken about 1912.

Arthur Howard Merrick's obituary, dated 13 October 1994 almost exactly 50 years after his brother George's death in Belgium, said [in part]:

Arthur Howard "Art" Merrick, 73 Garden Drive, died October 9, 1994, in Charles LeMoyne Hospital, Montreal. Born in Westphal [Nova Scotia], he was a son of the late Howard and Lillian (Broadhurst) Merrick. Until retirement he was project planning officer at H.M.C. Dockyard, Halifax; past member of Dartmouth Lions Club; member of Christ Church, Dartmouth; founding father for Dartmouth Minor Baseball Association; member of Austinville Owls Club and Dartmouth Natal Day Committee. He was recognized by the Kiwanis Club of Dartmouth in 1962 for his involvement with the community's youth. He was also recognized for his community services as Citizen of the Year, 1982, by the City of Dartmouth. He was a veteran of the Second World War, serving with the Royal Canadian Navy.

Charles Henry Broadhurst - Emma Maude Mills

Charles Henry Broadhurst was born on 7 September 1877 in Moncton, New Brunswick, Canada; died on 2 January 1940 in Portland, Maine at age 62; and married **Emma Maude Mills** at a date and place unknown. Emma was born on 29 July 1878 in Nova Scotia, probably in Lunenburg, daughter of William and Isabel Mills. Her father was a shoemaker. I can find nothing more about Emma. We assume based upon the birth dates of the children that Charles Henry Broadhurst and Emma Maude Mills were married between 1897 and 1899. The only other information we have is that Charles and Emma [she seems to have sometimes used her middle name Maude, which has been a source of some confusion as to whom was meant by "Maude Broadhurst] appear to have had four children, although as we will see below, there is a question about one of them:

Evon Broadhurst [She is known only from a family record provided by her cousin Evon Broadhurst Griswold, but no birth record has been located. It is possible that Evon confused the name with Marjorie.]

Marjorie Winnifred Broadhurst, sometimes spelled Marjory, per baptismal record at St. George's Church, Halifax, was born 22 March 1905 and baptized 23 June 1905, daughter of Charles H. and Emma M. Broadhurst, living at 36 Willow Street, a car fitter. Sponsors were H. F. DeMoine and Winnifred A. Tracy. We note that Marjory is named after this witness and we wonder if Winnifred A. Tracy is related to James and Helen Tracey, the grandparents.

Arthur Albert Broadhurst, per St. George's Church Baptismal Record, was born 26 December 1900 and baptized 10 February 1901, son of Charles Henry and Emma Maude Broadhurst, residing 2 Ontario Street, father a "car fitter," which we think means installing the interior of a tram. Sponsors H. P. Merrick and Blanche W. Broadhurst. The 1901 Census lists his birth date as 26 December 1899, but based on both his birth record and death record we believe that is inaccurate. His burial record at St. George's Church shows Arthur Albert Broadhurst, age 4 years, 36 Willow Street, buried 18 December 1904.

Charles Broadhurst, born 1906, died 2 September 1907, is buried in the same burial plot as Arthur, and we assume, with no proof, that Charles also belongs to this family.

The Atlantic Canadians 1600-1900, lists Charles Broadhurst as an employee, living in 1896 in Halifax (Town). The *Halifax City Directory*, years 1897-1902, and 1905, show him living with his family at 2 Ontario Street, Halifax. At the time of Arthur's baptism in 1901 his parents were living at 2 Ontario Street (the home of Mary Ann

Tracey Broadhurst, Charles' mother). However the burial record (at St. George's Anglican Church) of his son Arthur Albert Broadhurst, who died in 1904, showed his address as 36 Willow Street. His daughter Marjorie was born March 22, 1905 and baptized at St. George's Church June 23, 1905, and at that time their address was also 36 Willow Street. He is not in the city directory by 1909. There is conflicting information about where he was living during this period that we are unable to explain.



*les Henry Broadhurst, Emma Maude Mills Broadhurst,
Marjorie Winnifred Broadhurst. Photo taken about 1930.*

At the time of his brother Arthur's death in 1917 Charles was living in Somerville, Massachusetts [which we learn from Arthur's obituary]. Family tradition says he lived in Toronto at some time during the 1930's, that information being noted on the back of an old photo. I have not been able to find any record of him in Toronto. Charles is a bit of an enigma. We have not been able to find out very much about him, and he seems

to have left few records behind that will help us. Other than her birth date we have not been able to find out anything about Marjorie either, although based on the photo above taken in 1930, when she was 25, she was probably single at that time.

Arthur Cleveland Broadhurst

Arthur Cleveland Broadhurst never married. He was born 21 February 1887 in Halifax, Nova Scotia, and died 22 January 1917, in Portland, Maine, just a month before his 30th birthday. The *Portland City Directory 1915* lists him as a teamster, business address 97 Cross, boarding at 189 Franklin, the home of his mother Mary A Broadhurst and sister Lillian B Broadhurst.

We do not know anything about him. We do not know the cause of his death. His obituary in the *Halifax Evening Mail*, Friday 28 January 1917, states:

Arthur C. Broadhurst, 29, a resident of Portland for the past 15 years [he moved to Portland about 1902], a native of Halifax, the son of the late James J. and Mary Ann Broadhurst, died on Saturday night at the Maine General Hospital, Portland. He lived with his mother in Portland at 189 Franklin Street. The deceased was an active member of the Cogawesco Tribe of Red Men, having officiated as Sachem of that body. Besides his mother, Mr. Broadhurst is survived by 4 sisters, Lillian who lives at home; Mrs Emma Barbrick; Mrs J. H. Bell, both of Portland; Mrs .M. J. Stone of Winthrop, Mass. and 3 brothers, Charles of Somerville, Mass; John of Norwich, Conn; and William of Fort Wright, New York. Mr. Broadhurst had been active in the affairs of Cogamesco Tribe for a dozen years and his loss will be keenly felt by the brothers of the tribe. The funeral took place on Monday afternoon of this week, the service being conducted by the Red Men.

[The Red Men is a social club that also provided its members with some social and welfare services, such as help during unemployment or illness, or burial expense. The many social clubs available during this era performed the function of providing services to their members in times of need.]

Joseph James Broadhurst

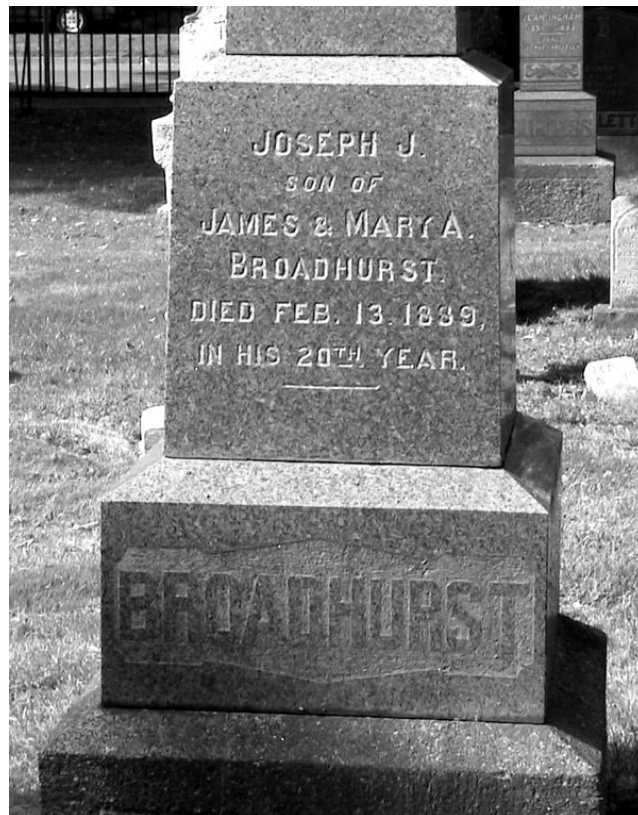
Joseph James Broadhurst was born 24 July 1869 in Sherbrooke, Nova Scotia, and died at age 19 on 13 February 1889 in Portland, ME. He was unmarried.

All we know about him comes from a brief inscription on the Broadhurst burial monument at Camp Hill Cemetery, Halifax, Nova Scotia, and an article in the *Evening Express* in Portland, Maine on 14 February 1889. The article says:

A young man named Joseph Broadhurst employed at the iron works of C.M. & H.T. Plummer, on Union Street, was accidentally struck on the breast yesterday afternoon by a sheet of iron upon which he was at work.

Rich's ambulance was called and the man taken to the Maine General Hospital, where Drs. Pendleton and Weeks attended him. An examination showed that he was more seriously injured than at first supposed and that important organs had been crushed. He rapidly sank and at about 5 o'clock died.

Coroner Gould will hold an inquest today. Mr. Broadhurst recently came here from Nova Scotia and lived on Greenleaf street. He was unmarried.



A week later (20 February 1889) the newspaper published this poem entitled "In memory of J. Broadhurst / Who was killed at Portland, ME on February 13th, 1889."

He was in the bloom of manhood,
When our darling left his home,
He left it with a cheerful heart,
In other lands to roam.
He had gone to seek his fortune
As many had done before;
Little thinking as he left us,
He would see his friends no more.

Bright prospects were before him,
He knew not grief or care,
He sought his mother's heart to gladden,
His father's heart to cheer.
He was loved by all who knew him--
Rich and poor, and young and old--
His courage was undaunted
His spirit brave and bold.

It was in the city of Portland,
Where this accident occurred;
He was killed by falling iron,
Cut off without a word.
It was the Master's hand that did it,
The motive was his own;
From this wicked world He took him
To his everlasting throne.

He has left all this world's trouble,
He has found a sweeter rest;
We trust he found a Saviour
In that land where all is blest.
Let us then prepare to meet him,
When our earthly march is o'er;
Let this one great hope sustain us:
We shall meet to part no more.

--- Emily M. Rice

Who was Emily Rice? A search of various records and databases came up with a possible explanation. A marriage record [*Maine Marriages 1892-1896*] was found for an Emily O Rice to Charles H Bartlett on May 18, 1900, both the bride and groom

residing at Long Island, Maine, a community very near Portland. Could this be the connection? Is Emily O Rice related to Emily M. Rice? Mother? Cousin? Are there any clues in the poem?

It appears that Joseph may have been one the first of the Broadhursts to emigrate to Maine, maybe at around the same time as his sister, Ella Mary Broadhurst Bell. The reference to Long Island, Maine is curious. Emma Matilda Broadhurst, who emigrated from Nova Scotia to Maine in 1900, married Chester Barbrick, who had emigrated from Canada in 1897. The Barbricks lived in a cottage at Long Island, Maine. Is the connection with Long Island a coincidence? Probably not.



The Barbrick Cottage, Long Island, Maine [near Portland]. This was a popular spot for Broadhurst vacations. Photo about 1925-1930.



John Thomas Broadhurst and Irene - 1909

9: John Thomas Broadhurst and Elizabeth Manning

I never knew my grandfather. He died in 1930 in his 64th year, just about six years before I was born. My grandmother **Elizabeth Manning Broadhurst** was still alive when I was very young, but I have no memory of her although we visited Norwich in about 1941 when I was five years old.

John Thomas Broadhurst was born in Nova Scotia, but exactly where he was born is uncertain. Most records show his birth place as Canso, Nova Scotia, but the Nova Scotia registry of vital statistics shows his birth at nearby Sherbrooke, Nova Scotia, and that is confirmed by his obituary. The best explanation for this discrepancy was given to me by a researcher in Nova Scotia, who said that the registry office in the Province of Nova Scotia that covered the village of Canso was located at Sherbrooke and birth records were issued from there.



We know virtually nothing about his early life in Nova Scotia. John's father Sgt. James Broadhurst was a British soldier who mustered out of military service (according to British military records "by purchasing his discharge") in September 1864 while he was stationed at Halifax, Nova Scotia. John's older sister Ella Mary Broadhurst was born in Halifax the following month in October 1864. His parents' marriage is recorded in Nova Scotia records as having occurred in January 1864.

Since John was born in Canso, N. S., it appears likely that after the birth of his first child Ella Mary in Halifax and his discharge from the military, James and his wife and

infant daughter moved to the Canso region. For years I have been curious as to what took him to Canso, since it is a tiny village in a remote part of eastern Nova Scotia far from the city of Halifax with nothing obviously serving to draw a young family to the area. However recently I learned a possible reason for that move - in the middle of the 19th Century Canso was an important, prosperous and vibrant commercial fishing center, typical of many of the early maritime communities on the north-eastern coast of the continent, both in Nova Scotia and in New England. It appears that opportunities for ambitious workers were plentiful in the fish processing industry, but that industry began to decline toward the end of the 1800s as large producers consolidated plants into fewer locations. In any event, it was not long before James moved his family back to Halifax where young John Thomas grew up.

We do not have any more information about John until his marriage. John Thomas Broadhurst married 20-year old Elizabeth Manning (known as "Eliza" and "Lizzie" in her younger days). The Nova Scotia registry records the marriage at Halifax on 21 June 1892 of John Thomas Broadhurst, age 21, occupation trader, a resident of Lowell, Massachusetts, to **Lizzie Manning**, age 19, born in Halifax, at Saint John's Anglican Church in Halifax. In addition to the provincial marriage register, details of which are noted above, I have a copy of their marriage license that contains information that agrees substantially with details from the registry in Nova Scotia. The details of that data were provided to me first by a letter from the Associate Archivist of the Province of Nova Scotia during the 1980s, and show John's occupation as "factory hand." Given what we know of his subsequent occupations, it is likely that John worked in one of the many cotton mills that had sprung up in the Lowell area.



Lowell Massachusetts 1900 - Houses in foreground, factories in distance

John T. Broadhurst must have moved from Halifax to Lowell sometime earlier, probably in late 1891 or early 1892, but obviously kept up his relationships and courting in Halifax. In the 1891 *McAlpine's Directory* for Halifax, John Broadhurst is listed as a "roll coverer"—a factory worker in the textile industry. In Lowell, Massachusetts, John Thomas Broadhurst lived first at 59 Bartlett Street and then at 151 North Street. His eldest child, my father **Joseph J. C. Broadhurst**, was born at Lowell in 1894. John's second son, **William James Broadhurst**, was born in 1895, and died two months later. Arthur, Herbert and Evon were born in the next few years also at Lowell.



Cotton weaving machines in Lowell MA create rolls of cotton. John Broadhurst was a roll coverer.

In the 1900 U.S. Census John Broadhurst and his family were living on Concord Street in Lowell with children **Joseph Broadhurst**, age 6; **Arthur Broadhurst**, age 3; and **Herbert Broadhurst**, 10 months. That census lists John's age as 31 and Elizabeth's age as 27. John's age here disagrees with the birth records. In 1900 John should have been shown as 34. The census shows that John and Elizabeth migrated to the U.S. (and to Lowell, MA) in 1892. John's occupation was again listed as roll coverer. John Manning, now age 21 and brother to Elizabeth, was living with them at their house on Concord Street at the time of the census and had emigrated there in 1899..

John T and Elizabeth M Broadhurst, Irene - c1911



John Thomas and Elizabeth Manning Broadhurst with daughter Irene c 1911

John Manning's occupation was listed as a "weaver in a cotton mill." When John Thomas Broadhurst moved his family from Lowell, Massachusetts to Norwich, Connecticut in 1904 John Manning moved with them. Irene Broadhurst was born there in 1909. Both my grandfather John T. Broadhurst, and his brother in law, John J. Manning, became naturalized American citizens in the 1920s.



In 1900 life was very different for John T. Broadhurst and his children than it is now. Consider these statistics about life in the United States: In 1905, the average life expectancy in the U.S. was 47 years. Only 14 percent of the homes in the U.S. had a bathtub. Only 8 percent of the homes had a telephone. A three minute telephone call from Denver to New York City cost eleven dollars. There were only 8,000 cars in the U.S. and only 144 miles of paved roads. The maximum speed limit in most cities was 10 mph. The average U.S. wage was 22 cents per hour and the average worker made between \$200 and \$400 per year. An accountant could expect to earn \$2000 per year, a dentist \$2,500 per year, a veterinarian between \$1,500 and \$4,000 per year, and a mechanical engineer about \$5,000 per year. More than 95 percent of all U.S. births took place at home. Ninety percent of all U.S. doctors had no formal college education. Sugar cost four cents a pound. Eggs were fourteen cents a dozen. Coffee was fifteen cents a pound. Most women only washed their hair once a month, and used borax or egg yolks for shampoo. The five leading causes of death in the U.S. were pneumonia and influenza, tuberculosis, diarrhea, heart disease and stroke. Two out of

every ten U.S. adults could not read or write. Only 6 percent of all Americans had graduated from high school. Marijuana, heroin, and morphine were all available over the counter at the local corner drugstore. We need to keep these things in mind when we try to understand what life was like just a hundred years ago for our grandparents and great-grandparents.

At the time of the US Federal Census in January 1920 at Norwich, the local census enumerator coincidentally was John's son, **Arthur Godfrey Broadhurst** (my uncle). At that time John T. Broadhurst was listed as a foreman in a cotton mill, an immigrant to the U.S. in 1892, who rented his home. His son my father **Joseph John Channel Broadhurst**, age 25, was listed as a reporter for a newspaper; son Arthur G, who conducted the census, was listed as 22 years old, a commercial traveler for food products; son Herbert P., age 19, was a salesman at a retail grocery store; and daughter Evon, then 18, was a stock clerk working at a post office substation.



In Norwich John continued to work in a factory, this time at the Norwich Belt Company, which made industrial belts that drove machinery, particularly for the textile industry. He became a naturalized U.S. citizen in 1924. John lived with his family at several different houses in Norwich: 48 Lafayette Street, 135 West Town Street, 168 Laurel Hill Avenue, and 135 West Thames Street.

The 1930 Census was conducted shortly after John's death. At that time the rent for the house at 135 West Thames Street was \$60 monthly. Elizabeth Manning Broadhurst, then age 57, was listed as a widow. Joseph Broadhurst, age 36, was a reporter for a daily paper [*The Norwich Bulletin*]; Herbert Broadhurst, age 30, was manager of a grocery store, and Irene Broadhurst, age 20, was a telephone operator at a private switchboard. Evon was married at this time and living with her husband, **Henry Clifford "Tip" Griswold** in New London, Connecticut.

Shortly after John and Elizabeth moved to Connecticut, the rest of the Mannings moved to the U.S. **Elizabeth Manning Broadhurst's** brother **John Joseph Manning**, and her two sisters, **Harriet Ann Manning** (known as Hattie), and **Mary Manning** (known as Minnie), were all living in Norwich by 1910, and the two families seem to have been quite close.

After my father's sudden death in 1938 my mother did not have much contact with the Broadhurst side of the family and because there was no regular contact we never had an opportunity to hear stories about him. Much of what we know about John Thomas Broadhurst comes from his death notice in the *Norwich Bulletin*.

Following an illness of about three week's duration, John T. Broadhurst passed away at his home, 135 W Thames Street, this morning at 9:15. Although he had been ill since December 11, death was sudden and entirely unexpected. He was the son of the late James and Mary Ann Tracy Broadhurst and was born at Sherbrooke, Canada, on January 17, 1866.

In early life he went to Halifax, Nova Scotia with his parents where he was united in marriage to Elizabeth Manning about 38 years ago. From Halifax Mr. and Mrs. Broadhurst later moved to Lowell, Mass, and after residing at the latter place for a number of years finally located in Norwich 25 years ago. Up to the time that he was taken ill Mr. Broadhurst was employed at the Norwich Belt Co. where he was held in the highest esteem.



Fraternally he was affiliated with Hugh H. Osgood Lodge No 6920, I.O.O.F.M.U..... Surviving are his widow, three sons Joseph C. and Herbert C. Broadhurst of this city, and Arthur G. Broadhurst of Portland, Me., and two daughters Mrs. Henry C. Griswold of New London and Miss Irene M. Broadhurst at home. He also leaves two brothers, William of Fishers Island and Charles Broadhurst of Toronto, Canada, and three sisters, Mrs. Millard C. Stone of Saulsilita (sic!), California, and Mrs. John M. Bell and Mrs. Chester Barbrick, both of Portland, Me.

Mr. Broadhurst was a loving husband, father and brother, having the affairs of his home close to his heart at all times. A wide circle of friends, both here in Norwich and the places of his former residence, admired him for his many fine qualities and will be grieved to learn of his passing.

There is also some additional information in the Funeral Notice published a few days later in the *Norwich Bulletin*.

With a large attendance, including relatives and friends from Portland, Maine, Providence, R.I., Fishers Island, N.Y., Plainfield, Hanover and Torrington, Conn., the funeral of John T Broadhurst was held Saturday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock at his late residence, No. 135 West Thames Street. Rev. Theodore M. Shepherd, D.D., pastor of Park Congregational Church, conducted the service at the home and also the committal service at Maplewood cemetery. The bearers, members of the H. H. Osgood Lodge, No. 6920 I.O.O.F.M.U., were Leonard G. Partridge, Robert Schmidt, James Johnson, George Lake, William Shaw and John Wood. The high esteem in which the deceased was held was manifest by the wealth of beautiful floral tributes. A large delegation from Osgood Lodge was present at the funeral, the arrangements for which were in charge of Undertaker C. A. Gager.



Fraternal organizations such as the I.O.O.F.M.U. [Independent Order of Odd Fellows] played a more important role in this period of time (late 1800s, early 1900s) than they do today. Their function was not only social, they were literally social welfare organizations that provided important benefits for their members. In this era before the rise of employment-related health and accident insurance, they worked together to provide for their members who were injured or sick or who had died. They helped with burial expenses, brought food baskets to the unemployed or sick, and provided direct cash benefits to those in need. These organizations included the Independent Order of Odd Fellows, the Knights of Pythias, the Improved Order of Red Men, the Loyal Order of Moose, and other similar organization, and my father and grandfather, and most of the married men in the family, were members of one of these fraternal organizations.

From his obituary in January 1930 published in the *Norwich Bulletin*.

At 9:15 o'clock Thursday morning, John T. Broadhurst, 63, a well-known resident of Norwich for 25 years, died suddenly at his home, No. 135 West Thames Street. He had been in ill health for three weeks. Mr. Broadhurst was born in Sherbrooke, Can. January 17, 1866, the son of **James and Mary Ann Tracey Broadhurst**, and at an early age went to Halifax, Nova Scotia, with his parents. About 38 years ago he was united in marriage with Elizabeth Manning at Halifax and later the couple located in Lowell, Mass. For the past 26 years they have lived in this city, where Mr. Broadhurst has been employed at the Norwich Belt Manufacturing Company.

Besides his widow, Mr. Broadhurst is survived by three sons, **Joseph C.** and **Herbert C. Broadhurst**, of this city, and **Arthur G. Broadhurst**, of Portland, Me., and two daughters, Mrs. **Henry C. Griswold** of New London, and Miss **Irene M. Broadhurst**, at home. He also leaves two brothers, **William Broadhurst**, of Fishers Island, and **Charles Broadhurst**, of Toronto, Can., and three sisters, Mrs. **Millard C. Stone** of Sausalito, Cal., Mrs. **John M. Bell** and Mrs. **Chester Barbrick**, both of Portland, Me. He was a member of Hugh H. Osgood Lodge, No. 6920, I.O.O.F.M.U.

Of a genial and pleasant disposition Mr. Broadhurst was universally liked and held in high regard by his many friends in this city and elsewhere, where he had made his residence. He was a loving father, husband, and brother, his sole interest outside of his work being in his home and family. News of his death was learned with sincere sorrow by his friends. He was a member of Park Congregational Church, Norwich.

John Broadhurst is buried in the Broadhurst family burial plot in Maplewood Cemetery in Norwich, Connecticut.



John Broadhurst was a short man. His physical description is on his Naturalization Certificate: five feet four and three-quarters inches tall, ruddy complexion, blue eyes.

My grandmother **Elizabeth Manning Broadhurst** was born 12 December 1872 in Halifax, Nova Scotia. Her official government birth record at the registry shows her birth as 1 April 1873, but that appears to be the date her birth was registered rather than the actual date of her birth. At the time of her birth, her parents **John and Mary [Smith] Manning**, resided at 14 James Street, Halifax.

After John's death Herbert and Irene continued to lived with their mother at her home. Evon had married earlier and moved to New London. Arthur had married shortly after his father's death and moved to Portland, Maine. Joe married shortly afterwards in 1934 to my mother, Dorothy Pierce. Elizabeth Manning died in November 1946. I was ten years old, and I never saw my grandmother after my mother took us away from Connecticut and moved to Washington, D.C. in 1942, and I have no memory of her.

From her obituary we learn that she died at her home, 70 Prospect Street, Norwich, following an illness of some duration. She had been a member of Park Congregational Church in Norwich, which all the Broadhursts considered their church home. She had been a member of Sachem Chapter, No. 57, Order of the Eastern Star and the auxiliary of Robert O. Fletcher Post, American Legion. Her obituary in the *Norwich Bulletin* reported that she "devoted her life to the happiness and comfort of her home and family and she was a highly regarded neighbor and friend." She is buried in the family burial plot at Maplewood Cemetery.

We have a few photos of her but the only description we have of her comes from a War Ration Book issued to her, listing her address as 168 Laurel Hill, Norwich. Her description as stated in the ration book is: height, 5 ft., weight, 110 lbs., blue eyes, grey hair, 69 years old, issued 14 July 1942. A subsequent ration book showed her living with Herbert and Irene at 106 West Town Street.

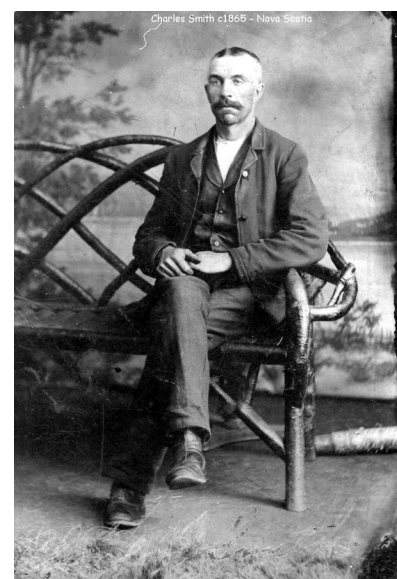
The Manning Family

We don't know very much about Elizabeth Manning or the rest of the Manning family. From the marriage register and certificate we learn that Elizabeth's parents were **John Joseph Manning** and **Mary Lucy (Smith) Manning**.

Elizabeth's father, John Joseph Manning, was born in County Cork, Ireland in about 1826. A researcher in Nova Scotia found his burial records at Holy Cross Cemetery in Halifax. He was buried on 21 September 1885. That burial record states he was 59 years old and was a native of County Cork. From that we project a birth date of about 1826. That disagrees a bit from the data obtained from the 1881 Canadian Census from which, based upon his stated age of 53 at the time of the census in Halifax, we project a date about 1828. It is more likely that the burial record is the more accurate of the two.

John Manning had immigrated to Canada in his early life but we do not know when. He was a stone mason at the time of Elizabeth's birth in 1873; his occupation was listed on her birth record. Elizabeth's mother, Mary Lucy Smith, was born in Canada. We note with interest that his marriage in Canada to Mary Smith occurred late in his life, probably about 1868 when he was 40 years old. We speculate, without any proof, that he may have had an earlier marriage, possibly in Ireland, and that his first wife may have died in Ireland before he immigrated to Canada.

I have not been able to find out much information about either John Manning or Mary Smith. I have a tin-type photo of someone purportedly an ancestor, given to me by my elderly aunt Evon. I discovered recently that when the tintype is held at an angle to the light it is possible to see the impression "**Charles Smith**" etched into its surface. The photo appears of the type that was common about 1850. I assume it must be a relation of Mary Lucy Smith, probably her father. **Mary Lucy Smith Manning** was born about 1848 in Dartmouth, Nova Scotia, just across the harbor from Halifax. There was a Charles Smith living in Dartmouth, Nova Scotia, at about that same time, but I have not been able to prove a connection. Nevertheless we believe that the photo of Charles Smith is Mary's father.



At the time of the 1881 Census in Halifax, Nova Scotia, the elder John Manning gave his occupation as "laborer" and his religion as Roman Catholic. His wife Mary gave her age as 34 years old, 19 years younger than John. Their children living with them in 1881 were **Mary Manning**, age 11, born Nova Scotia; **Elizabeth Manning**, age 8, born Nova Scotia; **David Manning**, age 6, born New Brunswick; **Kate Manning**, age 5, born Nova Scotia; **John Manning**, age 2, born New Brunswick; and **William Manning**, age one month, born Nova Scotia. David, Catherine ("Kate"), and William are known only from this census record. A death notice of one sentence appeared in a local paper, unidentified but presumably Halifax, that simply stated that Katie died at Windsor (N.S.) at age 14 years, 4 months, no cause of death given. We do not know what happened to David and William, but we presume that they may have died young also. I have been unable to find any death records or census records listing them. John and Mary Smith Manning seem to have moved back and forth between Nova Scotia and New Brunswick several times between 1870 and 1881.

An email received some years ago from a researcher in Nova Scotia reported that Mary Manning was listed in the 1881 *McAlpine's Directory* as a widow living at 17 John Street, Halifax, and in 1891 she again appeared in *McAlpine's Directory* living at 57 Bloomfield Street in Halifax. Just prior to his death John Manning was living on Fern Street, and Mary, widow of John Manning shows up the following year in *McAlpine's Directory* on Fern Street. By 1890-91 she is living at 17 John Street, and 1891-1892 is at 79 Almon Street, all in Halifax.

In 2005 a correspondent from Nova Scotia reported to me by email that she had discovered burial records at Holy Cross Cemetery in Halifax indicating that John Manning was buried there in September 1885. The information I received that Mary Manning was listed as a widow in the 1881 *McAlpine's Directory* must be in error; based upon the burial record we must conclude that the date of that Directory must have been after 1885.



Mary S Manning - 1917

Sorting out the conflicting information about the Mannings, even uncertainty about their names, their ages and their birthdates, has proven to be very difficult. I have

not been able to locate birth records for some of them. Unfortunately we are not even sure about their birth names and that has complicated the search for information. So far as I can ascertain, none of them have any descendants from whom we can obtain additional information.

Here is what we know and what we can deduce on the basis of what little information we have, but unfortunately our difficulty in sorting the tangled web of facts requires us to pick and choose among various pieces of evidence as to which we believe are more credible or likely to be reliable.

We know that **Harriet Manning** was known as Hattie during the 1930s when the family was living in Connecticut and Massachusetts. Muriel Manning appears in family records and was known as Minnie. We believe Muriel Manning is probably the same person as Mary Manning but we are not certain about that, and even if that identification is correct, we do not know if her given name might have been Mary Muriel or Muriel Mary.

In 1901 Mary and Hattie were living together in Halifax. Their mother, Mary Smith Manning, was not living with them at that time, but in 1908, the Manning sisters and their mother had moved to Norwich, CT and were living together at the time of the 1920 Census in Norwich. The occupation of both daughters was stated as "washer tenders" at a cotton mill.



Chris and Hattie Miller with Mary S Manning 1930s

In 1924 Hattie married **Christian C Miller**, and Hattie and Chris moved to Whitinsville, Massachusetts, just across the border from Connecticut. This was Chris Miller's second marriage, as his first wife had died some years before. In 1930 the U.S. census for Connecticut shows us that Mary Manning (the mother) and Mary Manning (the daughter) were living together in Norwich. Shortly after the census they moved to Taftville, CT, apparently to the home of John Manning the younger, and Mary the mother died there in 1931. After her mother died, Minnie as she was then known moved to Whitinsville to live with her sister Hattie Miller. My cousin **Patty Griswold Pianka** told me by phone in January 2005 that even though she was a child when she knew Minnie, it was clear to her that Minnie

was not quite right in the head. That may be the reason that she never married and always lived with her mother or her sister.

Minnie died at the home of Harriet and Chris Miller in 1935 and was buried first in the Miller family burial plot at Pine Grove Cemetery in Whitinsville. Apparently there was a Miller family fuss about that because Minnie was not related to the Millers, and some years later in the 1950s when burial space was needed in the Miller plot, Minnie was moved to Maplewood Cemetery in Norwich to the Manning family burial plot. The manager of the Pine Grove Cemetery reported to me in 2004 that when they checked the records they noticed some confusion about the name of the person that was moved. Maplewood Cemetery had sent an acknowledgement by means of a receipt for "Mary" Manning. The confusion about her name continued.

Minnie Manning seems to have had a problem stating her correct age and that has made trying to get information about her particularly difficult. From census to census she stated her age incorrectly, and we cannot help but assume that the problem she had getting her age straight may be the result of her mental limitations or alternatively may have been intentional. A researcher in Nova Scotia who tried to track down her birth records noted that in those days single women may be particularly sensitive about their age, particularly if they are afraid to be known as "old maids." A case in point — in the 1901 Census in Halifax, Minnie and her sister Hattie were living together and Minnie gave her birth date as 30 November 1876, making her $2\frac{1}{2}$ years older than Hattie, when she was actually 10 years older than Hattie.



Manning graves - Maplewood Cemetery

Minnie's burial marker at Maplewood Cemetery reads: "Sister 1873 Mary Manning 1934." The first date should be "1869." The "sister" reference is to John Manning, since it was his plot. John Manning (the son of Mary Manning) died in 1957. The burial monument lists him first and the other burials in the plot are described by their relation to him (wife, mother, sister). The grave monument could not have been carved earlier than 1957, so mistakes of memory can be

explained. Since the younger John Manning was the last of the Mannings to die, burial arrangements were most likely made by his nieces Evon Broadhurst Griswold and Irene Broadhurst. John Manning lived with Irene Broadhurst at the time of his death.



John Manning Canadian Army 1917

We know little about the younger **John Joseph Manning**. He was born in St. John, New Brunswick, Canada in 1879. In 1899, when he was 20, he moved to Lowell, Massachusetts to live with his brother-in-law John T. Broadhurst and his sister Elizabeth Manning Broadhurst. The 1900 Census shows him working in Norwich as a weaver in a cotton mill.

In about 1910 he married **Louise Lingham**, who had emigrated from England about 1895. I have not yet located him in the census of 1910, but believe he was still in Connecticut. When World War I broke out, despite his recent marriage John Manning joined the Canadian army (he was still a Canadian citizen) as a volunteer for the 1st Depot Battalion, 1st Quebec Regiment, Canadian Expeditionary Force at Montreal on the 15th day of March 1918 and served on the front line in France in the Quebec



John Manning - Louise Lingham - c1920

Regiment of the 5th Canadian Mounted Rifles Battalion. After the war John became a naturalized American citizen at the same time that his brother-in-law John Broadhurst also became a citizen. In both the 1920 and 1930 censuses he and his wife Louise were living in Norwich. They did not have any children. Louise died in 1941. John continued to live in Connecticut, mostly in Norwich, but for a short time lived in Taftville.

We do not know very much about John's wife **Louise Lingham**. Nothing about her has been passed down in family records. The 1920 and 1930 Connecticut Census records her age and the number of years she had been married and from that information we conclude that her marriage with John Manning occurred in about 1910, she was born about 1875, and she emigrated to the U.S. about 1895.

The immigrant passenger records of ships arriving at Ellis Island show that two females with the surname Lingham, ages 20 and 23, first names not listed in the passenger manifest, arrived together at Ellis Island on July 8, 1896, on the English ship *Teutonic*, which had sailed from Liverpool. We assumed that the two Lingham girls on that ship were sisters and one of them was probably Louise, so I searched the 1881

English Census database for sisters who would have been ages 5-6 and ages 8-9 in 1881 to see if I could locate her in England.

There was a match in the family of **John Lingham** in Manchester, England, who had two daughters of the right age, **Louisa Lingham**, age 9 and **Rosa Lingham**, age 6. The ages matched the immigrant children on the *Teutonic*, and the older sister named Louisa was likely the Louise we were looking for. Their parents were John and Elizabeth Lingham, their father was a bricklayer, and the family at that time consisted of 9 children living at home ranging in age from 3 to 29.

There was a further mystery about the inter-relationships of this family with the Mannings that took considerably more research. The mystery centered around the name "Lawson." My mother had told me that John Manning's wife was named Louise Lawson. I had some family photos given to me that pictured an "Alfred Lawson" in a military uniform from the era of the First World War. There were other photos that appeared to be a family grouping that included individuals that I was unable to identify. However when I saw a photo of the cemetery monument for John Manning his wife was clearly identified there as Louise Lingham. So who were the Lawsons and how did they relate to the Mannings?

I was stuck on this puzzle for several years, until additional research while I was writing this chapter. I had concluded that "Lawson" had to be related as an in-law and decided to pursue the matter further. A search of census data in the U.S. and in England finally led me to the discovery of a John Lawson in the 1900 U.S. Census living on Prospect Street in Norwich, Connecticut. Living with the family was Louisa Lingham, age 28, born June 1871, listed as "sister-in-law" to John Lawson. John's wife was listed as Mary E Lawson, born January 1860, age 40, born England, both parents born in England. Fortunately the 1881 Census in Manchester, England, had listed **Mary E Lingham** with the Lingham family mentioned earlier, so the relationship between the Lingham, the Lawsons, and the Mannings had at last been found. The Lawson children included both **Alfred J Lawson** and **Laura M Lawson**. My mother had confused the Lingham and the Lawsons.



Minnie Manning, Arthur G, Mrs Dwyer, Joe J C Broadhurst, Mary Smith Manning, Herbert, 3 friends

Elizabeth Broadhurst, Irene, John Thomas Broadhurst, Evon, Hattie Manning - 1918

10: Children of John T. Broadhurst and Elizabeth Manning



Joseph John Channel Broadhurst, born 13 February 1894 in Lowell, MA, died of pneumonia 2 February 1939 in Norwich, CT, was the eldest of the children of John Thomas and Elizabeth Manning Broadhurst - and he is the father of the author of this history. His life, family and descendants are the subject of the next chapter of this book.

William James Broadhurst, born in July 1895 in Lowell, MA, died when he was only 2 months old, 18 September 1895, probably in Halifax, N.S. William was not mentioned by anyone in my family and I did not know about his existence until I discovered an undated death notice in a yellowed and tattered newspaper clipping in old family papers given to me by my aunt Evon Broadhurst, his sister. The brief notice says: "William James Broadhurst, at 151 North Street, infant son of John and Lizzie Broadhurst of Lowell, Mass., age 2 mos. and 2 wks." The burial records at Camp Hill Cemetery in Halifax show that he was buried there on 20 September 1895. We conclude that the family had gone back to Halifax for a visit after the birth of William James and that he died on that trip back to his grandparents' home. He is buried in the Broadhurst

family burial plot at Camp Hill, and though he appears to be the first burial in that plot, the large funerary monument in the form of an obelisk that marks the plot was not erected until 1898, after the death of his grandfather James Broadhurst. I assume that there was an earlier burial at Camp Hill Cemetary either at the site of the present location or another location. I have an original photo of the grave monument marked "Halifax 1898." In 2004 I visited Halifax and found that grave monument. It provided me with a profound sense of connectedness with my long dead ancestors.



John T Broadhurst, Joseph J C Broadhurst, Elizabeth Broadhurst (rear); Arthur G Broadhurst, Evon Broadhurst, Herbert Broadhurst (front)

Arthur Godfrey Broadhurst - Ella A "Lillian" Crumb

Arthur Godfrey Broadhurst was born 17 January 1897 in Lowell, MA, grew up in Norwich, Connecticut, and lived in Maine for most of his adult life. He died at age 79 on June 26, 1976, in the town of Gorham, Maine.

I was named after him. My mother told me that she and my father wished me to have the middle initial "G" but did not like the name "Godfrey" so they chose "George" as an alternative. During his high school years Arthur lived with his family at 26 Lafayette Street, Norwich. In his younger years he attended the Falls School, a grammar school in Norwich. As did most his siblings, in his high school years Arthur attended the Norwich Free Academy, a selective quasi-public school that was supported largely with private funds. The school still exists today. He took his entrance exam in May 1911 when he was 14 years old. His scores on the exam, provided to me by Norwich Free Academy, show him with a total score of 369 and a rating of "A" - unfortunately we do not know whether the A rating was a scaled rating or merely stood for "admitted." Oddly the school has no academic or achievement marks on file for him.



Lafayette Street Norwich - Joe and Evon - 1915

At the time of the 1920 Census in Norwich Arthur was the census enumerator for the district in Norwich in which his family lived. At the time he was living at the family home at 135 West Thames Street with his mother and father, and Joe, Herbert, Evon and Irene [see notes in his father's record for census information]. Arthur listed his

occupation as "commercial traveler, food products." He was a salesman for the Campbell Soup Company, and so far as I can determine he stayed with that company for his entire career. An undated newspaper article from the early 1920s, probably from the *Norwich Bulletin* notes that "Arthur G Broadhurst of 135 West Thames Street, employed as a salesman in Connecticut for the past three years by the Campbell Soup Co., has been appointed district manager in the state of Maine. Mr. Broadhurst will take over his new territory about July 1st."

My mother told me (in her denigrating way when she talked about the Broadhursts) that Arthur had married **Lillian Crumb**, who was the maid to their family physician Dr. Gildersleeve. She was only partly correct — I found her in the 1920 Census living in the home of Dr. Harry Higgins as a household servant under the name **Ella Crumb**. I do not know when Arthur and "Lil" were married, but it was some time before Arthur moved to Portland, Maine where he was district manager at the regional headquarters of Campbell Soup. Arthur and Lil were unable to have children so they adopted a son whom they named Ronald A Broadhurst. I believe that my mother told me that his middle name was Arthur, and of course that makes sense. Lil was six years older than Arthur, having been born in 1891. Lil died on 16 July 1985 in Portland, ME, at age 93.

Arthur and Lil, unable to have children of their own, adopted a son and named him **Ronald A Broadhurst**, born about 1937. Ronald married Madeleine Y. Gagne in September 1959 in Portland, Maine.





Herbert Charles Broadhurst

Herbert C Broadhurst - June 1930



Herbert Charles Broadhurst, whom we knew as Uncle Herbie, was born 17 July 1899 in Lowell, Massachusetts, grew up in Norwich, Connecticut, and lived there until he died 17 December 1976 in Norwich, CT. His birth certificate lists the place of birth as 99 Concord Street, Lowell, MA, the family residence at the time.

Photos of him, even as a youth, show him with a crooked neck. Evon told me that her brother had fallen from a tree when he was 11 or 12 years old and his father would not take him to the doctor. He had broken a bone in his shoulder and it did not heal properly. As a result the injury left him with a permanently damaged shoulder that caused his neck to pull to one side. [A photo of him (p. 74) when he was about 3-4 years old shows the crooked neck, so if Evon's story is true, it occurred when Herbie was much younger than 11.]

Herbie never married. Perhaps his injury caused him to lose confidence in himself. His health was never very good. Herbie and his sister Irene, who also never married, lived at home until their mother Elizabeth Manning Broadhurst died. At the time of the outbreak of World War 2 when ration books were first issued, Herbie was living with his mother and with Irene at 168 Laurel Hill Avenue, Norwich. When Ration Book 3 was issued, probably about 1943, Grandmother Broadhurst, Irene and Herbie were living at 106 West Town Street, Norwich. Sometime after my grandmother Broadhurst's death in 1946 Herbie and Irene moved into the house at 57 Dunham Street that had belonged to Charles Schlough, Irene's long-time friend, who left it to Irene in his will.

168 Laurel Hill Avenue - 1930s-40s



Herbie's death certificate shows that his death was caused by carcinoma of the lung with remote metastasis. He was a heavy smoker. The time from onset of symptoms

and initial diagnosis to his death was only 8 months. He is buried in the Broadhurst family plot at Maplewood Cemetery, Norwich.

His obituary in *The Norwich Bulletin* contains the substance of what we know about him:

The life of Herbert Charles Broadhurst of 57 Dunham St. came to a close in this city early Tuesday morning after an extended illness. He was born in Lowell, Mass. July 17, 1899 the son of John Thomas Broadhurst and Elizabeth Manning, and made his home in Norwich most of his life. Mr. Broadhurst was educated in the local schools and attended the Norwich Free Academy. He conducted a variety store on Laurel Hill for many years. His last place of employment was as clerk at the Norwich Surplus store. He is survived by two sisters Miss Irene L. Broadhurst of Norwich, and Mrs. Elias T. Smith [ed. note: Evon Griswold Smith] of Fort Pierce, Florida; a brother Arthur G. Broadhurst of Portland, Maine, one niece [Patricia Griswold Pianka] and three nephews [my adopted cousin Ronnie, my brother Joe, and me]. Mr. Broadhurst was a member of Park Congregational Church.





Evon Broadhurst - 1920s

Mary Yvonne Broadhurst - Henry Clifford Griswold

Mary Yvonne Broadhurst [Evon] was born 13 January 1901 in Lowell, Massachusetts, grew up in Norwich, CT, and died 31 March 1987 from a fall down stairs at her former home, at the time of her death the home of her daughter **Patty Griswold Pianka**, at 391 Pequot Street, New London, CT, the home in which she had lived for most of her adult life (except for the period of time that she lived in Fort Pierce, Florida).

A year or two after her birth the family moved from Lowell, MA to Norwich, CT. She attended school in Norwich and in her high school years, as did her siblings, she attended the Norwich Free Academy. She was more consciously fashionable than her siblings. Photos of her during her youth show her well dressed in the styles of the 1920s. Her comings and goings were noted in the social pages of the paper.



Norwich Free Academy functions as a private academy that is publicly supported. The original buildings that were attended by the Broadhurst children are in the foreground with round towers. The Park Congregational Church is across the street.

I was closer to my Aunt Evon than I was to any of my other Broadhurst relatives, most of whom I hardly knew. I had the advantage of knowing Evon because she had retired to Fort Pierce, Florida, during the 1960s and we had visited her several times when we lived in the northeastern U.S. before quite coincidentally we moved nearby to Vero Beach in 1975, about 25 miles from Fort Pierce. We were frequent visitors at her Florida house. Evon was a genuinely warm, compassionate and thoughtful person who even in her 80s was able to remember her previous conversations with us and keep

track of the lives of her grand-nieces Sandy, Kim and Karin. She told us family stories that I wish I had the good sense to have written down while they were fresh in my mind, and she gave me dozens of photographs of family most of whom I had never met and would not have known anything about except for her.

As a young lady she was also the most personable, outgoing and consciously fashionable of the Broadhurst family. She was a charming and beautiful young lady. In 1927 Evon was chosen "Miss Norwich" and as the local *Norwich Bulletin* proudly proclaims:

Miss Evon Broadhurst has been chosen as "Miss Norwich" and will be the young lady to ride on the City of Norwich float in the Spirit of New London county parade at the New London county fair to be held this Thursday, Friday and Saturday. The choice was made by votes deposited at the Record office during the past week, Miss Broadhurst receiving about two-thirds of those cast....





Evon married **Henry Clifford "Tip" Griswold** on the 1st of September 1928 in Norwich. Tip was the first member of our family (though he was an "in-law") to be college educated. The Griswolds were a socially prominent family in Connecticut and were related to the famous Griswold family that was prominent in the *National Geographic Society*. Tip was born in June 1897 in Waterford, CT, attended Bulkeley High School in Hartford, CT, and was a graduate of the University of Pennsylvania. Tip, and his father **Henry Rogers Griswold**, were builders and contractors. Later Tip became the building inspector in New London and held that position when he died of cancer in 1950.

Their wedding announcement in the society pages of the local newspaper included this information:

.... Immediately after the ceremony the bride and groom left for a wedding trip through the New England states and after September 22 will be at home to their many friends at No. 361 Pequot Avenue, New London. The bride received many beautiful wedding gifts. The bride, who is well known and popular with her many friends is a graduate of the Norwich Free Academy and has been employed as cashier at the office of the Norwich gas and electrical department. She is a member of the auxiliary to Robert O Fletcher Post No. 4 American Legion. Mr. Griswold is a graduate of Bulkeley High School, New London and attended the University of Pennsylvania. He is associated with his father in the contracting business in new London....The many friends of the bride and groom extend them best wishes for a happy married life.

Their honeymoon trip took the newly-weds to Portland, Maine, where the local Portland newspaper on September 27, 1928 reported:

.... Mrs. Griswold, with Mr. Griswold, has been a guest of Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Broadhurst of the Metropolitan Apartments. They were married in Norwich, Connecticut September 1 and have been motoring through Massachusetts and Maine. Mrs. Griswold before her marriage was Miss Evon Broadhurst, and with her family resided in this City [note: the paper got it wrong, she resided in Norwich]. She won first prize as Miss Norwich in the city's pageant in 1927. Upon their return to Norwich they were given a reception by Mrs. Griswold's parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Broadhurst....

I noticed that the paper reported that Evon's address immediately after their marriage was 361 Pequot Avenue, but I remembered that her address so long as I had known her was 391 Pequot Avenue, and I was curious about that coincidence. I learned

from my cousin Patty [**Patricia Griswold Pianka**], Evon's daughter, that the home at 361 Pequot Avenue was a very large house that had been purchased by the Griswolds some years before from a local bank that had acquired it in a mortgage foreclosure. The Griswolds, who were in the construction business, remodeled and updated the home, and after their son's marriage to Evon, they built an apartment for the couple in the upper levels of that very large house.

When they were able to do so Evon and Tip bought a house a few doors away at 391 Pequot Avenue, which was their family house for the rest of their lives. Patty and her husband live in that house today. It fronts directly on the Thames River, across Pequot Avenue, with an unobstructed view of the river. At the time we visited them in New London there were docks directly across the street from Evon's house. Many of the boats that were docked there in those days were 25-30 foot cabin cruisers with platforms mounted on the bow used for harpooning tuna.

There is more to the story of the house at 361 Pequot Avenue that is worth telling. That house is now a college dormitory but it had a pretty interesting history. Patty sent me a copy of an article taken from the campus newspaper of Mitchell College, New London, which in turn had been excerpted from an article entitled *Mitchell History: Moorings Dormitory*.

The first owner had the mansion moved 15 miles away from its Norwich, Conn. location, down the Thames River on a raft to New London. The house still stands at the site of its turn of the century relocation, and it has had numerous occupants. At one time it served as an outpatient clinic. Doctors dissatisfied with the services at Lawrence and Memorial Hospitals established a general practice in the house, calling it The Home Hospital, advertising good medical services at a reasonable price.

In its heyday the house was considered to be one of the most attractive homes in the area. The exterior was decorated with dark-brown shingles and the frame was trimmed with white. Green awnings hung from the windows and white flower pots filled with bright red geraniums adorned the porch railings....

After the clinic ceased operation in 1920, the house was put up for public auction. A local building contractor, Henry Rogers Griswold, was the sole bidder and purchased the mansion for \$30,000. Griswold and his wife, Mary, occupied the first and second floors of the house, while their granddaughter Patricia lived on the third floor with her parents. Patricia, who was but a small child when her family owned the house, is now married to Henry Pianka and lives at 391 Pequot Avenue, just three houses away from her childhood home. They explained that her love for the water is so great that she could never live far from it. Mrs. Pianka lived at 361 Pequot from birth until the age of ten. She recalled fond memories of those years, specifically of the holidays and the hurricane of 1938. This great storm is regarded by some to be the worst wind

convulsion in Connecticut's history, causing much destruction to the state, especially to the shoreline communities....

Most of the good old family gatherings were held at our home, said Mrs. Pianka, because we had room enough to accommodate a relatively large group of people. Christmas included the gathering of the clan, the stuffing of the traditional turkey by her father, the placement and trimming of the tree in the living room and lit fireplaces throughout the house.... She reminisced too of playing chalk games, like hopscotch, on the flagstone corridor of the third floor, and of long hot summers spent playing on the beach with the neighborhood children.... In 1940 Mitchell College, then called New London Jr. College, purchased the home and for 31 years utilized the structure to house all resident students....

In 1948 my brother Joe and I visited our Broadhurst relatives in Norwich and spent some time with Evon and Tip at their house in New London at 391 Pequot Avenue. The house was directly on the Thames River and opposite the Navy's submarine base at Groton, CT, just across the river. That house was small and had a steep stairway to the second floor. As a typical 12-year old I ran down those stairs, forgetting about the low header in the doorway at the bottom of the stairs, cracked my head on the header of the door frame and knocked myself unconscious. When I came to, I remember "Good Night, Irene" playing on the radio. My Aunt Irene Broadhurst was there as well as Aunt Evon. It struck me funny then and I always associate that accident with that song from the late 1940s.

It is an extremely unfortunate coincidence that it was a fall down those same stairs that killed Evon. It was on that visit in 1948 that I remember Tip had only one leg. I was told that he had cancer and his leg had been amputated to keep his cancer from spreading. It was not long after this that we heard that Tip had died of cancer. He died in 1950. His obituary in the *New London Day* gives us a picture of him:

Henry Clifford Griswold, 52, of 391 Pequot Avenue, assistant building inspector and assistant superintendent of public buildings and parks for this city, died late last night at his home. He had been in failing health since November 1948. An employe of the city since September, 1938, Mr. Griswold first took employment as a maintenance foreman. He subsequently became maintenance supervisor and from this position was named to his last post. Mr. Griswold, who had lived in this area all his life, was born June 16, 1897, at Waterford, son of Henry R. Griswold and the late Mary Young Griswold. He was graduated from Bulkeley school with the class of 1916 and attended the University of Pennsylvania. A former city selectman, Mr. Griswold was a member of St. James' Church, the Municipal Employes Association, the New London Men's chorus, Brainard Lodge of Masons, the Acacia club and Fidelity chapter, Order of Eastern Star.

Aunt Evon and Uncle "Tip" Griswold had only one child, **Patricia Evon Griswold**, born 20 May 1930 in New London, CT. When Joe and I visited them in New London Patty had a boy friend named Gilbert "Gil" Barnes, a photographer. Gil had a convertible in which we were taken to see the various sights around New London. A friend of Gil's had a Chris Craft runabout, a very sleek and very fast inboard boat with mahogany deck and trim, and they gave Joe and me a thrilling ride on the Thames River in it. It was a classic design and I have always wanted to own one.



Patricia Griswold Pianka

Patty married Henry "Hank" S. Pianka on 15 July 1951, also in New London. Hank worked for Pfizer Pharmaceuticals as an accountant. Patty and Hank had two children, a son Stephen Henry Pianka, born 7 February 1953, who never married, and Susan Patricia Pianka, born 30 September 1958, who married James Peter Ferace, and had two children, Crystal (b. 1978) and Marc Angelo (b. 1980).

In 1956 Evon married again, this time to Elias P Smith, some years her senior. Evon and Elias, together with Irene, came to my college graduation at the University of Richmond in 1959, stopping off on their way from Connecticut to Fort Pierce. Years later when Sue and I and our young family visited them in Fort Pierce, I remember that Elias had become elderly and frail.

In the summer of 1985 Sue and I and our family moved to Boston where I had obtained a position as Director of Business Services for the National Association of Independent Schools. One of the most difficult things about that move was having to leave Evon in Fort Pierce. We knew that she was being pressured by her daughter Patty to move to New London and Evon made it clear that she did not want to go, but in the end she felt she had no choice. So in 1987 she sold her two properties in Fort Pierce and moved back to the old homestead in New London, where almost immediately Patty pressured her to go into a nursing home. Unfortunately Evon did not tell us in advance that she intended to move back with Patty or we would have tried to find another alternative for her, including bringing her to Boston to live with us. Shortly after she went back to her home in New London, she fell down the stairs and was seriously injured, dying later that morning at the hospital. I was shocked when I realized that those were the same stairs I had fallen down in 1948.

From her obituary in the *New London Day*, April 1, 1987, sent to me by Patty after Evon's death:

Evon Broadhurst Griswold Smith, 86, of 391 Pequot Avenue died at 11:10 a.m. Tuesday (March 31) in the emergency room at Lawrence and Memorial Hospital. Mrs. Smith was a member of Fidelity Chapter, Order of Eastern Star. From 1945 to 1955 she was an office clerk at the former Winthrop School for the New London Board of Education. She married Henry C. Griswold September 28, 1928 in Norwich. He died February 15, 1950. She then married Elias P. Smith December 24, 1956 in Florida. He died January 13, 1978. She was born January 13, 1901 in Lowell, Mass., daughter of John T. and Mary Manning Broadhurst. Survivors include a daughter, Patricia Pianka, with whom she made her home; two grandchildren and two great-grandchildren. A memorial service will be conducted at 11 a.m. April 11 at Byles Memorial Home. Interment will be private. [ed. note: some of the dates in this obituary are not correct.]

I conducted her memorial service at the cemetery in New London. Sue and I drove down from Boston, where we were living at the time. It was an awkward time because I was aware from many conversations with Evon that she did not particularly like Patty and did not get on very well with her. After Irene's death in Fort Pierce, Patty had been pushing Evon to sell her Florida properties and return to Connecticut to live with her. Evon told me that Patty had been trying to get her to put her money into a custodial account controlled by Patty. Evon was adamant that she did not want to live with Patty and she did not want Patty to have control of her money.



We knew that she felt very strongly about this issue. She had shown me her will in which she had designated me her executor. She did not trust Patty. Her will provided that at her death her assets would be divided into two halves, one half to her daughter Patty, one half to my brother and me. The logic of that choice of beneficiaries was carefully explained and had a history. Irene had property in Connecticut, which she had sold when she moved to Fort Pierce to live with her sister. Irene and Evon had jointly purchased the duplex at 119 Alma Court in which they lived. Evon's former house in Fort Pierce would be kept as a rental property to supplement their income. Evon and

Irene had created identical wills, with each naming the other as primary beneficiary. Originally Irene had named Joe and I as her beneficiary as a duty to her long deceased brother Joe (my father), and Evon had originally named her daughter Patty as her beneficiary. But when they decided to live together and share their assets they had determined that the only fair solution was for Patty and my brother Joe and I to share their joint estate assets as secondary beneficiaries. If Evon died first, then Irene would get the assets, and at her death the remaining assets would be distributed to Patty, Joe and I. If Irene died first, which was the eventual situation, Evon got all the assets, and then at her death, Patty, Joe and I would share assets. Apparently cousin Patty did not like that.

There were two other assets in addition to the bank account holding the proceeds from the sale of her properties, a coin collection formerly belonging to her second husband Elias Smith and a stamp collection the source of which I do not know but presume it was Elias' also. They were to go to me specifically because I collected stamps, and Evon knew that my children collected coins.

I had assumed after Evon's death that Patty would contact me about the will. Since she did not, after several months I contacted her. She professed ignorance about any will that Evon had made in Florida, and said that Evon's will was done in Connecticut and provided that all went to Patty. I decided to drop the issue because the small value of the assets was not worth fighting over Evon's death to claim. Patty also said that there was no stamp collection and no coin collection when she moved Evon to Connecticut and she had no idea what Evon may have done with them. I assume that either Patty was able to talk Evon into writing a new will with her as beneficiary or Patty had acquired power of attorney and ignored or destroyed Evon's Florida will. In any event I want my memory of Evon to be of a wonderful and caring woman whom I was proud to have as my aunt.

With her passing we lost our last connection with the Broadhurst family. My brother Joe and I are the only Broadhursts left in our line.

Irene Laura Belle Broadhurst
H.S. graduation photo 1927



Irene Laura Bell Broadhurst

Irene Laura Bell Broadhurst, known to our family as Aunt Irene, was born 6 May 1909 in Norwich, Connecticut, and died 15 May 1977 in Fort Pierce, Florida. Her middle name "Bell" was taken from her aunt and uncle John and Ella Mary Broadhurst Bell. Irene never married although over the years she had several long term male friends. My mother annoyed me by speaking condescendingly about Irene with such snotty comments as 'she didn't know how to boil water' and 'she didn't know how to cook an egg' and 'she was incapable of living on her own, somebody always had to take care of her.'

It is true that she did not live by herself during any period that I can recall. She lived with her mother (and father, until he died in 1930) so long as her mother was alive, then she and Herbie lived together at 57 Dunham Street, Norwich, a house that had been left to Irene by her long time friend Charles Schlough. Charles was always referred to as 'Uncle Charlie' but I never understood how he fitted into the family until much later, when I learned that he was actually a family friend and a special friend of Irene's. His relationship with Irene appears to be little more than a long time friend. He was considerably older than her, and I never heard anything that indicated a romantic relationship between them. It appears to be more a friendship between two lonely people. Charles Schlough appears in some group photos of the Broadhurst family during this period.



57 Dunham Street - Given to Irene by Charles Schlough

Evon gave me a collection of items, mostly photos, that had been Irene's, including her diary from 1940 in which she described in some detail the period in which my mother had placed Joe and I in Rock Nook home for children, the unsuccessful Broadhurst attempt to get us out of the orphanage and my mother's stubborn refusal to let the Broadhursts take care of my brother and me. One item in that collection was a post card Irene received during the early years of World War 2, a "V-mail" card (military censored mail) from a friend, Pfc. Vincent J. Bianco, Co. A., 182nd Infantry, dated 27 Jan 1943, signed "Jimmy" (apparently his middle name). Evon told me that Jimmy was a boyfriend of Irene's, but I never pursued the question as to whether it involved a serious relationship or even whether Jimmy returned from the war.

Undated news clippings passed on to me by Evon from the column "Incidents in Society" in the *Norwich Bulletin* that appear to be from the 1930s, contain these interesting items:

Miss Irene L Broadhurst of No. 135 West Thames Street will leave this evening on the *Federal Express* [a train] from New London for Washington, D.C., where she will spend two weeks with her cousins, Captain Charles A. Easterbrook, U.S.A. [United States Army] and Mrs. Easterbrook. [Mrs. Easterbrook was formerly Irene Margaret Bell, daughter of Ella Mary Broadhurst, her eldest aunt. It appears that Irene Broadhurst was named after Irene Margaret Bell, who was about 18 years old when Irene was born. The Easterbrooks were socially prominent in Houston, Texas, where Captain Easterbrook was stationed for a considerable period of time.]

During Friday, Mrs. Harry E. Higgins and family of Sachem Terrace and their guest, Miss Irene Broadhurst motored to the Higgins summer cottage at Oswegatchie for a picnic outing. The day ended with a theatre party in New London. [The Higgins family was very close to the Broadhursts. I remember my mother, as well as Aunts Evon and Irene, mentioning them in conversation.]

Miss Evon Broadhurst and her sister, Miss Irene Broadhurst, of 135 West Thames Street spent the week end on holiday with friends in Whitinsville, Mass. [The "friends" in Whitinsville MA were her aunts Minnie Manning and Hattie Manning Miller, wife of Chris Miller, who were sisters of her mother Elizabeth Manning.]

Irene worked for most of her working life at the city electric company in Norwich. Her retirement, in 1964, was covered by the *Norwich Bulletin* with these comments:

A luncheon celebration in honor of Miss Irene Broadhurst, of 57 Dunham Street, was held at the Norwich Motel Friday afternoon. Miss Broadhurst, senior clerk-typist at the Public Utilities Department offices, retired this week after 33 years of service to the department. Service Superintendent Bruce L. Roth said Miss Broadhurst is greatly admired and respected by her co-workers and that "her association with this

department will long be remembered." Miss Broadhurst said she plans to spend her retirement years in Fort Pierce, Florida.

Irene moved to Fort Pierce, Florida, in 1964 to live with her sister Evon. Together they purchased a small duplex house on Alma Court containing two one-bedroom units. Evon kept her former house in Fort Pierce and rented it out for additional income. Evon and Irene shared a job on the switchboard at the hospital in Fort Pierce. They had done that sort of work previously and enjoyed their hospital job very much. During those years my wife Sue and I, with our young family, traveled to Fort Pierce to visit them several times during vacation periods. This was prior to the time that we moved to Vero Beach.



Unfortunately a few years after she moved to Florida Irene was diagnosed with inoperable cancer and died shortly thereafter. She is buried at Maplewood Cemetery in Norwich. A notice in the *Norwich Bulletin*, May 19, 1977 contained this information:

Miss Irene Broadhurst - Ft. Pierce, Florida -- Irene Broadhurst of 119½ Alma Court died Sunday at the Fort Pierce Memorial Hospital. She was born May 6, 1909 in Norwich, a daughter of John T. and Elizabeth Broadhurst. A Norwich Free Academy Class of 1928 graduate, she was formerly employed by the City of Norwich Public Utilities, retiring in May 1964 after 33 years of service. Miss Broadhurst settled in Ft. Pierce and had been employed as a switchboard operator at the Ft. Pierce Hospital before her retirement. She was a member of Sachem Chapter OES (Order of Eastern Star) 57, Robert O. Fletcher Post American Legion Auxiliary, Florida Action for Animals Inc. and a charter member of Animal Birth Control of St. Lucie County, Ft. Pierce.



11: Joseph J. C. Broadhurst and Dorothy Mae Pierce

It is one of life's ironies that I know more about my great-grandfather James Broadhurst than I do about my father. I was two years old when my father died. That is too young to have memories. Unfortunately what information I have about him has been pieced together from miscellaneous sources and records and remembered conversations with my mother and with my father's sister, my Aunt Evon Broadhurst. None of what is recorded here is based on any personal knowledge or experience or any memory of him. I remember very little about anything before I was five years old.

Unfortunately during the years when I was growing up I was not aware of "Daddy Joe" except in a sort of theoretical way I knew he had died when I was very young. I did not have any sense of missing him or sorrow that he was gone. Sometimes I wished that I had a real father in place of my stepfather. I remember references to him made at times of misbehavior or punishment when mother warned me to the effect that "Daddy Joe is looking down at you from heaven and he is disappointed in what he sees."

My mother always mentioned my father with deep and real respect—almost reverence. She spoke of him as an important member of the community of Norwich, a newspaperman, city editor of *The Norwich Bulletin*, a man with many friends, a man who was loved and respected.

Joseph John Channel Broadhurst was born in 1894 in Lowell, Massachusetts. His father, John Thomas Broadhurst, had married Elizabeth Manning in June 1892 in Halifax and shortly thereafter John Broadhurst (apparently with at least some of his Manning in-laws) emigrated to Lowell from Nova Scotia. An undated Lowell newspaper clipping mentions that "Mr. John Broadhurst of 59 Bartlett Street was receiving congratulations on the arrival of a son and heir" at his home.

Lowell was a center of the textile manufacturing industry in New England at the time and John Broadhurst was employed there in a textile factory, of which there were many in Lowell, mostly along the banks of the river that ran through Lowell. About 1904 John T Broadhurst moved his family from Lowell to Norwich, Connecticut. We do not know why but we presume it was for a better job. John worked for the Norwich Belt Company, which made commercial belts used to power industrial machinery. John Broadhurst died in 1930.

Young Joseph attended grammar school in Norwich at the Falls School. For his high school years Joe attended the Norwich Free Academy, apparently enrolling there in the fall of 1908 and eventually graduating in the spring of 1912. The Norwich Free

Academy was a quasi-public school that required entrance exams. The Academy provided me with a set of scores from a test taken while Joe was in Grade 8 at the Falls School. Interpreting the scores is difficult. They were recorded as follows: his age at the time of the test, 14.4 years; arithmetic 70, geography 85, grammar 70, history 81, specialty 66, total 372, percent A. Joe was considered very bright, and I assume that is what the "A" score indicates.



The picture above was photographed from a painting on canvas that has disintegrated with time. Joe (left) was the elder brother.

I have his high school yearbook, *The Mirror 1912*, as well as his class group photo and his high school graduation photograph. The caption beside his yearbook photo in *The Mirror* lists him as a member of the "Supper Committee" and comments opaquely:

The longest part of Broadhurst is his name. There are rumors that he has a lady friend down in New Jersey, whom he is quite infatuated with. Alas, say not such. But then, strange things are happening every day.

The "class prophecy" is just as opaque:



Joseph J C Broadhurst - Norwich Free Academy - Class of 1912

...Later we met Broadhurst, who said he had just escaped Death. He had gone to explore the planets (as you all know Broadhurst had such great interest in astronomy), but crossing the Milky Way the propeller of his aeroplane became clogged with butter. He rapidly began to descend, but as he neared the earth the butter melted and he landed safely. Broadhurst said Herman and Levin [ed. note, two members of the class] were tailors in the Alice Building. They guaranteed a 'perfect fit.' The customers always had one when they saw the clothes and the bill.... [Apparently this attempt at humor meant something to his classmates but I don't know that we learn much about Joe from this comment.]

After graduation from Norwich Free Academy Joe was hired as a reporter for *The Norwich Bulletin*, the local daily newspaper. Except for a short time during the First World War when he was in the army Joe remained an employee of the *Bulletin* until his death in 1939, working his way up to the position of City Editor by 1918. One of his classmates at Norwich Free Academy was Miles Standish, a long-time friend who was close to him up to the time of his death in 1939 and who was still working at the *Bulletin* when my brother Joe met Mr. Standish when he visited the offices of the *Bulletin* in 1948.



Joe had a reputation as a fair and accurate reporter. A letter from a visitor to Norwich who had come to town for a speaking engagement written to the editor of the *Bulletin* in November 1934 said in part:

I should like to commend the work of your reporter, who was present when I spoke about Japan at the United Congregational Church last Friday evening. He showed discretion in his choice of material and was fair in his interpretation. I wish there were more reporters like him

The State of Connecticut's Adjutant General notes in the state's military service records that Joe Broadhurst was inducted into the army on April 30, 1918. Newspaper articles from Norwich indicate that with 17 other inductees from Norwich Joe was sent on May 1 to Fort Slocum, New York for basic training and then transferred to Fort McClellan in Anniston, Alabama, where he was assigned to Co. K of the 113th Infantry, 29th Division. The 29th Division was sent to France but just before it left in June 1918 Joe was detached from the unit and reassigned to the 2nd Casual Company at Camp Hill, Virginia, as a sergeant. That is fast movement through the ranks! On the other hand we were in the midst of a very brutal ground war in Europe and our soldiers were experiencing very heavy casualties. Lt. Broadhurst's job was to get the replacements for those who were killed or wounded.



*(above - Joe and Evon Broadhurst, about
1920 in Norwich)*



*(right - Joe Broadhurst and Dorothy M.
Pierce, 1933 in Norwich)*

Joe and Dorothy Broadhurst - Dec 1933

An undated article (sometime in the summer of 1918) in the Norwich *Bulletin* describes a furlough back to Norwich:

Joseph J. C. Broadhurst of 48 Lafayette Street, formerly city editor of *The Bulletin*, who left here on May 1st for Fort Slocum and was soon sent to Camp McClellan in Alabama, and from there to Newport News, Va., arrived home on Wednesday on a ten day furlough, the first time that he has been home since he entered the army. Mr. Broadhurst is now company clerk of the Second Casual Company at Newport News and finds the service a pleasant one and full of interesting experiences. This has been his line of duty except for the five weeks when he was at the camp in Alabama in a regular infantry company and had all the experience of drilling and long marches under the hot Alabama sun that frequently counted many victims from heat and exhaustion after one of the training marches. In his duties at Newport News he has opportunity to see men from all parts of the country, as they are about to start for overseas, as well as others who are returning from France for various reasons.

He was discharged as a non-commissioned officer (sergeant) in September of 1918 so that he could accept appointment by the War Department as a 2nd Lieutenant in the regular army. He was reassigned from the 2nd Casual Company to the 5th Casual Company at Camp Hill, Newport News, Virginia on October 8, 1918. A "casual company" was a company that was formed temporarily of men who had completed basic training or had returned to duty from injuries and were awaiting transfer overseas as replacements for soldiers who had been killed or wounded.



Joe had several girl friends through the years according to Aunt Evon and apparently had one serious relationship in which he became engaged to a young woman who ultimately dumped him for someone else just prior to the planned marriage. According to Evon he was devastated by that experience and it was some time before he would date again. It was not until August of 1934 that he married **Dorothy Mae Pierce** in Manchester, Connecticut. Dorothy was 19 years younger than Joe.

Dorothy M. Pierce was born 8 March 1913 in Montpelier, Vermont and grew up there with her siblings. She was the daughter of Ira Amos Pierce and Nettie Ilda Sanders. Both the Pierce and Sanders families were among the original colonists in New England from the early days of the Massachusetts Bay Colony and among the earliest settlers in the state of Vermont. [See *The Pierce Family of Vermont* for that family history.]

Dorothy's father, Ira Pierce, was a butcher by trade and earned a decent living selling meat from a horse drawn butcher's cart. Her grandfather **Ira Frank Pierce** was one of the last surviving Civil War veterans in Montpelier.

Dorothy attended the Union School during her elementary years and later attended and graduated from the Montpelier High School. Her father Ira had died from a cerebral hemorrhage when Dorothy was only 14 years old. There were younger siblings in the household and the family struggled to survive. The girls did odd jobs when they could get them, and her mother Nettie took in Laundry. Her older brother Cecil was living away from home, first in Massachusetts and then in Michigan but apparently sent some money to help the struggling family. My mother told me that Cecil also sent money to her brother Ted who was attending college classes in Burlington. The 1930 Federal Census recorded Dorothy working as a clerk in a candy store in Montpelier.

Tragedy struck again at age 17 when Dorothy was still in high school. Her older brother Cecil, who had been working in Michigan for several years, died suddenly in his car while it was parked along side a Michigan highway, the cause of death ruled a heart attack.

My mother told stories of a hard life growing up, but the family worked together and those who could work did so to contribute to the family's survival. She described her mother Nettie as stern and unemotional -- but a hard life may cause that unemotional response in some and some detachment may have been emotionally necessary in order for her to carry on in difficult circumstances.

After high school Dorothy and a girl friend or two left Montpelier together and went to Connecticut, where they found jobs in factory work and in retail sales. Dorothy had a bit of a reputation for "running around" with different men, which seems to have been a characteristic of many young women in the 1920s. On several occasions she went out of town with male friends or visited male friends in New York or elsewhere, leaving something of a gossip trail in her wake but I suspect (based on observations from her later behavior) that she was more of a tease and a flirt and less sexually active than her reputation implied.

We do not know if Dorothy went to Norwich, Connecticut directly from Montpelier but she ended up there and sometime while she was in Norwich she met **Joseph J. C. Broadhurst**, a charming and popular young bachelor, who was City Editor of the *Norwich Bulletin*, a daily morning newspaper. Joe was quite a bit older than Dorothy, still single and eligible, and after a relatively short courtship they were married on 29 August 1934, in Manchester, Connecticut. After a two week honeymoon they moved into their home at 18 Rock Street, Norwich.

Joe worked nights, as was common for those in the newspaper business where the paper came out in the morning. On a day at the end of January 1939 he collapsed at the breakfast table after he had come home from work. He had not been well for several days but he continued to work anyway. He was taken to the Norwich hospital, but never regained consciousness. At the hospital he was placed in an oxygen tent and given a transfusion but all efforts to save him were unsuccessful and he died on the afternoon of Thursday, February 2, 1939 of lobar pneumonia.



Joe Broadhurst - Newsroom Norwich Bulletin - 1920s

The next day the *The Norwich Bulletin* announced his sudden death on the front page with the headline ***Bulletin Staff Loses Worker Who Gave Faithful Service***. Quoting from the news story:

The many friends of Joseph J. C. Broadhurst, 44, of No. 1 Arlington Heights, a member of the editorial staff of the *Norwich Bulletin* for over 25 years, were shocked to learn of his death Thursday afternoon at 5:20 o'clock in this city.... Of a kind and friendly disposition, Mr. Broadhurst easily made and retained a wide circle of warm friends and acquaintances, by whom he was held in high regard, and who will learn of his passing with a feeling of profound and sincere regret. In his death the newspaper, by whom he was employed for over a quarter of a century, will lose a faithful and dependable worker, a

reporter who had a keen 'nose for news' and who always used tact in composing his stories. He took particular delight in covering news items pertaining to the police and fire departments, where he was well liked by all the members. During his newspaper career, Mr. Broadhurst was in charged of the work at practically all the desks. He will be greatly missed in the circles in which he moved as a reporter, by his associates on the newspaper and by the members of his family.

Joe Broadhurst was actively involved in community activities. At the time of his death he was a member of the American Legion, Robert O. Fletcher Post in Norwich, a member of the Park Congregational Church, and a Freemason [St. James Lodge, No. 23, F. and A. M.]. Curiously there was a Robert O Fletcher in Joe's graduating class at Norwich Free Academy. A letter from the American Legion in Norwich confirmed that the local post was named in honor of Fletcher, who was killed early in World War I. Joe also may have been a member of the Moose Club, as representatives of the local Moose Club were bearers at his funeral.



His status in the community is reflected in letters to the editor published in the days after his death. Two of those letters are included here:

Mr. Editor: The statement in *The Norwich Bulletin* of this morning that the numerous friends of Joseph C. Broadhurst are shocked to learn of his early death is more than true. The friends of Mr. Broadhurst and the people of Norwich and vicinity have lost a

splendid citizen and a loyal public servant. Our local reporters are devoted servants of the people. In the performance of their duty of bringing the news to the public they are working late into the night in all kinds of inclement weather. It is a most arduous task in which self-sacrifice is accepted as a matter of routine. All who knew Mr. Broadhurst intimately knew him as an indefatigable worker who at all times would sacrifice personal comfort and even safety when a news item could be obtained. The sympathy of all his associates and his numerous friends indeed goes to his young wife, who found in Mr. Broadhurst an ideal and loving husband and father to his children. The friends of *The Norwich Bulletin* also extend their sympathy to the owners and editors of the paper, which is conducted on the principle of one big comradely family united in the service of the people of Norwich and of eastern Connecticut. [signed: Max Hanover, Norwich, February 3, 1939.]

Mr. Editor: It was with the deepest kind of regret that I read in this morning's *Bulletin* of the death of Joseph Broadhurst. It had been my privilege through my connection in the Norwich Chamber of Commerce and other public activities to have known Mr. Broadhurst very well. Either as a representative of your paper or as an individual, he has always been willing to cooperate in any enterprise which he thought was for the benefit of this community. In his passing, I feel that this community has lost a very helpful citizen and your paper has lost a very efficient employee. May I express to your paper, my sympathy at his loss. Sincerely yours, Leon F. Lewis, President, Norwich Chamber of Commerce. Norwich, Feb 3, 1939.

Joseph J. C. Broadhurst is buried in the family burial plot in Maplewood Cemetery in Norwich, Connecticut.



Joe and Dorothy Pierce Broadhurst had two children: **Arthur George Broadhurst**, born 3 July 1936 and **Joseph J. C. Broadhurst, Jr.**, born 26 July 1938.

Regrettably Joe and Dorothy's time together was short lived. Joe's sudden death in February 1939 left Dorothy with few resources and two infant children. To support herself Dorothy went back to work, taking a series of jobs. Caring for her two young children became a burden to her financially and emotionally. Unable or unwilling to cope with her two young children and unwilling to accept the constraints of a single mother, she placed both children in Rock Nook, an orphanage in Norwich, on Saturday evening, 27 January 1940, almost a year from the date of my father's death. She paid a weekly fee to the orphanage to keep my brother and me.

My father's family, my grandmother **Elizabeth Manning Broadhurst**, and my two aunts, **Evon Broadhurst Griswold** and **Irene Broadhurst**, begged mother to let them have temporary custody of the children and not put us into an institution, but Dorothy declined their requests and ignored their pleadings and despite repeated attempts by the Broadhursts to get custody of the children, they were unable to do so.

There was an uncomfortable and tense relationship between the Broadhurst family and my mother, apparently based on the belief of my grandmother Broadhurst and my father's sisters Evon and Irene (that seems to be supported by what facts I have discovered) that my mother's interests were more centered in her active social life (which I think means she ran around a lot) than she was in raising two children as a single mother.



Dorothy with Arthur and Joe Jr., fall 1938, a few months before Joe died

After she moved to Florida in the 1970s I got to know my aunt Evon Broadhurst Griswold pretty well. We visited her often with our children. She was like a grandmother to them. She was kindly and warm, and easy to talk to. From her (and from her sister and my aunt Irene Broadhurst before her death) I learned a lot more about family history, and I became both troubled and annoyed that relationships between my mother and the Broadhurst family in Norwich had become so dysfunctional. Evon recounted a number of times that Dorothy went away with male friends for the weekend. Apparently her behavior was unacceptable to the straight-laced Broadhursts. I was surprised to learn what my mother was like in those early days because her behavior then seemed inconsistent with her stated prudish sexual attitudes that she expressed vehemently but occasionally while I was growing up.

At the same time what we know of my mother's conduct at that time helps explain the estrangement between mother and the Broadhurst family that kept us from having much contact with the Broadhursts during our younger years. The bad feeling between my mother and the Broadhurst relatives was never resolved, and so my brother and I had no connection with my father's side of the family while we were growing up except through Christmas cards and birthday gifts sent through the mail and a short visit to Norwich and New London about 1949-1950 when my mother dropped us off in Connecticut, went off somewhere possibly to Vermont, and then returned to pick up Joe and me and took us to visit her family in Montpelier. On that short visit with Broadhurst relatives I met a number of people whose relationship to me I did not understand, but since have learned were all part of the extended Broadhurst family.

My brother Joe and I remained at the Rock Nook Children's Home until the late fall of 1941 when my mother reclaimed us and took us to live with her and **Henry Thompson "Chick" Fowler** at a large country house he had rented along the banks of the Connecticut River in Haddam, Connecticut.



I do not know how long we lived at Haddam, but the house made enough of an impression on me that I can remember some things about it and some events that occurred there. I recall a white house with dark green shingles and a wide porch extending across the side of the house with a glider or day bed on the porch placed against the wall. There was a large yard extending several hundred feet out from the

house, partly in grass, the remainder in tall brush and weeds. Nearby across the railroad tracks and a wide expanse of field lay the Connecticut River. A dirt road or drive extended out from the house to a paved highway several hundred yards away. There was a tunnel-like grape arbor that you could walk under and reach up and pick Concord grapes. There were lilac bushes and lots of forsythia, and other flowering plants in the spring that I can only vaguely remember. Years later when my own family was living in Darien, Connecticut, we drove down to Haddam one weekend and I was able to find the old house along the river that we had lived in so long ago. I wish that I had the presence of mind to ask the present occupant if we could go in, but I was conscious of the intrusion on someone who had no idea who we were or why we were there, and I decided not to press the point.



I have a few memories of that period—milk delivered to the porch in winter with the cream frozen and pushing out the top of the narrow-necked milk bottle; eating that frozen cream in a bowl with sugar on it like some primitive ice cream; the large back yard with its expanse of green lawn fringed with tall brush and weeds that seemed to constantly encroach on the mowed area, the wonderful smell of cut grass mingled with the partially-burned exhaust of the gasoline-powered mower; the sickly-sweet fragrance of the pear tree and the rotting pears beneath it; yellow jackets buzzing around the rotting pears that had fallen on the ground under the tree; the 4th of July brush fire in the field beyond the mowed area that got out of control, the ensuing panic as my stepfather and stepbrother beat the burning grass with brooms and poured buckets of water on its

leading edge, the red flickering flames slowly licking their way across the yard; the scream and the ensuing panic when my 3-year old brother fell backward over a scythe that had been leaning against a tree, his ankle badly cut and dripping blood, the rush to the doctor in Middletown in an old black Model-A Ford with a rumble seat. Joe and I rode alone in the rumble seat into town and I had to remain in the car while Joe was taken into the surgical office in the home of the country doctor.

I have reconstructed the chronology of events during this period from what little information I can deduce from the few memories and events for which I have certain dates. Until recently when I tried to make sense of the chronology of this time period

I had assumed (naively, it appears) that my mother had married "Chick" Fowler before she collected my brother and me from Rock Nook and moved into the house in Haddam. However based on the available records and what I have learned subsequently from other sources and deductions from what my mother told me, that sequence of events appears to be incorrect. I have memories of winter in Haddam with deep snow and frozen cream popping out of the glass milk bottles (which would have been the winter of 1941-42), fragrant spring smells of fresh cut grass mixed with the odor of exhaust fumes from the lawnmower (spring of 1942), and the July 4 incident of the fire out of control (which had to be July 4, 1942).

It seems strange given my mother's comments about her virtue and her desire not to be seen in a bad light, that she apparently moved in with Chick without the benefit of marriage. That would have been even more scandalous to the Broadhurst family and may have been another reason why there was little contact with the Broadhurst side of the family until years later when Joe and I were able to write to aunts and uncles that we did not know.

Until she found out otherwise after Chick's death, my mother believed that she had been legally married to Chick Fowler in a civil ceremony in New York City on September 15, 1942. She had been living with him for almost a year by that time. She had a certificate (unsigned!) with the September date on it that was given to her at the time of the supposed marriage ceremony (which I now have), but that marriage was fraudulent. When I was a child my mother had told me the story that she and Chick had gone to New York City to marry and that a friend of Chick's who was a magistrate or justice of the peace conducted a civil ceremony. She did not explain why she was in New York and it did not occur to me to ask.

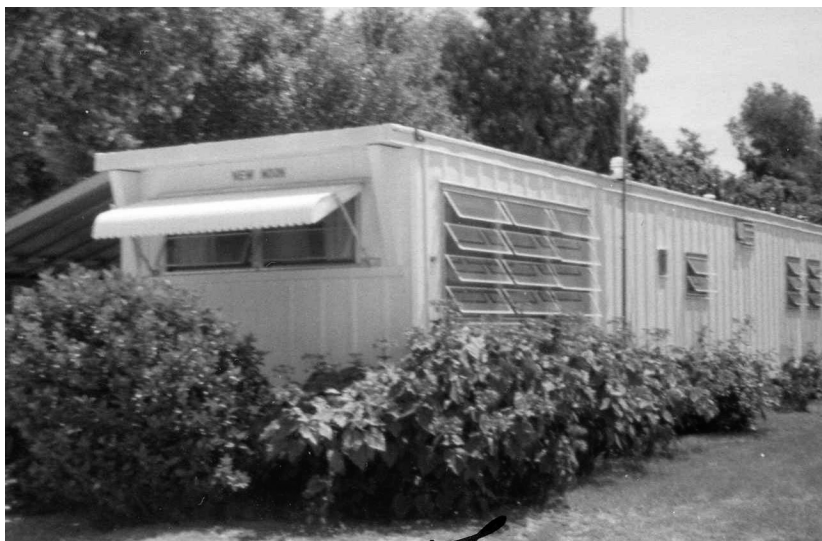
After Chick's death when Dorothy filed for Social Security survivor's benefits she discovered that the marriage ceremony in New York in 1942 had apparently been an elaborate hoax and that she had never been legally married to Chick. To her surprise and consternation she learned that Chick was still legally married to his first wife **Grace A. Fowler**, who was alive at that time and confined in a mental institution in Hartford, Connecticut, where she had been since 1940. Grace Fowler died in 1982, well after Chick died in 1964.

We know nothing about Grace Fowler or why she had been institutionalized, and we have not learned anything about Chick's children, Virginia Fowler and Richard Fowler. However Chick was always secretive. He had a post office box at the main post office in downtown Washington, but he never let any of us pick up mail there even if we were downtown and he was out of town. Apparently he got some correspondence there that he did not want anyone in the family to see or question.

In the fall of 1942 we moved, the four of us, to a basement apartment in northwest Washington, D.C. Within a year or two the housing situation in Washington stabilized and we moved into an apartment in the southeast section of Washington known as Congress Heights, where we lived until 1953 when I was in high school. Then we moved again, this time to suburban Falls Church, Virginia.

For reasons that will be outlined in a subsequent chapter, my family, such as it was at the time, broke apart suddenly in 1953 while we were living in Falls Church, Virginia and my mother, Chick Fowler, my brother and I each went our separate ways. Joe and I each lived with friends in Falls Church, my mother was sent to her family in Vermont, and Chick Fowler disappeared for some months, only to turn up with my mother some months later. Joe and I saw them only occasionally after that time (I was in my junior year in high school, Joe was in the 9th grade). In the years that followed my mother and Chick lived in the Washington, DC area for awhile and then moved to the Boston, Massachusetts area. Chick died in 1964. My mother remained in the Boston area and continued to work there.

After retiring from Dy-Dee Diaper Co. in Boston, where she worked in accounting and record keeping for quite a few years, Dorothy Broadhurst Fowler moved to Fort Pierce, Florida. I modified a house that I was building at the time in a waterfront canal community at Queen's Cove in Fort Pierce to accommodate a room for her, but when she saw that the house was located too far from shopping for her to walk to stores she said that she did not want to live there and demanded that I find some other place for her. I helped her buy a mobile home [photo below] situated in a nice park in downtown Fort Pierce immediately adjacent to a shopping area and she moved there and seemed happy for a short while.



Shortly after moving she became extremely difficult and demanding and eventually she was estranged from Sue and me, although for the sake of our children and her grandchildren we continued to visit her. Eventually she sold her mobile home and moved to New Mexico to live with her niece (and my cousin), **Annette Gregoire Kilbourn**, while Annette's husband Dale was a soldier fighting in Viet Nam, but after Dale came home Dorothy moved back to Fort Pierce, Florida, to live in a senior citizens apartment complex. She died in 1984 shortly after moving back to Florida.



Dorothy Pierce Broadhurst Fowler 1979

My brother **Joseph John Chanel Broadhurst, Jr.** and I grew up in Washington, D.C., and then in 1953 we moved to Falls Church, Virginia, where we both graduated from Falls Church High School. Joe went to the University of Richmond for his freshman year, but dropped out of college for a while, then later finished his degree at the University of Virginia. He worked for the Federal government for many years in several agencies and retired from government service some years ago. He still lives in Alexandria, Virginia. Joe never married.



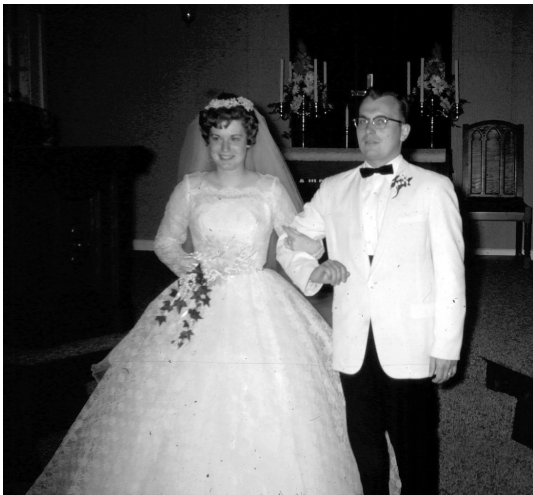
Joseph J C Broadhurst, Jr. c1965



Herbert, Charles Schlough, Irene, Evon, Elizabeth M Broadhurst, Millard Stone,
Blanche Stone, Mabel Stone, Fronti Arthur, Joe, Patty
July 17, 1940 - Maplewood Cemetery - Norwich CT

12: Arthur George Broadhurst and Carol Sue Hamilton

Arthur George Broadhurst was born in Norwich, Connecticut on 3 July 1936. He grew up in Washington, D.C., attended Congress Heights Elementary School, Kramer Junior High School, and Anacostia High School; and in 1953 moved to Falls Church, Virginia and graduated from Falls Church High School, Class of 1955. Subsequently he graduated from the University of Richmond (B.A.) and from Colgate Rochester Divinity School (B.D., M. Min.). After receiving his theological degree he was ordained as a minister of the United Church of Christ. While serving as a student minister at the Gaines Congregational Church in Gaines, New York he met and subsequently married **Carol Sue Hamilton** in Albion, New York in 1963. Sue Hamilton was born in Fort Lauderdale, Florida in 1944 to Edward and Marguerite Hamilton, while her father was in the U.S. Army stationed in Boca Raton, Florida.



Shortly after their marriage Art and Sue moved to New Hampshire, where Art was chaplain and chairman of the religion department of Cardigan Mountain School, a prep school in Canaan, New Hampshire. Sue was the chapel organist. Art made several later career moves as administrator of other prep schools—Cherry Lawn School in Darien, Connecticut; Lake Ridge Academy in Ohio; Trinity School in Manhattan; Saint Edward's School in Vero Beach, Florida; and Saint Andrew's School in Boca Raton, Florida.

Then came a major career change that straddled the worlds of business and education. Art was appointed Director of Business Services for the National Association of Independent Schools based in Boston. Sue made a career change also; she went to the nursing school at Indian River Community College, obtained her Registered Nurse license, and worked as an orthopedic nurse at Indian River Memorial Hospital in Vero Beach, Florida. In conjunction with the National Association of Independent Schools Art was involved in the creation of an insurance company owned by schools and colleges, served as one of the founding directors, became senior vice president of the operating company United Educators Insurance, based in Chevy Chase, Maryland, and ultimately became president and chief executive officer of the associated reinsurance company, School College and University Underwriters, Ltd., based in Bermuda, from which he retired in 2001.

Art and Sue Broadhurst now live in Palm Coast, Florida.



Arthur G Broadhurst 1996

Arthur G and Sue H Broadhurst have three daughters: **Sandra Lynn Broadhurst**, born in 1964 in Hanover, New Hampshire; **Kimberly Erin Broadhurst**, born in 1968 in Stamford, Connecticut; and **Karin Elizabeth Broadhurst**, born in 1970 in Lorain, Ohio.

Sandra Lynn Broadhurst married **Ronnie William Heen**.



Sandra Lynn Broadhurst

Sandy graduated from Saint Edward's School in Vero Beach, Florida; attended Florida Southern College and Indian River Community College in the nursing program; and is employed as the senior nurse in a large group medical practice in Vero Beach. Ron Heen is a graduate of Vero Beach High School; he is a licensed contractor and owns Heen Tile Installation, Inc., a flooring installation contractor.

Ron has two children by a previous marriage: Elizabeth Heen and Ronnie Heen. Sandy and Ron have two children: **Ashley Marie Broadhurst Heen**, born in 1988 in Vero Beach, Florida; and **Randy Stephen Heen**, born in 1993 in Brewster, Washington. Ashley graduated from the Indian River Charter School in Vero Beach and attended Indian River Community College. Currently she lives and works near Tampa, Florida, and attends college part time. Randy Heen is a student at Gifford Middle School in Vero Beach.



Kimberly Broadhurst Campana, Sandra Broadhurst Heen, Ashley Broadhurst Heen, Karin Elizabeth Broadhurst – 2005



Ronnie, Randy Elizabeth and Ashley Heen - 1996



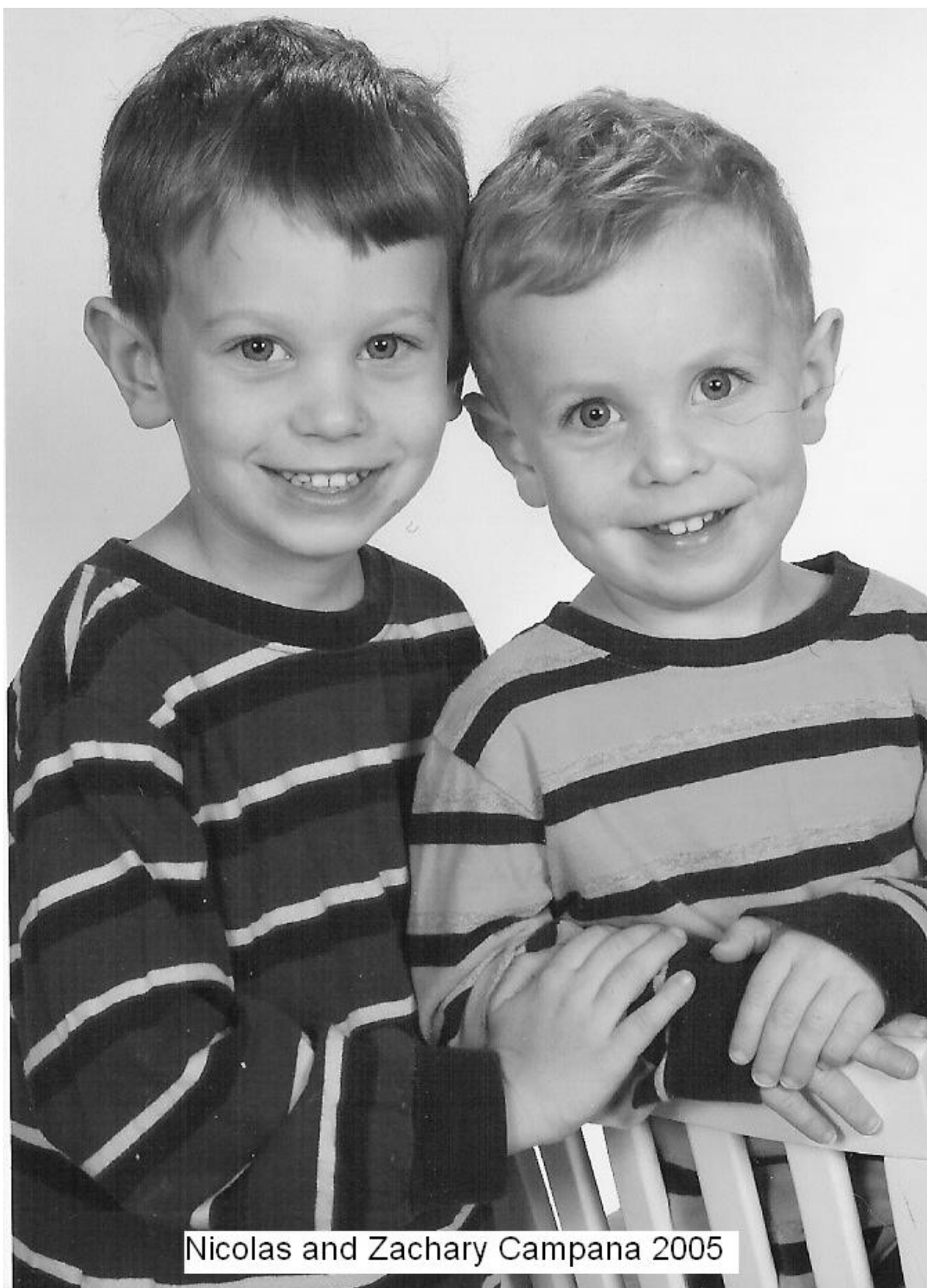
[top] Randy Heen with cousin Zachary Campana [bottom] Zachary Campana with grandfather Arthur G Broadhurst

Kimberly Erin Broadhurst lived in Florida and attended Saint Edward's School until her high school years when she moved with her family to the Boston area. She married **Andrew Archer Campana**, born in Brookline, Massachusetts. Both Kim and Andrew are graduates of Brookline High School and of the University of Virginia. Both have master's degrees, Kim in Spanish and Andrew in modern European history.



After college Kim and Andrew lived in Arlington, Virginia; Kim was a teacher in a private school in Warrenton, Virginia, and Andrew was a researcher at the Holocaust Museum at Smithsonian Institution in Washington, D.C. Subsequently Kim and Andrew moved to Barcelona, Spain so that Andrew could pursue an MBA degree in international business.

While they were in Spain, their first child **Nicolas "Nico" Edward Campana** was born in 2001. After their return to the U.S., their second child **Zachary "Zach" Archer Campana** was born in 2003 in Miami, Florida. Kim and Andrew now reside in Brookline, Massachusetts. Kim is employed as a teacher in a private school and Andrew works for WGBH, the public television station in Boston.



Nicolas and Zachary Campana 2005

Karin Elizabeth Broadhurst graduated from Brookline High School, attended Universidad de las Americas in Puebla, Mexico, and received her B.A. at Warren Wilson College in Asheville, North Carolina. She married **Franz Israel** in Boston in September 2001. They subsequently divorced. Karin has been a Spanish teacher at a high school in Florida, a community outreach coordinator for social service organizations in North Carolina and California, owned her own Peruvian import business, had a position as director of business development for an educational foundation, and is currently membership director for an association of architects. She lives in the Boston area.



Karin Elizabeth Broadhurst



Karin Broadhurst with her parents Arthur and Sue Broadhurst in Boston



Sue H Broadhurst, Karin E Broadhurst, Arthur G Broadhurst 2004

13: Recollections From A Childhood Long Ago

In the earlier chapters of this history of the Broadhurst family I tried to provide as much "real history" as possible, which is to say, something more than names, places and dates. I included some social history to give context to the lives of our ancestors that might help us to know something about them as persons and something about the times in which they lived, so that our ancestors are not just faceless names.

This chapter differs considerably from the chapters that precede it because it consists of personal recollections from the author's childhood. I have included substantial excerpts from the early chapters of an autobiographical memoir from an unpublished autobiography that I wrote several years ago for my direct descendants, specifically for my children and grandchildren and their families. That memoir was written to provide social context of an earlier time when I was growing up -- and it seemed to fit in with the overall purpose of this family history project on the Broadhurst family.

As I got to the end of this book and had to say something about myself I struggled with what to say and how much to say about my generation. I resolved the issue by deciding to include portions of that memoir. The author is more than 70 years old. Some of the readers of this history may see something of their parents' and their grandparents' lives reflected in what is written here, or at least may learn some of the questions to ask their parents and grandparents about their lives and times.

A few years ago when I sat down to make some notes on memories of my childhood years I was surprised at how little I could remember. I could not recall many names or faces of classmates in elementary school and could only remember a few incidents and playmates from those early years. Old photographs and class pictures and several phone conversations and letter exchanges with my brother Joe and others helped jog my memory. I was able to recall more incidents once I started writing down bits of memory that emerged out of the fog of the past. When I compared notes with Joe, I discovered that he and I remembered some events differently.

Because Joe remembers much more than I do and in greater detail, I have tended to give his memory greater weight than my own when writing about these early events. Joe told me that he believes that I repressed early memories because they were unpleasant. He told me that he had endured years of psychiatric therapy to help him deal with his early years and he thought it had gone worse with me than it did with him. I am not convinced that repressing bad memories is the reason I have so few recollections, but of course that is possible. What I remember from those early years does not seem on the whole particularly unpleasant, although looking back with the

perspective of more than sixty years and having gradually learned some things about my early years that I had not been aware of until recently, I had to agree with him that there may have been good reason for me to have blocked out some memories.



Art and Joe Broadhurst at Rock Nook Home

After my father died suddenly of pneumonia in February 1939, as noted earlier, my mother was unable or unwilling to cope with two young children so she placed us both in Rock Nook Children's Home in Norwich, Connecticut. As best I can tell from fragments of memories and some clues, my mother was most often employed as a millinery sales girl, although at least at one time she was employed demonstrating and selling stenotype machines. She also kept up an active social life including dating a lot of men and accompanying some on out of town trips.

One weekend trip in particular with a male friend named Clare became something of a scandal to the Broadhursts and to the Park Congregational Church where the family had been long time members. My mother wrote a letter of apology to my grandmother

Broadhurst for tarnishing the family reputation. That letter became an additional source of controversy when mother later demanded that the Broadhursts return the letter to her. My grandmother did not return the letter and eventually it was passed from my grandmother to my Aunt Evon, who gave it to me shortly before she died. Written on stationery of the *Fresh Silks Company* and dated October 11, 1939, the text of the letter is as follows:

Mother Broadhurst

I'm so ashamed over what I did I can't even face you. May God forgive me. I hope in time you can find it in your heart to forgive me. I have been very indiscreet and foolish in many ways. I have not, however, acted immorally with anyone as you seem to think. I swear to that. That sin I cannot commit. (I should hate myself.) I have spent more time with Clare than anyone else and although he is, I think, mad at me at present for not marrying him, he can give you a statement as to his opinion of me.

I am so lost without Joe that I scarcely know what I'm doing at times. I try to find someone to take his place but it's hopeless. No one can ever take his place. I miss him so desperately! Am bringing baby Joe home tomorrow afternoon. If I have them here again and work hard, it will be better for me. No more going out, or hurting the name I have been so proud of.

I sincerely believed when you said something about Clayton's [a reference to Clayton Gallup; I cannot find anything about him] parole that you disproved (sic) my seeing him. Try to forgive me for the sake of Joe and the children if not for myself. I promise you will never have to question my actions again.

If I should fail to get the job tomorrow I shall sell car and work mornings only. I will have girl only Monday thro Friday and spend my time on bringing up children the way Joe would want.

Humbly, regretfully, Dorothy

The reference to "bringing baby Joe home tomorrow" raises the troubling question of where he was (and where I was!), since this date is prior to the time that Joe and I were put into the orphanage. The Broadhursts believed that my mother wanted to be rid of the responsibility for the young children because they inhibited her social freedom. My grandmother Broadhurst tried to convince my mother to let the Broadhurst aunts (Irene and Evon) take care of Joe and me instead of leaving us in the orphanage, but my mother refused their pleading. Apparently my mother believed that the Broadhursts, who were working people, would not be a good influence on the children, or at least that was her stated reason to her mother-in-law for denying their urgent requests for temporary custody of the children.

If my mother had permitted Joe and me to live with the Broadhurst family, I think it would have been a happy arrangement for all. Evon had a daughter who was a few years older than I (my cousin Patricia Griswold), and Evon had a nice house in New London on Pequot Avenue along the Thames River with plenty of room and a genuine interest in children. Her husband Clifford "Tip" Griswold had a good job as building inspector for the town. My grandmother did not work and she was more than capable of assisting Evon and Irene if mother permitted the Broadhurst family to take care of Joe and me, particularly since she would have had lots of help from the rest of the Broadhurst clan, many of whom lived in or close to Norwich. It would have saved the pain and confusion of two little children who not only had lost their father but then were abandoned by their mother as well.

Before her death Aunt Evon gave me my aunt Irene's diary. It is the only written record I have of this period of time. Even though I had been generally aware that Joe

and I had been put in an orphanage, I found it extremely difficult to read about it in Irene's diary. I have included below large parts of the diary that pertain directly to this period of time, edited slightly to make clear information that was in fragmentary form with explanatory comments enclosed within brackets.

1940 .. January 1... Today Dot and children came for dinner. As Evon's car wouldn't start they had to come by bus.... When we called Dot to tell her about car Artie wouldn't call his mother to phone - said they were coming over and if grandma had anything to say could say it then—the minx! He answers phone all the time. Joie is growing but doesn't say many words, still has to wear diapers and is just learning to feed himself a little. At dinner he deliberately knocked the spoon from his mother's hand and soiled her skirt. Just like his brother in that respect—or lack of it I guess.

January 2... Lil called tonight from Portland to tell us of Uncle Charlie's death this morning. [Charles Broadhurst, brother to my grandfather John T. Broadhurst] Just ten years to the day after my dad [John T. Broadhurst] passed away. Only brother of Dad's living now is Uncle Bill....

January 3... Mother went over after Artie today. His mother is having a business conference concerning the selling of Steno-Type machines. She expects to make \$40 per week if she takes the job, but she says that about all of them. As Artie is such a problem, she is sending him to our house so that she can talk in peace. She came for him about supper time. Left at 7:30. When they arrived home Artie called up. He's always calling by phone. Three times last night he rang us. Hope I never let my children do those things if I have any. [Irene never married.]



Art at Rock Nook Children's Home

January 7... We had pot roast for dinner, and were just finishing supper when Dot came. Artie is just wild and kept her busy. She left on the 8:30 bus.... Artie stayed all night.

January 8... When I got home mother said Dot is planning to put the children in a home [i.e., Rock Nook] so she could go out of town to sell StenoType machines. We told her the job no good but guess she'll do it regardless.

January 27... [Saturday]. Dot and the children came home right after I did and they stayed until Lil [Lillian Crumb, married to my uncle Arthur G. Broadhurst] left. Mother wanted to keep Artie but Dot didn't want to leave him for some reason. When Artie got home he called up. I could hear Dot chatting and laughing to Mary I guess about prices or money she could get. About 8 Herb [Uncle Herbie, her brother] came home for supper and said he delivered some orders to Dot around five and there were two packed suitcases on the back stairs. While he was there some man came up in a garage car [i.e., rental car] and went off. Dot didn't offer any explanation, so he didn't ask where she was going.

January 28... [Sunday]. About ten mother called up to see if Dot was bringing the children over Sunday p.m. and discovered she had put them in Rock Nook Home Saturday. Mother and I felt terrible and she called Lil at Edie's [a family friend] and told her what happened and that we were going to try to get them back. Edie said she'd try to get them for us. She called some woman, Whittelserf (?illeg) I think the name is, who is in charge and she said there was nothing we could do as Dot is paying their way. She said she was sorry but Dot gave her a big tale of woe that we would do nothing to help her - after all my mother has done! Called Evon just in time to spoil the nice Turkey dinner with the news. She came up and we all went over to Edie's. We came home just in time to answer telephone call from Charles saying he'd be right over.

January 30... Called Home to see how children are. They are getting used to being there outwardly at any rate.

January 31... Called Home again. Asked if Artie could have mail, and when they said yes I bought some paper with clowns and animals in black and white printed on it. As he would notice the colors better I colored them with red and green pencils I use at my work. Then I wrote a little note to him.

February 1... Didn't call Artie today. Was so upset about it I couldn't. Lil came over to stay for a while and having Ronnie [Lillian's adopted son] around made me feel even worse.

February 2... Just a year ago today that Joe passed away.

February 4... Didn't come downstairs until about ten. After dinner of nice pot roast etc., Lil called Dot and asked her if she would consider letting us have the children. She seems to be willing provided we will have a girl take care of them in the afternoon. Mother has already written her a letter but Dot didn't get it, she said. She told Lil that she knew the children would get good care here but they wouldn't get the training. [My mother made similar comments to me, that had to do with the Broadhursts being working class; an odd comment since she also was from a working class family; her father was a butcher and cart driver.] I wonder what's wrong with the way my mother brought us up. Anyway she is coming over tomorrow to talk it over.

February 5... While I was waiting for the bus Dot came out of Metropolitan. We talked about how busy she's been and that she'd be too busy to come over and discuss about the children until about nine o'clock... Dot didn't come over at all.

February 6... I sent Artie the valentine from my mother. It's better than a letter as he can play with it. Dot came over in the evening about nine o'clock. After she got her business off her chest she announced she was going to leave the children in the home. She said mother wasn't able to take care of them, and that although they would be well cared for here they would not get the training they should. She also announced that she had given up the widow's pension and was paying for the children out of her earnings. She was quite insulting and blamed my mother for her children's fault, Artie's at any rate. As I was upstairs I only heard the end when she left.

February 9... Mrs. Nugent called and said there was nothing she could do for us as Dot is the children's legal guardian and even if she stopped paying for them the Home has a fund to take care of them until they are twelve years of age. Mother asked her if she would call Dot and ask her to change her mind. I forgot to write that Mrs. Nugent said Dot had to give up the widow's pension when she took that position, and Dot gave her to understand it was a good position.... Clayton Gallup came down and asked mother to give up that letter Dot wrote him. He claimed he wanted to use it to get the children out. Said some lawyer Morgan thought he had a case with it. Mom said "No", she said she'd give him a copy of it if it would help.

February 11... [Sunday]. We went up to see Artie and Joie a little after ten. Charles took mother and I and Patty [my cousin Patricia Griswold, my aunt Evon's daughter] but only mother, Patty and I went in. At the door Mrs. Eastland told us Artie had been sick and said Patty was not allowed upstairs. When we arrived at the nursery Joie was at the gate with a big smile, but I didn't know Artie at first. He was sitting absolutely motionless in a tiny tot's chair. I bent over and kissed him and he seemed paralyzed. His face was flushed, his eyes heavy and lifeless. His nose and lips were covered with sores and he had a rash on his face. I had never seen such a picture of hopeless misery in my life. The matron had done everything she could. Dr. LaPreme [illegible] had been called and he lanced the abscess in his ear which was the seat of his trouble. Before we left we managed to get a pathetic little smile from him. Even little Joe was lonesome and clung to me when we started to leave. Artie had no strength to do anything. Even went up in the afternoon and found Artie some better. Mrs. Eastland remarked on the improvement in Artie in the last hour. I guess he felt better at having seen us. He must have felt utterly deserted. Dot came while Evon was there and they spoke, Evon first. Then Evon left.

February 12... Had half a day off and went up to see Artie. I held him for an hour then put him in his crib and held Joie. I played ball with three of the other children. One was little Marvin and he was feeling lonesome. He came to my outstretched arms and clung to me. Poor kids.

February 13... Mother went up and Artie was exhausted again. Joie still had his cold.

February 14... High winds and snow. Worse blizzard in years.... Lil went to see Artie.

February 15... Went to see children for awhile. Missed bus when I came out and so walked down as far as Hanland Road. There I met Isham boys who gave me ride back to the city.

February 21... Mother went up to see Artie and found Joie in bed sick with a cold. Evon and Patty came up. Tip [Aunt Evon's first husband] went to Fitchburg. She went to see the children too, but Patty is not allowed in.

February 22... I called up to see how Joie is and Mrs. Eastland said he was some better but she would rather no one would come to visit them for a few days.



February 27... Snowing again. Went over to see the demonstration of StenoType that Dot was giving at the "Y." I really felt sorry for her as she knew nothing about the machine. I discovered that she is not going to teach it, merely demonstrate it. There were only about a dozen people at the meeting.

March 2... We were allowed to see the children today but only mother and Evon went up. The attendants had them out walking and Artie and Joie were allowed to ride home in the car with Evon and Mother. Artie is finally happy again. I'm so glad as it makes it so much easier for us.

March 20... Haven't seen much of the children as Artie's been sick most of the time.

March 21... Called up the Home and Joe has mumps. As yet Artie hasn't come down with them. Sent them each an Easter card....

March 23... Charlie took mother up to the Home (Evon had a headache and didn't come up).... Mom took Artie a bunny book.... About nine or nine thirty I had just gotten into bed when Evon called up to tell us that after we left she was reading the paper and that Uncle Bill's [William Broadhurst, brother of my grandfather John Thomas Broadhurst] death notice was in the paper. Well, it really was a new item as he was found dead in his room - cause was heart attack. Mother told her to call the undertaker and give him

Rita's [Rita Broadhurst Emmons, Bill's daughter] address. As the undertaker didn't know who Bill's relatives were he was quite pleased with the info.

March 24... When Charlie came over we went down to see Bill.... Mr. Byle and Mr. Eagles [agb: the undertakers] were both out so we rode around, went to the beach, and then drove back again. They were still out, but Evon thought of going over to Eagle's house. When Mr. Eagles found out our wishes he advised us not to see Bill then, as he must have been dead about 36 hours when they found him and had been lying on his face. He said he had not heard from Portland yet but as Arthur had called us for Chester [?] we knew they had received the message. [agb: Estimated death date: March 20 or March 21].

March 25... Evon called and said she had heard from Byles that the Portland undertaker had made arrangements with him to ship Bill's body to Portland tonight. He also said they couldn't do anything with Bill's face as he had been dead too long, so we didn't see him at all.

March 26... There was a news item in the Bulletin about Bill's relatives, etc., but they didn't mention our name, just that his sister-in-law in Norwich notified the relatives.

March 27... Mother called up the home and Joie is much better. Artie as yet has not contracted the mumps.

March 30... When I got home found Evon still there but Tip and Patty were gone home. They had come up early in pm and taken mother up to see the children.

April 6... As we decided to go up and see Artie I thought we could go and buy some guinea pigs on the way back.... Artie was quite well but all the kids have some sort of skin trouble.

April 14... I managed to get cleaned up before he (Jimmie) came and he took me up to see the children for a few minutes. They have been sick again with cold in their eyes and some sort of skin trouble. The rest of the children have it too. I wish I could get them out of there. Perhaps some day I'll find a way....

The relationship between my mother and the Broadhursts deteriorated further after Joe and I were put into the orphanage. Another letter from my mother, also given to me by Evon, dated July 7, 1940, with the return address 210 Broadway, Norwich, documents the increasing tension:

Dear Evonne

I hope you folks are well. I suppose Patty is as brown as a berry.

As I told you a while back, I am intending to marry and have the boys with me. Probably this fall. We have been looking at houses and hope to find one outside of Hartford. We looked at a beauty today. \$60 a month.

I am hoping that we may all be on more friendly terms, however, that rests with you folks. I would like you folks to visit the children in their new home, and as I shall keep my own car, they could visit you folks frequently.

The man I am marrying is grand! I imagine you folks might like to meet him before we marry, rather than simply read about it in the paper.

There is one thing I want. He is very fine and I do not want anything said against me. I want that letter your mother has of mine, because I am not going to see him hurt, and because I want a home for the boys and myself with him as I have planned.

If you folks want us all to be friends again, you can do this. If not I am afraid you will be unwelcome in our home. I hope for the boys sake you will do the right thing. I sincerely regret things I said in haste and anger tho I still feel I had just cause.

We are planning on early fall. I shall hope to have some answer from you folks, as to how you feel.

One thing I know, you will all find this man fine enough to be the father of Joe's boys. He doesn't smoke, drink, or swear. If anything happens to him we will not have to worry financially. Frankly, I feel the luckiest girl in the world, and I love him. He loves children, and has a million plans for the boys future, already.

Sincerely, Dorothy M Broadhurst

I do not know whether the man she references in the letter was Henry Fowler. It may be. Chick was old enough to be her father, and I think she held onto an idealistic and unrealistic view of Chick perhaps because she was really looking for a father figure or a protector. She always seemed to me to be too fragile to have ever gotten along on her own. She was impressed by Chick's experiences and his education; she said that he was a graduate of Yale College and the Sorbonne in Paris, and had such wonderful experiences and stories of where he had been and what he had done that he was a marvelous man to bring into the family and that we [Joe and I] were lucky to have him as a stepfather.

Chick had two children from a former marriage, Virginia E. Fowler (called Ginnie) and Richard E. Fowler (called Dick). They were in their 20s at the time. I remember them being at the house but I cannot remember if they were living there or just came for visits. I recall an incident involving Dick. He had caught a mouse in a live trap in the

basement, put the mouse in a glass jar, took the jar down to the river with Joe and me and threw the jar out onto the ice. He brought along a rifle. The glass jar was the target, and after he shattered the glass jar, he fired at the fleeing mouse, with what success I do not recall. I remember a gun rack in one of the rooms, probably a den, with several long guns, rifles or shotguns, on display. I remember another occasion when Dick brought a rabbit into the house to show us and I recall vividly the red mark made by the bullet on the white fur as it traversed the underside of the rabbit before entering the body with a jagged hole. I'm always surprised that some events can be recalled vividly while most events remain trapped in the fog of a dimming memory.

I asked Joe to help me reconstruct those days from his memory, noting that he would have been three years old at the time. Joe remembered many of the same things that I recalled from those days. Joe writes:

I recall a red metal wagon, deer in the field between the house and the road, ...sitting in a rowboat in the river (it was tied to a tree), a grape arbor and the smell of ripe fruit, rhubarb growing along the side of the house, having to hide when a couple with a large dog came to visit (probably the owners of the house), bus trips into Middletown, Dick getting up from the dinner table to shoot at rabbits in the garden (I remember a streak of blood as Dick showed us a rabbit), Dick capturing mice in the basement in jars, tossing the jars into the river and shooting at them, Dick and Chick cutting and burning long grass, and me tripping over a scythe and cutting my ankle and going to the doctor in an old Ford with a rumble seat (I was in the back seat), lying on the porch swing holding a sparkler on the fourth of July with my ankle bandaged up, and a nasty cat that sharpened its claws on my shin when I tried to pet it. I think the old Ford may have belonged to Al, Virginia's boy friend.

Chick Fowler was a "name-dropper" and was dishonest in many ways, from his stories about attending Yale and the Sorbonne in Paris to his claim of extensive military service in several war theaters during World War I. He claimed to be a Captain in the U. S. Army but according to his discharge papers, which are in my custody, he was drafted at the end of the war and was in the service only in a few months before he was discharged as a private. He bragged of adventures with Chaing Kai Shek in China in the post-war era and claimed personal acquaintance with important world figures. They were grand stories told with flair and were believable until you had been around him for awhile, and then it became obvious that some of the events that he talked about could not have happened as he told them because it would have put him in several places at the same time; even my friends who had heard different stories from him at different times began to pick up the ring of untruth and occasionally commented on it, to my embarrassment.

My mother, on the other hand, had acquired a well-deserved reputation for casual affairs both before her marriage to my father and again after his death, and in that sense I guess she and Chick deserved each other. Below is a handwritten letter I found in my mother's records after her death, marked "copy," written between the date of my father's untimely death and her marriage to Chick Fowler. I do not know to whom the letter is addressed. The letter is not dated. At the top it is marked, "Your mother wins!" Apparently the copy was intended for Evon and it may have been sent to her. Something about the letter does not have the ring of authenticity. Evon told me that she believed that it was not actually sent to the presumptive boy friend it was addressed to and was intended for the Broadhurst family rather than for her male traveling companion, whoever he was.

Tuesday Morning

Dearest:

It looks very discouraging for our future. Because so many people heard our affairs broadcast Sunday morning, it was taken to Mother Broadhurst. She was told all about you. Quite naturally she and the family refuse to let me see you any more outside church for the sake of the children and what people will say.

If I refuse to give in to their request I am in danger of losing the children. They are a proud family who cannot bear to go against public opinion. She also feels that all our friends who are my important customers would not like it if they hear anything against me. This is only too true.

It looks as though I'll have to travel alone and watch my step from now on, so I won't get talked about.

No more men here, even on business. No more seeing you. Some day, however, if our love can stand waiting we will overcome any obstacles.

We will wait and pray.

Funny they approved my going with Clare. In fact threw us together. God bless you and keep you and your mother.

Dot

In the fall of 1942 with the U.S. fully engaged in World War 2 both in Europe and in the Pacific, Chick Fowler got a job with the *War Production Board*, a Federal government agency that directed the industrial production effort necessary to support the war. We moved to Washington, DC, our possessions (or such as we had at that time, which couldn't have been much) carried with us in and on an overstuffed big black

car [Joe believes it was a 1936-era Buick] with a running board. I do not know whose auto it was or what happened to it once we got to Washington, but we did not have a car after we moved into the basement apartment on Buchanan Street. It was probably on this trip to Washington in September 1942 that my mother and Chick stopped in New York and the marriage charade occurred.

For some period of time after we first arrived in the Washington area, probably from September until mid-November, we lived in a "tourist cottage" arranged with others along a semi-circular drive off the highway somewhere outside Washington in the nearby Maryland countryside. These cottages were the precursor of the modern motel. I remember riding my scooter and red tricycle on the sidewalks around the tourist cottages. I was six years old.



It was wartime in Washington and thousands of people had moved to the Washington area, some because of the rapid expansion of the military, others in various jobs that had sprung up to support the war effort, and that sudden increase in population put considerable pressure on housing, which had become increasingly scarce as workers and their families crowded into the city. After several months in the cottages Chick found a basement apartment in a house at 903 Buchanan Street in the Northwest quadrant of Washington. Fortunately the house was conveniently located, with public transportation readily available both by trolley car and by bus.

I should have been enrolled in school in September 1942, since I had turned six during the summer of 1942, but I did not attend school until after we moved to the basement apartment in Washington. We must have remained at the cottages in suburban Maryland for some weeks while "Chick" was looking for a place to live. I have a vague memory of a semicircular group of small cottages with a sidewalk running across the front on which we rode our scooters.

On November 19, 1942, quite late in the school year and about two months after the semester began, I entered first grade at West School on Farragut Street in northwest Washington. After the first few days of being escorted to school I walked to and from school alone. There were no school buses in Washington. Students, even very young children, either walked to school or took public transportation. Recently when I looked at a map of that area of Washington to trace the route I would have taken on that walk to school I was surprised at how far it actually was, at least 6-8 blocks, and was equally surprised that I walked it alone. We would neither permit nor expect 1st grade students to walk to school today.

Because I entered school so late in the first semester, which ended in early January, and did not have any prior school experience, neither kindergarten nor preschool, I was "not ready to progress" by the end of the semester and therefore I was required to repeat the first semester of 1st grade in the spring semester of the school year, which started at the end of January. Washington had a staggered year program throughout the school system, with each grade starting in the fall and a second session of each grade starting in the spring semester. That system solved two problems: first, what to do with students who were "failing" in their grade so that they did not waste the entire



Art - Joe - NW DC - 1942-43

year, and also to permit two entry points for students once they had reached school age, so that they did not have to wait an entire year to begin school. I remained on this mid-year staggered schedule for the rest of my time in Washington schools, which continued through the first half of the 11th grade.

The entrance to our basement apartment on Buchanan Street was at the rear of a traditional two-story row house with full basement. As was customary in city houses of the time, alleyways ran behind the houses parallel to the street to provide access to detached wooden garages. The alleyways also provided access for garbage trucks that gathered household refuse from the galvanized trash cans that we kept behind each

house next to the garage. It was a great place to play, but not a safe place.

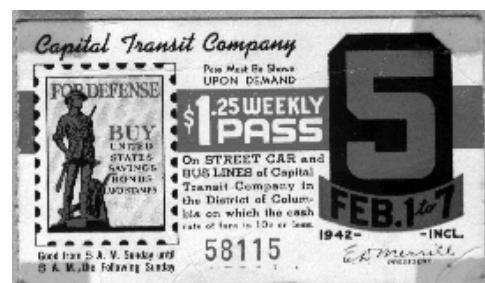
For some reason certain smells from the alley have stayed with me and they come back to me sometimes when I think about the alley, the most prominent of which is the odor of ether from a small can I found in some boxes that had been put out with the trash, and which I innocently and foolishly opened. I smelled it. It gave me a sick feeling but it was an unusual smell, somewhat sweet and not at all unpleasant and I liked to inhale just a whiff of it. I tossed the can away after a few whiffs, but I remember to this day the odor of ether mixed with other pungent smells of the alley.

We separated our garbage from our trash not because we were environmentally conscious but because paper trash was generally burned behind the houses in large drums used as incinerators and one of my childish activities was finding paper and cardboard trash to burn in these incinerators. Despite being in the first and second grade I was able to obtain matches easily at home because my mother was a heavy and constant smoker and packets of matches were always kept beside the ashtrays. I lit a lot of paper fires in the alley, mostly but not always in the trash barrels. I liked the smell of burning paper.



Buchanan Street sloped gently downward for several blocks all the way to Georgia Avenue, where we were able to board a trolley car on the 'Georgia & Alaska' route. At the top of Buchanan Street as we walked in the other direction up the slight hill

was a traffic circle that was the origination and termination point of several bus routes that went into downtown Washington or across town. A block or so beyond the traffic circle was the "Old Soldiers Home" that housed otherwise homeless and usually war-injured elderly veterans of World War I. To my chagrin I learned a few years ago that a second cousin, Major Charles Easterbrook, had spent his last few years at the "Old Soldiers Home." Weekly credit card-sized "bus passes" could be purchased for use on the transit buses, each week numbered consecutively on the brightly colored passes. Each Monday morning commuters threw their old passes into the street as they put the new passes into their wallets. The colorful passes were a neat collector's item for a kid, and I eagerly collected as many as I could, preferably before they had been run over and marred by tire tracks. I traded other kids for any missing weeks in my collection. These passes are still collectors' items.



The early 1940s were war years, a time of war saving stamps and war bonds, ration stamps and ration books, and enthusiastic patriotic support of the war effort, particularly in the schools. Soldiers visited West School to encourage buying Savings Stamps and on one visit to the school they showed off a shiny new Jeep that the soldiers said had been purchased with War Bonds purchased by our students. We

were given rides in the Jeep. Kids who had money to save could purchase savings stamps at school each week for ten cents or twenty-five cents and put them into savings booklets. We were encouraged to save every penny we could to help the war effort by purchasing savings stamps. When enough stamps were collected to fill the savings booklets with \$18.75 worth of stamps, students turned in the books to the school office and through some mysterious process we would receive a war bond from the government with a face value of \$25, which was redeemable for cash in ten years. I managed to accumulate several bonds, but I have no idea whatever happened to them, since they were in mother's custody in a box she kept in her top dresser drawer.

The family that owned the house and lived above our tiny basement apartment on Buchanan Street included an attractive young single woman in her 20s who was seriously ill with tuberculosis and was living at home with her parents. I believe their name was Long. She coughed a lot. On one occasion my brother Joe and I were sitting on the back steps that led from ground level near the basement door (that led to our walk-out basement apartment) and from there climbed upward to the kitchen door on the first floor. Mr. Long had been standing on a ladder painting the rear of the house when he dropped his bucket of white paint, which landed on my head, naturally upside down, spilling the paint through my hair, down my face, and covering my clothes. Joe, who had been sitting on a step below me, got splashed as well but not as badly since I had been hit directly by the can. I cried. [But I learned not to sit below someone who was painting.] The rest of the afternoon was spent in the tub in the Long's bathroom, with lots of turpentine, as my mother tried to get the oil-based paint off my body and out of my hair. Some of the turpentine got into my eyes. My paint-soaked clothes were thrown out, an unfortunate thing since clothing was expensive and scarce in those war years and purchased only when necessary.

I remember very little about my first years at West School. I have a vivid memory of a very large mural painted on a roll of brown Kraft paper that had been fastened entirely across one wall of our classroom for a class project. It must have been spring. The drawing was of flowers and bunny rabbits, with lots of grass, sky and sun. I was not good at drawing, but I remember that I was expected to fill in the lines that someone else, possibly the teacher, had drawn on the paper. I remember large quart jars of different colors of thick water-based poster paint and large brushes (for a six year old anyway) that we used to spread the paint on the poster. The paint had a sharp and distinctive smell that I can still remember. My favorite color was light blue, which we used to paint the sky, so I concentrated on painting the sky.

West School burned coal for heat and hot water. Cinders from the coal furnace were spread on the playground to cover the dirt and absorb water. Apparently it was considered better than dirt for playground surface. One day in second grade I fell

down hard on my knees on the playground while running; the skin and some flesh on one knee was cut through and the wound was filled with blackened cinder pieces and ash. The wound was oozing unpleasantly by the time I arrived at the nurse's office. Such open wounds could lead to serious infection in a time when there were no antibiotics, so the cinders had to be removed, not a pleasant task for the one who has the job of cleaning the wound and even less pleasant for the injured. I remember trying to be brave as the cinders were wiped aggressively from the wound and disinfectant applied by the school nurse, but I cried anyway, and I felt humiliated that I had cried. I blurted out something to the effect that you should see my little brother cry, which even at that age I knew was a dumb thing to say and it made my humiliation even greater. This was only the second time that I could remember crying when I was a child.

Sometime during the almost two years that we lived in the damp basement apartment on Buchanan Street I caught pneumonia. I am particularly susceptible to lung diseases, such as pneumonia and bronchitis, and I have had periodic bouts with both. I coughed up heavy yellow-green mucous. I was deathly ill and I remember lying in the dark, then being bundled up in blankets and taken away in a car belonging to our upstairs neighbors to Providence Hospital, which I subsequently learned was a Catholic charity hospital in northwest Washington. It is still there. I have vivid memories of the white-frosted nurses flitting in and out of the room like so many ghostly spirits. I remember being alone much of the time and scared. A tent-like shroud was placed over my head. Apparently it was what was known in those days as an "oxygen tent" and was used to increase and concentrate the supply of oxygen for those who were having trouble breathing. My father had been in one when he died. I was in the hospital for several days before I was allowed to go home.

Our basement living area had been separated into makeshift "rooms" by blankets nailed to the wooden rafters that served as our ceiling. Living in a cold damp basement apartment in a Washington winter must have encouraged illness. I am prone to bronchitis, and it is possible that the damp basement may have been a precipitating factor that made me more susceptible to this illness than I might have been otherwise. About this same time I came down with chicken pox, as did most younger elementary students in those days. The large scabby pox on my skin were itchy; and to keep me from scratching myself, my mother put socks on my hands and sewed them to my pajamas. A very odorous brown salve (ichthamol) was put on the pox several times a day. Like most kids, I survived a range of childhood illnesses.

The room was kept dark, not that hard to do I guess, since there were few windows in the basement and they were covered with blackout curtains that had to be closed tightly every night to block any light that might escape from the windows that could

point enemy bombers to the city. Air raid wardens were on duty on every block to make sure there were no visible lights outside the houses. Cars on the road at night had to have their headlights covered in black with only a narrow slit of light ("cat's eyes") visible. Of course there were no enemy bombers overhead, but we had to pretend there were in case some night they really did come to bomb us. No one felt the need to explain how enemy bombers would be able to fly far enough to appear in the night sky over Washington.

Only fragmentary memories remain from those days on Buchanan Street. I have a vivid memory of being given a ride around the block on a green Cushman motor scooter, courtesy of a neighbor. The Cushman scooter was unique in its day, in many ways designed like the Vespa today, with a seating area over the encased engine and a platform in front for the driver's feet. The position was very much like driving a car. I don't think the Cushman had a transmission. I stood on the platform for the ride around the block.



Mother and Chick liked to take long Sunday walks and Joe and I had to go with them. Sometimes we walked through our neighborhood, heading off in one direction or

another, occasionally stopping to rest on a park bench. At other times we took a trolley or bus into the downtown area and walked around the mall (the open space between the Capitol building and the Washington Monument) or in the area around Dupont Circle and along Connecticut Avenue.

We lived in that basement apartment from November 1942 until the summer of 1944. In my second school year, 1943-44, I was in grades 1B and 2A. My school report cards for that year are missing.

In the summer of 1944 we moved from the basement apartment on Buchanan Street in Northwest Washington to a one-bedroom 2nd floor walk-up apartment at 119 Wayne Place in Southeast Washington, located at the corner of Wayne Place and Mississippi Avenue, quite far out from the center of the city and close to the boundary line separating Washington and Maryland. "Wayne Terrace Apartments" was a garden apartment complex located in the district known as "Congress Heights." There was no garden but there was a green lawn in front and in back of our building. The apartment complex consisted of several block-long rows of connected low-rise brick apartment buildings of two or three floors each, generally with two apartments on each floor. Frequently my mother sent me to pay the monthly rent of \$66, and that meant a long

Wayne Place Hill c1948.



walk up Wayne Place, which climbed a steep hill upward to the courtyard office of the "resident manager." I remember the manager as a small grumpy woman with her hair in a bun, who made me stand outside while she went inside to prepare a receipt for the rent payment, which was always in cash.

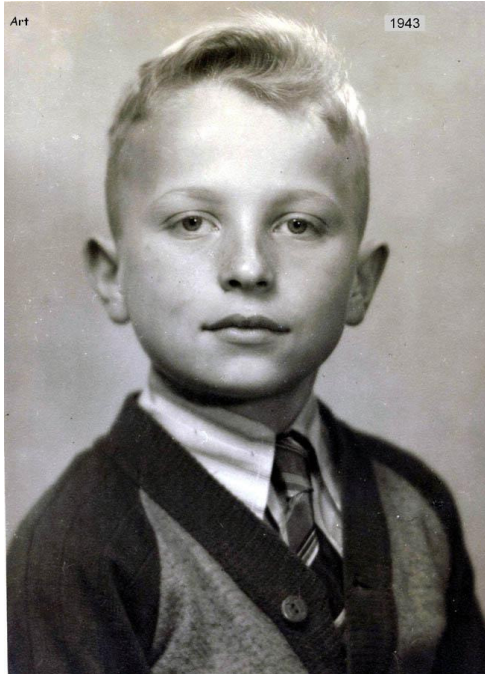
Across the alleyway that ran parallel to Wayne Place behind our apartment block was a vacant field with trees and heavy bushes at one end. The rest was in field grass, scrub and weeds, as if it had been cleared for construction but then abandoned. For a short period of time part of the land across the alley was used it for a community vegetable garden. Beyond that narrow strip lay a partially wooded field about an acre in size that my brother and I and our neighborhood friends played in and where we occasionally built forts that we could hide in and defend and in which we could play whatever aggressive boy games we could imagine. Sometimes we found large cardboard boxes that we could use as floors in the forts, which were great until it rained, when we had to throw out the mess and find new flooring material. The wooded area was a wonderful place to build forts, play hide and seek and cowboys and Indians, good guys and bad guys, Japs and Germans, and to hang swinging ropes from limbs and do whatever else boys do with a convenient wooded area.



The basement of the apartment complex was a labyrinth of interconnected rooms that ran beneath all the buildings on our block. Part of that complex of rooms was intended for washing and drying clothes. There were coin-operated front-loading washers in the nearest room. The entrance to the basement complex was reached by a short flight of stairs at the rear of the building. Several of the interconnected underground rooms were strung with clothes lines in long rows for hanging the wet laundry to dry. There were no electric dryers. Behind the apartment complex and across the alleyway about 100 feet from the basement door was a row of steel poles set into the ground with cross arms strung with clothesline rope for hanging clothes in good weather. Frequently, Joe or I or both were sent out with the laundry to hang, and when it was dry to take it down, fold it and put it into the clothes baskets. If it started to rain we had to make a mad dash outside to grab the clothes before they got too wet and either bring them back to the apartment or re-hang them in the basement laundry rooms.

The basement labyrinth made a wonderful playground, particularly in bad weather. Some of the rooms were empty, their intended purpose unknown. They were about 20' by 40' so we used them as places to ride our bikes, weaving in and out from room to room usually chasing each other, or playing war games with cap pistols, or sometimes even quiet games such as monopoly if we were not allowed to play in the house. Other rooms contained individual wooden storage cages about eight feet square in which residents could store items such as suitcases, window fans and Christmas decorations, to get them out of the small apartments. These "cages" were framed by 1" by 2"

wooden uprights spaced about 3" apart. Residents put their own padlocks on these storage cages. When someone moved away and left their storage cage vacant and unlocked we appropriated it for use as a club house or game room.



I figured out before long that if I put a lock on the cage and covered the insides of the slat walls with cardboard no one would realize that it was a "club house" and would leave it alone. Sometimes the maintenance man would discover that we had seized a storage room and would make us abandon it—temporarily anyway. We had no difficulty getting "orange crates" or "apple boxes" at the grocery store, out of which we made desks and chairs and whatever else we felt like making to furnish our clubhouse. I discovered that I could get lighting in the clubhouse by connecting an extension wire to a ceiling light fixture and running it over the lockers into my clubhouse. In the summer when it was hot outside we could retreat to the clubhouse, where it was cool.

My mother was oblivious to what we were doing in the basement and seemed not to notice or care that we were not in the apartment, and my stepfather was not around much. Our imaginations were not limited by practical considerations so we had a great deal of fun out of what would be considered today very little to work with. It taught me some lessons that I was not aware of until later in life—including the fact that I could make do with what I had and there was always a way to accomplish whatever I could imagine.

A parking area behind the apartment complex was not large, apparently built to accommodate 10-12 cars with one parking space for each two or three apartments. Most residents did not have cars; it was wartime and gas and tires were rationed. The parking area was almost never filled, but there was an old Ford Model-A coupe parked there that still ran and in which I was given a ride on several different occasions. Public transportation was excellent in Washington, with regular bus service running along major arteries.

Street cars (trolleys) ran throughout the downtown area and into the suburbs of Washington, some even going quite far out of the city to Great Falls Park in the Virginia suburbs or to Cabin John, Maryland, or Glen Echo, an amusement park in the Maryland outskirts near northwest Washington, or to Rock Creek Park and the

Washington Zoo. A creek ran across one of the roads through Rock Creek Park in those days, and to travel that road it was necessary to drive through the ford across the road. The ford wasn't very deep, probably not more than 12 inches unless it had recently rained but if you drove through the ford too fast the rushing water could splash up onto the engine and cause the car to stall; and the brakes did not work very well when they were wet. Sometimes we brought along food for a picnic, usually hot dogs to cook over a wood-burning grill in the park. Wood was readily available, gathered from fallen tree branches that lay scattered through the woods.



119 Wayne Place SE DC - rear yard

Our one-bedroom apartment was on the second floor. We had neighbors directly across the hall. There were two apartments downstairs. The bedroom that Joe and I shared was located at one corner of the building, so it had a view up Wayne Place and down Mississippi Avenue. Joe and I had bunk beds stacked along the inner wall of the lone bedroom. The bunk beds were military surplus, bought from an Army-Navy store and painted army olive drab. Wires were strung between the wooden side frames of the bed and were connected to springs that were held by eye bolts to the frame. A thin cotton mattress covered the wire supports. There was a ladder at the foot of the bed. I was assigned the upper bunk. I wasn't happy about it, but that was the way it was and there was nothing I could do about it. The rationale was that I was less likely to fall out of the upper bunk because I was older.

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It was still war time in Washington DC and we were taught some useful skills in school, such as how to recognize various enemy aircraft by their silhouettes in the night sky. We were issued airplane cards about the size of a deck of playing cards, with the black silhouettes of Japanese and German fighter planes and bombers viewed from the bottom as if looking up to the sky, as well as in side view, with descriptions and names of the planes that we were expected to memorize. We also had silhouettes of American, British and French planes so that we could determine whether the planes we saw were friend or foe. I guess the point was that we were supposed to report the presence of enemy planes to the Air Raid Wardens, but no one ever told us what we were to do with the information. I suspect these cards would have been more useful to troops on the front line than they were to elementary school children in 2nd grade in the outskirts of Washington. They were used like flash cards. You could hold up a particular card and your friend had to identify it. I guess the cards gave the kids some sense that they were able to contribute to the war effort.

Victory Gardens were encouraged and public land (and even private land) was made available to the public for growing vegetables. It was our patriotic duty. The assumption was that each person who grew his own vegetables helped to make the public supply go farther and so the war effort was helped. I insisted successfully that we had to make a garden to help feed the troops and even some of our neighbors joined to help with their own gardens. We cleared a patch of ground next to the clothes poles and divided it up into manageable plots about 10 feet by 10 feet. I planted radishes, carrots, lettuce, green onions and string beans. We bought seeds, a bag of cow manure (because Chick insisted that made the best fertilizer) and some garden tools—shovel, rake, hoe. There was no water anywhere near the garden. The Washington summers are long, hot and sometimes dry. We had to carry water in a watering can (another necessary purchase) from the laundry tubs in the basement, across the yard to the garden. Some of the water made it that far. Some didn't.

Agricultural production did not reach expectations. I discovered that radishes grew best, getting to be quite large. The carrots were a bit too small and malformed, but most disappointing was the lettuce. It grew as individual green and purple leaves. For

a long time I thought there was something wrong with my lettuce because it would not turn into a head as I expected — but eventually Chick told me that there were different kinds of lettuce and he had bought seeds for a kind that was attractive and easy to grow but did not form into heads and I would just have to get used to it. Some of my neighbors grew some pretty nice gardens and they shared their produce with us. Some grew tomatoes. I don't think my garden patch ever grew enough to cover the cost of seeds and tools and I never did figure out how my radishes were going to help feed the army. Even so, I guess the investment in the educational experience was worth it even if it was not a significant result for the war effort.

During the war years of the 1940s many things were rationed -- gasoline, sugar, coffee, meat, butter, rubber. Each person, adult or child, had a ration book issued to him or her periodically containing pages of tiny coupons separated by perforations, each coupon worth a particular point value for each product that was rationed. You could only use these coupons (they were called ration stamps) during the designated weekly period for which specific stamps were valid. While not legal, sometimes people traded rationed items or ration stamps that they did not need in order to obtain items that they needed.

Rationing of some consumer goods and food stuffs continued through the end of World War II and for a short period of time afterwards until the economy was stabilized and consumer goods were more plentiful. We had to be very careful of items that were rationed, to use them sparingly and not to waste them. If we had owned a car, we would have had our gas usage rationed, as well as our tires (because rubber was rationed).

We had to be careful with soap. When a bar of soap was too small to use we put the fragments into jars with water and made our own liquid soap. Fat and grease from cooking were saved in cans and turned in at grocery stores. Metal of all kinds, including tin cans, was saved and recycled through periodic scrap drives presumably to make planes, tanks and ships, or so we were told anyway. During the war years and for quite some years afterward there were "paper drives" to collect newspapers, not as part of an ecological movement but because they were necessary to the war effort (I never did understand the connection, but we did our duty).

When I was in the Boy Scouts one of our regular Saturday projects was collecting newspapers and magazines throughout the community, filling cars with them, and turning them in at newspaper collection sites and scrap yards located throughout the city. We would go out in groups of two or three in cars and collect old newspapers from the residents of the apartment houses, who had set them aside for us until we came to collect them. The parent with the car would take hundreds of pounds of

newspapers to the collection centers, where they would be weighed, and we would be paid by the hundred weight, money that was plowed back into the youth programs, church camps and various youth activities.

My Boy Scout troop met at the Covenant Baptist Church, was led by men from the church, and most of the boys in the troop were associated with the church. We went on camping trips. We took trips to Great Falls Park and to the various Civil War Battlefield Parks for picnics and historical trips. There were many such parks and battlefields around Washington. We traveled to the Blue Ridge Mountains and to the Shenandoah Valley. We camped in various places.

Some vivid memories from those years at the apartment on Wayne Place have stayed with me. Milk was delivered door to door in glass quart bottles by the milk delivery man. Milk was pasteurized but not homogenized, which meant that the cream rose to the top of the bottles. Milk bottles had narrow necks and were stored in wooden crates with wire rack separators to keep the bottles apart and upright, each crate covered by a mound of crushed ice to keep the milk as cool as possible until it was delivered. This was before the days of refrigerated trucks. Water from the melting ice ran down to the floor of the truck and then down to the road, so you could follow the trail of the milk truck by the trail of water it left behind. Sometimes the milk man would let us ride along in his truck while he was making deliveries, and then I would help by filling the metal carrier that he used to deliver the milk to the doors of the apartments, where the bottles were left in metal insulated boxes kept outside each apartment door. A fruit and vegetable dealer used to come through the neighborhood each week on a horse-drawn cart with a clanging bell to announce his arrival. Fresh corn, tomatoes and peaches were sold from the cart. Sometimes mother bought produce from the cart, particularly when the carter had ripe watermelon because then we did not have to haul it home from the grocery store.

It snowed in Washington several times a year and we welcomed the snowstorms and listened for the early morning radio announcement that school would be closed for the day. Then we had opportunity to build a snow man, or to pull our Flexible Flyer sled up the long Wayne Place hill and slide down in the middle of the roadway, across Mississippi Avenue, which intersected with Wayne Place about three-fourths of the way down the hill and then continue down the short section of Wayne Place on which our apartment building stood. We hoped that there was no traffic on Mississippi Avenue for us to run into, and most of the time we were lucky. When we saw a car as we approached the intersection we had to roll off the sled and pull it over onto us to stop before crashing into the car. It was dangerous but it did not seem so at the time; it was just what you did in order to use the sled on the roadway. We never had to worry about traffic on Wayne Place hill while there was snow on the ground, because

there was simply not enough traction for a car to drive up the hill or to stop while going down the hill.

One of our adult neighbors built a long toboggan, about ten or twelve feet long, with a separate front section that pivoted for steering the unwieldy vehicle. A lot of kids could ride on that toboggan and it was exciting when we got a chance to use it. Going down the hill was fun, but the toboggan was quite heavy and pulling it up the Wayne Place hill was quite a chore, but worth the effort.

A few cars were parked on Wayne Place in front of our building but car ownership was not common and I don't remember that anyone in our building had a car. There was a short period in the late 1940s during which Chick had a sales job with Timken Roller Bearing Company, which provided him with a black 1941 Ford coupe with a bench seat in front and a flat wide wooden platform built behind the front seat that was designed for catalogs or samples. Chick put apple crates on the wood platform behind the front seat for my brother and I to sit on, and because we were sitting higher than the driver, we had to bend our heads because the roof of the car did not provide us enough room to sit upright. Most of the time we could not see very much during our periodic drives. Apparently it did not occur to Chick that he could have put a pillow on the boxes to make the sitting a bit easier. The 1941 Ford was subsequently replaced by a different and later model car, a late 1940s model white Chevrolet.

During the years when we had a car we went on regular Sunday outings that frequently involved a drive through the rural countryside, sometimes eating Sunday dinner at a roadside restaurant in Waldorf or La Plata Maryland, with "chicken in the basket" (southern fried chicken and French-fried potatoes) a fairly common and reasonably-priced option chosen for us from the menu. These "road houses" had coin-operated juke boxes that played an assortment of popular and country-western songs.

Some counties in Maryland allowed slot machines. They were illegal in most counties around Washington as well as in Washington. I argued for money to play the slot machines and Chick gave me all the standard arguments why these gambling machines were a waste of money. On one of our Sunday jaunts he decided to teach me a lesson about the futility of gambling. He gave me a few dimes and told me to go ahead and put them in the machines, that I would waste them all. On my third and last dime I hit the jackpot and came back to the table with a handful of coins, I think 50. Neither of us said anything. He pocketed the dimes (it was his investment, I guess) and we left the restaurant.

Sunday drives were the only activity that I can recall in which we participated as a family, with the exception of the Sunday afternoon walks at which Joe and I were

reluctant participants. That seems odd as I look back at it, but even this regular Sunday outing was not done with any thought as to the interests of Joe or me. It was just what we did on Sunday afternoon. Even our involvement with Sunday school and church attendance had this strange disconnected aspect to it. When Chick and mother attended church it was generally by themselves.

During these early years Joe and I attended the fundamentalist Covenant Baptist Church located on Yuma Street, a dirt road beyond the open field behind our apartment. Yuma Street was rutted and muddy and lined by a few small rundown houses. That area was called "the valley" because it was a low-lying area that was repeatedly flooded when Oxen Run, the local creek, overflowed whenever we had heavy rains, which happened frequently in the hot and muggy Washington summers. To get to the church we walked across the alley behind our apartment, through a weed-filled field beyond that sloped gently downhill to the unpaved dirt road.

The church building was small. A center aisle divided 8 or 10 rows of hard wooden folding chairs that served as the congregation's sitting area. There was a center pulpit at which the minister presided over the one-room church. Below it was a tired beat-up piano that was played with gusto during the services. At the right side of the platform on which the pulpit stood was a door leading into the second room of the church building. The minister and his wife lived back there. The small congregation was enthusiastic, frequently interrupting the preacher with "amen" and other exclamations of support or emotion that we associate with Pentecostal churches.

I do not know if the meager offering in the collection plate on Sunday morning was the minister's only source of support or whether he had a "real" job during the week. The minister was tall (or so he seemed to me, but I was in elementary school), loud and gruff. His wife was an obese woman who sat in a large wooden rocker near the piano just outside the door to their personal living space, rocking incessantly, perspiring profusely and fanning herself rapidly with a paper fan stapled to a stick that advertised the local undertaker's services. I don't remember seeing her get out of that chair. She said Amen a lot.

I remember being called up to the pulpit by the minister to read from the Bible. That occurred pretty regularly and it made me feel important. I don't think I attended there very long, because by the time I was in fifth or sixth grade I was attending a Baptist church quite some distance away that was located diagonally across South Capitol Street from Congress Heights Elementary School, which I had been assigned to as of the fall semester of 1947.

My mother and Chick did not like the emotional display or the free-flowing spirit of that church; it made them uncomfortable, just as it would make me uncomfortable today. Worshipers at Covenant Baptist shouted out occasionally during the service. I do not know whether Covenant Baptist was a Southern Baptist church; it may have been one of the splinter Baptist groups, such as the Free Will Baptists, that generally had uneducated ministers who believed they had been "called" to the ministry by God and therefore did not need education -- God would tell them what to say or would speak through them.

I do not remember whether mother and Chick ever went to church there with Joe and me, but generally they attended a Presbyterian church that met in the Atlantic Theater about three long blocks away (which did not show movies on Sunday in those days). The Presbyterians eventually built their own church building an additional three or four blocks away from our apartment. It was a long walk particularly in inclement weather but walking was the only option. That Presbyterian church was more "northern" in style and more like the services my mother and Chick were accustomed to in New England. Joe and I attended church with them on a few occasions, but that church seemed very strange, very formal, singularly uninteresting and very unwelcoming and I resisted getting involved.

My mother and stepfather slept on a double bed in the living room, just inside the front door of the apartment. The bed was covered by a shiny pink satin quilted spread. There was a wardrobe that held their clothes at the foot of the bed; it was made of cardboard on a wooden frame. There was also a small dresser. The one bathroom was directly across the hall from the bedroom Joe and I shared. The apartment was tiny and crowded, but we had few possessions, even then. My brother and I each had a small unpainted 24-inch wide wooden dresser, with a 4-ft piece of plywood laid across the top of the dresser, supported by the dresser at one end and by legs at the other, so that we each had a "desk" on which to work. Joe and I shared the closet. We did not have very many possessions, but we did not feel a lack of possessions and we certainly did not feel poor, although by most standards we were.

In the tiny dining room together with Chick's books on makeshift shelves we had a family radio that served as our primary source of entertainment. Saturday and Sunday evenings in particular we listened to the great radio shows — *Jack Benny*, the *Great Gildersleeve*, *Jack Armstrong All American Boy*, the *FBI In Peace and War*, *The Shadow*, *Hawaii Calls*, and other memorable programs of the great radio era before television. Our imaginations allowed us to visualize the action as it was dramatized by the radio cast, a feat that is impossible to imagine now that we live regularly with television and we do not have to imagine anything. We ate our big Sunday dinner after church in the early afternoon. On Sunday evenings typically we had a light meal, soup

perhaps or cereal, and some times, particularly if Chick was out of town, we had homemade ice cream sundaes, root beer or ginger ale floats.

We had a pretty regular Saturday routine. Joe and I went to the movies every Saturday afternoon. We went to the one o'clock show at the Atlantic Theater, located several blocks away along Mississippi Avenue at South Capitol Street in a small shopping area. Around the corner from the theater was a High's Ice Cream store and the barber shop where I got my hair cut. Movies cost a quarter. The Saturday movie program typically began with cartoons and previews of "coming attractions," followed by the feature movie, a Roy Rogers or Gene Autry western, sometimes a musical with Bing Crosby or a comedy with Bob Hope, sometimes a horror movie, perhaps Frankenstein, sometimes a comedy, sometimes The Three Stooges. Occasionally there was a double feature. In lower elementary school my mother gave my brother and I each a quarter and sometimes a little extra for popcorn or candy. Cartoons and previews were shown first so if there was a line and we were delayed getting into the show we would not miss the start of the feature movie. Shows were continuous and we could see the repeat of the cartoons after the first feature show if we wished or we could see the feature twice if we wished, but I do not remember that we ever remained for a second showing. Sometimes one of us went to the movies with a friend.

In the late afternoon typically 4:30 or 5:00 o'clock we had our Saturday evening baths. If Chick was at home Joe and I ate an early dinner alone, then had to be in bed by 7 p.m. so mother and Chick could go out. As odd as this may seem I think this pattern continued as long as we lived at that apartment, which was until June of 1953 when I was almost seventeen years old. The practice had continued so long that we were used to it, I guess, and we had learned various techniques to cope with it.

We were required to stay in our room when Chick and mother went out. I am not sure why it mattered to them so long as we stayed in the apartment, but apparently it did. To make sure that we did not leave the bedroom Chick tied a string from the door knob of the bedroom door to the door knob of the bathroom door directly across the hall. Opening the bedroom door broke the string and there was no way to replace it from inside the room once it was broken. Occasionally one of us had to go to the bathroom so the string was broken. The explanation must have worked because I do not recall any punishment, although there were sometimes questioning looks about whether we were telling the truth. So while we did not always stay in bed, we were largely confined to our bedroom.

My mother and stepfather went out pretty much every Saturday evening. They took a taxi. Frequently they went to the Casino Royale, a nightclub in downtown Washington with a Chinese menu. Mother told me about another nightclub that they went to

occasionally but I do not remember its name. They must have gone other places, but they didn't usually say where they had gone. We did not see them again until Sunday morning. They drank cocktails when out but I was never aware that they used alcohol to excess and so far as I know we did not keep alcohol at home.

I must have been a compliant child. When I had reached the point where I no longer feared getting out of bed while they were gone, I got up and read. I learned to escape into the world of reading and imagination. I was an escapist reader throughout the elementary school years. I read in class by hiding a book in my desk or my notebook or concealed in a textbook; I read at home and did not hear mother yell at me to take out the trash or bring in the laundry. I got into trouble frequently for not listening or for being in another world. It was a good coping mechanism for the time. I read every Hardy Boys, Tom Swift, Nancy Drew, Radio Boys and Bobbsey Twins book that I could find, and owned many of them, which I traded to anyone who had one I had not read. I read Civil War stories and other historical fiction. I brought home books from school from the library basket that was delivered to our classrooms each week from the public library. I went to the library's "bookmobile" that frequented our neighborhood. I asked for books for Christmas and birthdays. I read a lot of science fiction, particularly by Robert Heinlein, who was a very prolific writer in those years. There were a number of writers during the 1940s and 1950s whose books I eagerly read. I was a classic "escapist" reader.

I was a good reader by the time I was in the 5th and 6th grades. Mostly I was bored by school, bored by students laboring through reading passages aloud from the reading book, bored with kids laboring to do basic math. I read constantly. My reading allowed me escape from what was going on around me and to withdraw into my own world. I became very adept at concealing books in my workbook or in my lap - and from time to time I got "caught" and embarrassed by being called on when I was not paying attention. I got into trouble on numerous occasions at home and at school for reading when I was supposed to be doing something else. I subscribed to *My Weekly Reader* during the school year, which was given out in class and had some learning activities in it that were challenging and fun; and I always subscribed to the *Summer Weekly Reader* edition, which was mailed to my home through the summer.

My report cards during elementary school showed marks that were mostly "satisfactory" with an occasional "outstanding" and sometimes a "not ready" [i.e., not ready to progress in that subject]. There were frequent comments from teachers to the effect that I needed to pay more attention to details and to learn my number facts including the multiplication tables, and in turn there were comments mostly from my stepfather to the effect that he would supervise my work at home and for teachers not to let me get away with sloppiness or poor performance. Teachers

occasionally commented about my day dreaming and not paying attention in class. Chick considered me lazy and perhaps I was.

In the 6th grade at Congress Heights School I became a favorite of the school principal, Ms. Eva Trusheim. I became a sort of teacher's pet, in a way of speaking, to my 6th grade teacher, Ms. Frances Patterson, and between the two of them I was able to get away with not being in class a great deal of the time. I was on the Safety Patrol, which got me out of class a few minutes early so



Art Joe Mother c1947 Picnic Ft Foote MD

I could go to my assigned crossing place. I was an audio-visual operator and got out of class to run "lantern projectors" which projected 4-inch square glass enclosed transparency slides onto a blank wall. Each week (with another boy) I delivered to each classroom the basket of books that came from the public library and picked up the baskets from the previous week and took them back to the storeroom. I assisted with teacher supplies distribution; each week I went around and delivered chalk, erasers, paper, pencils, pens, ink, whatever was on the supply list requested by a teacher. I gave out the graham crackers and milk at morning recess, and delivered the large containers of graham crackers each week to the classrooms.

Elementary classrooms each had a "cloakroom" - a long narrow closet that students could enter at one end from the school corridor and pass through into the classroom at the other end, with hooks on each side of it for hanging up coats and raincoats, a shelf above for lunches, and space underneath the coats for boots and rubber overshoes that we wore when it rained or snowed. Half-pint milk cartons were delivered to the school and placed in the cloakroom by the time of the mid-morning recess. Each student had milk and graham crackers at recess time, after which we went outside to the playground.

There were no office secretaries in elementary schools, so when Ms. Trusheim had to be out of the office, she came to my classroom, called me out of class, and had me sit in her office to answer the phone. Sometimes I had to write "admit" slips for students to get into class if they arrived at school later in the day, perhaps having a doctor's appointment early in the day, and I signed the Principal's name and my initials under it, and recorded the slip in the log book. I got to play school principal a lot. Needless to

say Ms. Patterson was less than happy with my lack of attention, but because I was a pretty good student she did little more than complain about my time out of class.

I was in love with Betty Cox in grade 6. She was cute, with freckles and curly hair. She was always very well dressed with pretty dresses, white ankle-length socks and two-tone oxford shoes. During morning recess the typical social interaction among students not otherwise occupied with playing ball or using the "monkey bars" was the boys chasing the girls, who would run and hide in the girls room. The boys would go away, perhaps playing ball, the girls would eventually come out and the chasing would continue as before, the girls screaming coyly as they ran. I liked to chase Betty. She and I would talk sometimes, and when we had square dancing for a social activity or shared classroom activities I would try to get her to be my partner.

I always looked forward to the Christmas season in Washington. Downtown Washington had a number of major department stores located in the shopping area in the general vicinity of 7th Avenue, north of Constitution and Independence avenues. The major downtown stores at that time were Woodward & Lothrop, Kann's, the Hecht Company, and Lansburgh's. There were no suburban shopping malls. Shopping was done downtown. Each of these department stores was a multi-story building with six or seven floors of merchandise with elevators and escalators to move from one floor to another. At street level the display windows along 7th Avenue were stunning. Every year each store tried to outdo its competitors with spectacular animated window displays and we always came downtown to see them several times during the pre-Christmas shopping season, and we also went to the toy floor to see Santa Claus.

Of course each store had its Santa Claus, set in a quite elaborate display, where Joe and I would sit on Santa's knee and tell him what we wanted for Christmas. I remember being a bit confused about how Santa got into all those stores at the same time, while also being outside on the street corners with the Salvation Army kettles with the brass band playing behind him, but mother explained that Santa could not be everywhere at once so he had some helpers that were made up just like him so we could not tell which was the real Santa.

World War 2 ended in 1945. I have only vague memories of the war years. The shortages and inconveniences that we went through while living with the war didn't affect me very much. We had canned meat (Spam) and we used maple syrup on hot cereal (because sugar was scarce and rationed). There were a number of other limits on what was available in grocery stores. It was what I was used to. But there are two memories that stand out. One was V-E Day (the day that the war in Europe was won). I was standing on the corner of Wayne Place and Mississippi Avenue right outside our apartment building and I had a small pile of newspapers and I remember shouting "V-E

Day" and "read all about it" as I sold a few newspapers for a nickel to people coming home from work. I have no idea where the newspapers came from, but they were probably given to me as "extras" by the kid who delivered the afternoon paper. This was some time before I had my own route.

The other war-related occasion that I remember clearly was New Year's Eve - December 31, 1945. I was 9 years old. Mother and Chick had taken Joe and I on the bus into downtown Washington to celebrate New Year's Eve. The streets were filled with people in what must have been a pretty large and enthusiastic celebration, probably the first of its kind since the war started since we lived under "blackout" conditions during the war. Sailors and soldiers were returning back to the U.S. in great numbers, and of course Washington was the wartime center of activity. Hundreds of soldiers and sailors were on the streets of Washington joining the celebration. A group of sailors, obviously drunk and happy, came carousing down the street toward us and one of the sailors had a wad of money and was handing out bills to whomever he passed. He handed me a \$20 bill. I was reluctant to take it but Chick said to take it and put it in my pocket since the sailor was going to give it to someone anyway and it might as well be me. That was a huge amount of money at that time.



By the time I was in the 4th grade I got my first job earning my own spending money as a "bag boy" at a Safeway supermarket about one-half mile away from our apartment. The store did not employ us but allowed kids to bag groceries as volunteers because it gave us an opportunity to solicit business. I took my wagon to the store, bagged groceries and asked the customers if they wanted me to help them by taking home their groceries. When someone wanted to have their groceries taken home in the wagon, I pulled the wagon load of groceries to their home for tips. Some trips were long or required pulling the wagon up hill. Sometimes I got no tip from a stingy shopper who took advantage of the delivery service and there was nothing I could do about it but go back and try to get a customer who was more responsible or more considerate. Ten or fifteen cents was customary; a generous tip was a quarter. On a good Saturday I could make a dollar or two.

My first paper route came when I was 10 years old. I delivered a free weekly paper, *The Shopping News*, to each apartment in the area, for which I was paid \$1 per week. It took about an hour and a half to deliver the papers. That was a pretty good income

for a ten year old in 1946. By the time I was 11 I had acquired a regular daily newspaper route, the *Washington Evening Star*. Another boy and I received our Star papers from the distributor at the same corner, after which we went in different directions. The boy was perhaps a year older than me.

Sometimes we were both waiting at the corner before the papers arrived. If it was raining we waited in the hallway of the apartment building on that corner. The boy smoked. I tried a cigarette and gagged on it. I decided that smoking was not fun. One day the boy had a very strange comic book. It was printed in black and white and it had caricatures of nude people, with grotesquely huge sexual organs, and they were doing things that I did not understand, but I did not want to say that I did not understand so I just laughed when he laughed. It was my first experience with pornography. I was a very naïve kid. The boy got the comic book from a neighbor who was a sailor.

By age 12, I had a larger paper route some distance away from my neighborhood delivering the afternoon edition of the *Times Herald*, and after three or four months I was able to get a morning route for the *Times Herald*. Mornings were preferable (at least for me) because they did not interfere with playing after school or school activities in which I occasionally participated, such as running track during junior high school. The following year I got a morning newspaper route delivering *The Washington Post*.

Each of those daily newspaper delivery routes was a small business. When I took over a route I had to solicit new customers to build my route. I bought my papers wholesale from the circulation department. I collected the weekly or monthly amount from customers by going door-to-door. At the end of each month I was given a bill by the newspaper's route manager for the papers delivered to me that month and I paid for my papers from the money collected from my customers. I got to keep what was left over, the difference between what I collected from my customers and what I paid for the papers.

I did not like the "collecting" part of the job. I had to go around my route for collections when people were home. With 100 customers it took a long time, and because people were not always home it meant going out several times in the late afternoon or early evening, and even on Saturday. Sometimes customers moved away without paying and I was stuck with the bill. The newspaper always got its money from me whether or not I was able to collect from the customer. These were early lessons in capitalism and the workings of the economic enterprise.

Newsboys were able to purchase specially built heavy-duty newspaper delivery wagons from the newspaper company. They were made of wood and came with high "stake" sides that were removable, red-spoked wooden wheels with a roller-bearing hub and a steel tire tread that made contact with the road or sidewalk. They were fun to ride even when not using them for newspaper delivery. We could kneel on the bed of the wagon and use the other leg to "pump" the wagon just as you would a scooter.

The various newspaper companies sponsored frequent contests among the paper boys to stimulate them to get more subscribers, the winners getting tickets to the Ringling Brothers - Barnum and Bailey Circus or to a Washington Senators baseball game or some other attractive event. I remember one contest with the grand prize a trip to New York City. I did not win that prize, but I usually got enough new customers to qualify for tickets to a ball game or to the circus or some lesser prize.

One Saturday while I was on walking to the neighborhood where I delivered newspapers to collect payments from my customers I had to walk quite a distance down Mississippi Avenue, then down the hill on First Street to Atlantic Avenue, then walk about what seemed like a mile up a long hill, when I saw a crowd gather quickly on the road ahead of me and a woman was screaming. A man was lying across the curb at the edge of the road, his chest crushed by the car he had been working on, blood coming from his mouth and nose along with gasps for air that seemingly he could not get. He had been working on the car and its hood was up. The car had slipped its brake and rolled over him and he had tried to stop it and fell underneath it. It made me sick. I was shaking, but I had to make the collections so I continued on my route. I had trouble sleeping for awhile afterward. That was the first time I had seen someone die.

When I had morning paper delivery routes I got up at 5 a.m. so that I could get to the "drop" point where I picked up my newspapers by 5:30 a.m. and get the papers delivered and return home by 7 a.m. Sometimes Chick got up early and made me a cup of hot chocolate on cold wintry days. There was pretty good money to be made from these paper routes. It was not unusual for me to net \$45 to \$55 per month after I had paid for my newspapers. In those days \$50 was a lot of money. Generally I had somewhere between 100 and 150 customers. I was not allowed to spend that money except for a special purpose such as Christmas. All the money was put into a jar in my parents' dresser and a record was kept in the jar of how much money was in it. Whenever my mother or Chick needed money they would take it from the jar and put in an IOU for the amount they had taken. After we moved from Washington to Virginia, while I was in high school, I never saw the jar again, but the last I knew there was more than \$1000 in IOU's in the jar. That was more than enough for a year of tuition at a state university.

In the summer 1947 we (mother, Joe, and I) took the coal-fired steam train *The Montrealer* from Washington's grand Union Station all the way to White River Junction, Vermont, the closest railroad station to Montpelier. There were Pullman sleeping cars on the train and we traveled in the relative luxury of a sleeping compartment that accommodated the three of us. There were two lower bunks made up at night from the lounge seats in the car, and an upper bunk that dropped down from the ceiling. It was a fun experience, although I was quite scared during the night when we went through a long tunnel on our way into New York and I realized we were under the Hudson River. The train stopped quite a while in New York city, sometime around midnight I think, before we started again on the trip through Connecticut and then on into Vermont. We arrived at White River Junction very early in the morning, just as dawn was approaching and the first glimmer of light was on the horizon. It was summer but I still remember how cold it felt when we got off the train in the semi-darkness. From there we boarded a green Vermont Railway bus for the long ride into Montpelier.

We met relatives in Montpelier that Joe and I had not met before, some of whom we had not even heard mentioned before. We stayed for a few days each at the homes of different relatives. We stayed first with Grandma Nettie Sanders Pierce, who lived in a 2nd or 3rd floor walkup in a multi-family house on a hilly shaded street of similar large multi-family homes. The house was situated on a rise and the rear of the house overlooked the huge Montpelier railway switching yard and 'roundhouse.' I remember the steam trains belching black smoke from their stacks, clouds of white steam billowing from their pistons with loud puffs, the shriek of their whistles, the creaking of the "round house" and switching yard as trains were moved from one track to another. In Grandma Pierce's house I remember the small black round heater in the living room for taking the chill out of the air that gave off the heavy sweet smell of burning kerosene.

We spent a few days with Grandma Pierce, then we stayed with Aunt Marian Pecor, who lived in the city in a large white house on a steep and winding road that was a challenge when we walked into town or wherever we went from there. Then we moved on to Cabot, Vermont to stay with Uncle Leon and Aunt Leona Lawson. Leon Lawson worked for Cabot Creamery, a dairy coop, and we were taken on a tour of its milk and cheese production facilities. I don't remember our Lawson cousins, except that they were older than Joe and I.

While we were in Montpelier we met but did not stay with Aunt Sandy (Elva) and her husband at that time, Danny Kellogg, and our cousin Annette Gregoire (daughter of Elva with a previous husband), who lived in an apartment over a bar where I think Aunt Sandy worked. The bar and apartment were on a main street in downtown Montpelier.

I have a vague recollection that Uncle Danny was a house painter and I remember him with splotched white painter's coveralls and a beer in his hand. He frequently smelled of booze and was sometimes drunk, but he was a happy and harmless drunk as I recall. I was a bit afraid of Annette, although she was about my age; she seemed exceptionally mature and daring, so "tough" and street smart and free, and something about her scared me. I am not sure why I felt that way toward her. Someone (probably Danny) took us to the Friday night stock car races somewhere near Montpelier. They were exciting to watch, particularly the last race where there were quite a few accidents and the winner was whoever managed to finish the race before his car broke down.

As I thought about it through the years the only relatives on my mother's side that I really liked were the Pecors. They lived in a white two story house on a steep hill in Montpelier, at 20 Pleasant Street. My memories at that house are mostly smells and sounds - the smell of toast in the morning, and the sounds from a wind-up Victrola (an old record player that did not need electric power) playing some popular tunes of the 1930s and 1940s, and in particular the hit tune, Blue Fedora. I liked the time we spent with the Pecors. They were obviously relatively poor, but they were fun and friendly. The oldest of the cousins were Joan (a year younger than me) and Carolyn (known as Kernie, a year younger than Joe). The four of us got along well and enjoyed our time together, although at times Joan and I paired off to do things, and Joe paired off with Kernie. The other cousins were younger and we did not do as much with them.

Camp Ridgwood (Pecor Camp) 1956



The Pecors had inherited a primitive hunting lodge (known as a "camp" in Vermont) situated on the top of a large heavily-wooded hill, I think in Waitsfield or that general area. We stayed at the camp for more than a week, and on the weekend other aunts, uncles and cousins came up to the camp. To get to the camp we went down a long dirt road

and past a dairy farm. We would stop at the farm to get "raw" milk, right from the cows. It was warm and rich. These days drinking raw milk is considered high-risk for disease and all milk is now pasteurized.

The camp was one of my favorite places when I was a child. During that first summer in Vermont we spent a week at the camp with our cousins. There was no electricity and

no running water. We used kerosene lanterns and candles for light in the evening. We cooked on a wood-burning stove.

Water came from a shallow well in the front yard that was fed by an underground spring. The wooden barrel that served as the body of the well was covered by a heavy board, which we had to lift off to get water for cooking and bathing. Milk and beer were kept in the well because the water was very cold. There was an "ice box" in the kitchen, but we had to go into town for ice, so frequently there was no way to keep food cold other than putting it into the well.

The camp had several rooms, including an open area on the second floor that was used as a sleeping loft, a den with a daybed, and a screened porch also with an old day bed that was used at night for sleeping. The very large kitchen had an old iron 6-burner wood-burning stove with a water reservoir at one end beside the firebox for heating water. Keeping the stove burning took a lot of effort for an 11-year old and one of my jobs that week was to split logs into small enough pieces that they would fit into the firebox, and to put more wood into the stove when it was needed. We would get into trouble for not refilling the reservoir when we took hot water out of it. Strung between two trees in the yard was an army surplus "jungle hammock" with canopy and mosquito netting that made a wonderful refuge for reading.

An outhouse was attached to the house and was reached from the kitchen, passing through the adjoining woodshed to the small room beyond. It was dark in the outhouse but some daylight got through the cracks. After dark it was necessary to take a lantern in with you. It was a typical outhouse - a bench seat across one end with a round hole cut into it. The outhouse door had a wooden latch. There was a wooden cover over the hole in the bench, hinged at the rear so that it could be lifted up while the toilet was being used and lowered when not in use to keep the smell down. There was a bag of lye in the corner. "Flushing" meant taking a scoop of lye and dropping it through the hole in the bench seat into the pit below.

I acquired two hobbies during these years, collecting stamps and building model airplanes. Some of the planes were small models meant for a display shelf, the fuselage cut from a solid block of balsa wood using patterns provided in the kit. I wasn't very good at it and I didn't have the patience to struggle with my "X-acto knife" to coax an airplane fuselage out of a solid block of wood. Occasionally I built larger model planes with a balsa framework covered with tissue paper that was strengthened by painting with "airplane dope" that tightened the paper and gave the fuselage and wings a feel very much like lightweight metal. These planes were intended to be flown by mounting a small gasoline engine to the nose of the plane.

About 6th grade I purchased a small gasoline engine ("half-A") that I could mount on the nose of the light balsa wood planes that I constructed from kits purchased at a hobby store which, if I remember correctly, was located about a block from Congress Heights Elementary School on South Capitol street. I could fly the planes in a circle, attached by two guide wires to a hand-held controller that manipulated the guidance wires that controlled the planes altitude. The engines ran at only one speed, so the take-off was pretty fast and it was easy to lose control at that time. A friend held the plane on the ground or just above the ground after the engine was started until the operator reached the controller and was ready for the release. You had to fly these planes until they ran out of gas, then you hoped for at least some control until you got the plane on the ground, hopefully undamaged. Some of my friends had larger radio-controlled models, but they were too expensive for me to buy and I saw enough accidents with those planes that I did not have much interest in putting my money into one only to have it crash on its first flight.

Stamp collecting was facilitated by stamp clubs at school. Some of my friends collected stamps. Chick had a stamp collection and sometimes he gave me some of his duplicates. Hobby stores sold large packets of stamps from around the world that we could put into our stamp albums and trade duplicates with others who also collected stamps. Some mail order stamp companies would send out stamp collections and sets "on approval," which meant that you could look at the stamps sent through the mail periodically, decide which ones to buy, pay for them, and return the rest to the dealer.

I had a pretty good stamp collection by the time I was in high school, with "mint" (unused) copies of most commemorative stamps obtained directly from the post office on the day they were issued. The typical stamp used for postage cost anywhere from 3 cents to 13 cents during the period when I was actively purchasing stamps for my collection. I had so many world stamps that it was difficult to keep track of them despite them being mounted in three huge binders, so by high school I had begun to specialize in U.S. stamps solely. The rest of my stamp collection disappeared later, probably when the family disintegrated during my 11th grade year when Joe and I moved into the home of friends and we had to abandon most everything we owned. I still have the U.S. stamps collection.



Chick Fowler c1949

We were not allowed to have friends visit in the apartment, not that we would have wanted to under the circumstances, as there was no place for them to "hang out" with us unless they were in our bedroom. There were a few other kids in the neighborhood, mostly younger. I remember Paul Finklestein, a fat Jewish kid, who lived in a duplex apartment about half a block away on Mississippi Avenue. He had been a 'Displaced Person' (DP) from somewhere in Europe. He spoke Yiddish at home. I was nosy and asked where they had come from. His mother told me they had been in a Nazi concentration camp when the war ended. They were held in the DP camp until they were given an entry visa into the United States. His mother yelled a lot, mostly in Yiddish and mostly at Paul. Their apartment had an odd smell of foods that were literally foreign to me. I didn't like Paul very much.

There were quite a few other kids in the neighborhood as playmates for Joe and me. We played in the immediate vicinity of the apartment block with whatever kids happened to be available. There was a lot of movement in and out of apartments in the Washington area in those days, so kids came and went and long term friendships were rare. My mother had some friends with whom she and Chick socialized. I remember a birthday party for one of the adults held in one of the basement rooms. Oddly I don't remember any children's parties—we celebrated birthdays with our families.

I have a few memories from these elementary school years. I had a red heavy duty scooter with ball-bearing wheels and a friction brake on the rear wheel. I "rode" it to school. It was a lot easier going to school in the morning, which was partly down hill, than it was to come back home, but it seemed like pretty good transportation at the time and I liked using the scooter. There was no reason to lock it at school, no one would steal it and it never occurred to me that there was an issue of locking it up.

One afternoon Joe was riding his scooter down an incline on the lawn in front of our apartment building. We were playing a war game of some sort and I talked Joe into riding his scooter down the slight grassy incline while I threw the heavy steel darts at the solid rubber front tire of his scooter. It seemed like fun to try to hit a moving target until I missed the wheel and the dart went directly into Joe's calf. It penetrated about an inch into his leg. I wanted to pull it out but Joe ran screaming to mother. She took away the darts and took Joe to the doctor for a tetanus shot. On another occasion when Joe and I were running down the stairs from our second floor apartment, Joe reached the bottom first and pushed hard on the door but hit one of the windows in the door rather than the frame and his elbow crashed through the window. Joe was badly cut on his upper arm and was bleeding profusely. I was in trouble again for chasing Joe. Joe must have been prone to injury caused in one way or another by his older brother.

It was now 1946 and I was ten years old. That was the year I got a bicycle for Christmas. Most of my friends already had bikes. One of my friends taught me how to ride it, by steadying it and walking behind me while I pedaled; then when it was moving with enough speed for me to balance it he would just let go and I would be on my own. Sometimes I would fall. One time I did not know he had let go and I was moving along until I realized that he was not holding the bike any longer and I discovered that I was riding by myself. From then on my bike was my constant friend and companion.

One of the more exciting games we played involved our bicycles; we called it "fighter planes." Our bicycles were, naturally, the fighter planes. We would play the game over an area of several blocks, using various driveways and alleys behind apartment buildings as "bases" from which we would try to "attack" and "shoot down" the "enemy" bicycles by coming at them from the rear by surprise. I'm surprised that we had no collisions either among ourselves or with the occasional cars that came through our neighborhood.

About three long blocks from our apartment down Mississippi Avenue to where it ended was Oxen Run Park, undeveloped and rather primitive as public parks go, but a stream (Oxen Run obviously) ran through the park. It was a good place for picnics except that you had to carry everything quite far, and it had a ball field. The kids I hung around with in elementary school did not play softball, baseball, or football, at least in any serious way. Sometimes a few of us in the neighborhood might play a pickup game of touch football in the yard of the apartment complex, but that is not quite like playing serious ball.

We did not venture to the field at Oxen Run Park very often but I remember a few times going to the ball field to watch from the sidelines. I did not know the kids who played there but I hoped that I might get to play. If the sides were uneven sometimes I was asked or allowed to play. However I was not very good at softball or baseball. I was inexperienced and awkward, so I was among the last chosen if it was a real game. I could not catch a ball very well and I usually struck out when it was my turn to bat, so I was quickly discouraged from trying to play. The "butterfingers" comments from other kids could be pretty cruel. But we did not have a softball or baseball at home and it was hard to learn without actually playing or throwing a ball. By the time I reached 7th grade I was getting better and while I was not a very good player at least I did not embarrass myself. By then I had a ball and mitt and we would play "catch" in the yard. [I did not get enough experience or encouragement at playing ball until we moved to Falls Church when I was in high school, and I played on the church team in a very competitive league. You learn fast. And apparently I had some aptitude because I soon went from a substitute to a regular player in center field, 3rd base or catcher.]

When Joe or I were sick no matter the ailment there was a universal treatment -- castor oil. Even today when I think about it I get chills up and down my spine. The taste of castor oil made me gag back then and even today I get shivers when I think about it. I was forced to take several tablespoons of it, followed by a chaser of something that was supposed to take away the bad -- orange juice or ginger ale were the usual chasers, and it was a long time afterwards before I was able to drink either ginger ale or orange juice. They even tried a new product that came out to try to make it palatable - cherry flavored castor oil. The cherry flavor made the taste worse and even harder to get rid of. If we had a chest cold there was an additional treatment, application of musterole to the chest, an ointment with a foul odor that created a burning sensation on the surface of the skin that subsided after ten or fifteen minutes but which told my mother the medicine was working. The philosophy apparently was that medication had to smell bad, taste bad or feel bad in order to be effective.

I was a member of the Safety Patrol while at Congress Heights Elementary. There were about ten of us on the patrol. We wore white safety patrol belts (known as "Sam Brown" belts) with a diagonal white band over the shoulder connected to the belt and an official badge pinned to the diagonal band. We had to get to school early, and our job was to serve as crossing guards at the intersections close to the school. We stopped traffic at crosswalks so students could cross the street, and we held back students who wanted to cross until there was no traffic or we had stopped the traffic. The Metropolitan Police sometimes helped us. Occasionally cars were parked illegally in the crosswalks that we were supposed to guard. The police gave us "courtesy tickets" that we could put on the windshields of offending vehicles that warned motorists that they were in violation of a parking law and next time were likely to get a violation ticket. It was fun to be able to issue real police tickets even if they didn't involve a fine. On several occasions we marched in parades in downtown Washington, including the presidential inaugural parade in January 1949. We wore our "dress uniform" on those occasions -- white long pants, white shoes and light blue shirts with our Patrol Belts and badges and felt pretty important marching behind military and other units that participated in these parades, which could be 2 to 3 hours long, with hundreds of marching units.

I recall a few friends from elementary school days: One was Billy Nelson, who lived at Livingston Manor, an apartment complex quite far from my apartment, a long walk down South Capitol Street across the Maryland line. I would go to his apartment occasionally on Saturdays by bicycle and sometimes (but not very often) he would come to my apartment. Another friend during these elementary years was Tommy Trainor, who was a year younger than me but older than Joe. We played at his apartment, which was located diagonally across Mississippi Avenue from our apartment, because his mother worked and was rarely home. I remember vaguely another neighborhood

playmate whose name I cannot recall but who became sick with something that kept him in bed most of the time. [I think it was rheumatic fever, which in the 1950s was a serious childhood disease.] I remember going over to his apartment to play games with him, and I remember songs which must have been playing on a record player in another room, in particular "Jimmy Crack Corn" sung by Burl Ives, which whenever I hear it brings to mind the scene of the boy lying in bed while we played games.

I started getting a regular allowance to cover my necessary expenses about the time I was in 6th or 7th grade. I do not recall exactly how much it was, but when I was in 7th grade it was \$5 per month. There was a condition, which was that I had to learn how to manage and keep track of my money, which I have come to see as a valuable lesson from hindsight. Out of that allowance money I had to buy school bus tickets (for riding on DC Transit Co buses, which I had to take to get to school; a book of 40 tickets, a month's supply, was \$1.20), haircuts \$.75, and movies \$.25 a week, plus anything I spent for candy, and school supplies. I was given a small bound ledger book and was told how to keep records of accounts; there was nothing complicated about it, just the date, the reason for the expenditure, the amount spent, and the remaining balance. I liked to manage the funds myself and see a cumulative "profit" that I could then spend on birthdays, or Christmas, or myself. I don't think we had a telephone in those days (at least I don't remember one). I remember walking about two blocks to the High's Ice Cream store to use the pay phone for a nickel when I wanted to call a friend. The rest of my money was "put away" in the savings jar in mother's dresser....

I have the impression that Joe was better behaved than I was. He was more dutiful. He argued less about chores that had to be done. He didn't forget to do his chores as often as I did and he did them without stalling; I was inclined to say I would do whatever it was after I finished a chapter in the book I was reading. He was more cooperative on doing things such as participation in memory contests. He knew his multiplication tables better than I did. I always thought of him as smarter than me, I think because early on in elementary schools his grades were better than mine. He got into trouble a lot less than I did.

Sometime around the time I was in 6th grade I joined the Boy Scouts, which met at the church. I became very interested in camping and in various scouting activities. As I passed up through the ranks from Tenderfoot to First Class Scout I had to learn various skills from knot-tying to fire-building, and after the basic skills had been mastered I moved on to acquire some of the "merit badges" that were necessary to reach Eagle Scout. I did not make it that far. I needed an "advisor" to supervise the various complex skills necessary to achieve a merit badge and I could not find anyone who could supervise the things I was interested in, such as "book binding" or "taxidermy" - so I had to acquire the merit badge instruction book for that skill and

work on my own. Eventually I successfully disassembled one of my "Hardy Boys" books, sewed the fascicles together, bound it in leather that I got at a hobby and crafts store, and engraved the title on the leather cover with a wood-burning instrument. It was a passable job, but I wondered why anyone would need to know how to do that when we could buy books at the store.

In January 1949 I "graduated" from *Congress Heights Elementary School* and entered Grade 7A at *Kramer Junior High School*. This was a much larger school that collected 7th graders from several elementary schools in Southeast Washington. It was located close to downtown Washington in the area known as Anacostia, adjacent to the "flats" that ran along the banks of the Anacostia River, which flowed into the Potomac River a few miles away. Kramer was located about two blocks from *Anacostia High School*. I traveled to and from school on the public buses of DC Transit. For the first time I had to get used to book lockers, gym lockers, moving from room to room for different classes, having six or seven different teachers, keeping to a rigid time schedule, and dealing with hundreds of new kids and with a new less personal way of schooling.

Junior high school opened up a new and expansive world. Teachers had very different requirements, expectations and teaching styles. I was expected to act responsibly and to keep up with my work. Escaping by reading and daydreaming was no longer possible. There were many new activities and clubs. I was required to take some classes that were "minors" and



were taken only for a semester or half a semester, apparently to stimulate interest and open up a range of possible academic and career options. At various times in the junior high years I was assigned classes in art, music appreciation, chorus, metal shop, wood shop and print shop. For college prep students, taking foreign language was mandatory. The choice was French or Spanish. I chose French. We ate our lunch in a cafeteria that served prepared food rather than eating lunch brought from home in a classroom as we did at elementary school, but most kids still brought their lunch from home and just bought drinks or maybe a dessert to go with the bag lunch.

Some teachers inspired awe or fear. Most feared was the Assistant Principal, "Black John" Koontz (of course only referred to as "Black John" when no adults were around). [He was not black, our schools were still segregated in Washington; he was called that

because he was feared.] Semester classes in non-academic practical courses were required: metal shop, working with sheet metal, metal cutters and soldering irons; wood shop for required woodworking projects; print shop, where we learned to memorize the type case, set type rapidly and run a printing press; and drafting class, where we had to learn to construct proper shop drawings. These were not areas that I liked and I did not perform particularly well. I did just enough to meet the requirements.

Unlike most of my classmates I did not like "gym" class (Phys Ed). We had to wear a gym uniform, memorize our locker combination, rush to undress and get into our gym uniform, perform calisthenics at the beginning of each gym class, learn the rules of various sports (on which we were tested) and take public showers, after which we had to dress quickly to get to the next class on time. The showers were the worst part; I hated to be nude in front of all those kids. I was physically smaller and not as well developed as many other kids. I was also conscious of being "different" because I was not circumcised, although I did not know the term at the time or what it meant. I had come across the term in the Bible as a distinguishing characteristic between Jews and non-Jews. One time I asked my mother what it meant. She told me that it had something to do with cutting off some of a boy's private parts, and she said that both Joe and I had been circumcised at birth. That was clearly not the case and it was obvious to me that she did not really know what it was.

I was not much good at most sports, never having had an opportunity to play them, but I discovered in gym class that I was faster than most other boys and the track coach (who was one of the phys ed teachers) noticed it also. He encouraged me to join the track team in 8th grade. I came out for practices and discovered that I was very fast to 75 yards, which was one of the competitive events. I did well in competition in the 9th grade. I also ran "anchor" in a 4-man relay race and had some success in meets against other schools. After graduating to high school I went out for track again, but at that level the competitive event was 100 yards, and I discovered that my speed allowed me to beat most kids to about 70 yards because I had very quick acceleration out of the starting block, but that after 70 yards I was overtaken and was not as competitive at 100 yards. So I dropped track. That was the last sport in which I participated at school.

I had new friends who lived a long way from me. That presented something of a challenge but I had a bicycle and Washington had good public transportation and I was used to traveling long distances. My best friend during these years was Donald Kirkpatrick ["Kirk"]. He lived



Donald Kirkpatrick - 1949

reasonably close to Kramer Junior High School, a long walk from school, in a single family house on 19th Street, just off Naylor Road. His family had a beach cottage on the Chesapeake Bay and he took me with him and his family on a number of weekends. One of my most vivid memories from the cottage was the time when Kirk and I stayed out on the beach much longer than we should have, in a time when there was no sun screen and little awareness of the harmful damage that could be done by the sun. Both of us got very badly sunburned. It was hard to sleep on my back because it was so painful and by the next day my whole back was one large solid blister. Later in the week I could peel large sheets of skin off my back.

On other weekends I would ride my bicycle over to his house and we would fish on the bank of the Potomac and occasionally catch something, usually river bottom catfish that we would throw back or give to "Negroes" [that was the polite term for Blacks in the 1950s] who fished for food along the river. Sometimes we hit tennis balls back and forth at one of the public tennis courts in the park along the Anacostia Flats (neither one of us actually knew how to play tennis) or swim in the municipal pool where (as Kirk reminded me by email recently) I taught him to swim; or we would fly kites or model airplanes. Afterwards I would ride my bicycle home, a trip of five or six miles with much of that distance up hill. But I was in pretty good physical shape between the long paper routes pulling the wagon or carrying the shoulder bag with 100 or more papers to deliver, riding my bike long distances, walking long distances to and from school, and then from home to the public bus stop and at the other end the long distance from the bus stop to school, and of course running track.

My academic performance as measured by grades in various subjects improved considerably starting with junior high school, when my periodic report cards showed mostly A-level performance and high honor roll regularly. I think there were two reasons for this change. First, I suspect that I was just bored with elementary school, which was not very challenging and I was not particularly interested in rote memorization anyway, which was necessary for learning multiplication tables, and with perfunctory "busy work" assignments. A second reason that was probably more important in the long run, I was tired of hearing Chick constantly criticize me and telling me I would never amount to anything. I was not aware of it at the time (at least not consciously), but I think I was trying to prove something to myself. I had already decided I did not care what Chick thought, because I had lost respect for him for the mean and petty things he did to me and the constant verbal criticism, which seemed intended to undermine me at every success I had.

To get to school on time I left for school by 7:45 a.m. and had to catch a city bus from the corner of Mississippi Avenue and 1st Avenue, S.E., a long city block away. Buses came along at that time of the morning about every 20 minutes and missing the 7:55

bus meant that I would be late for school. The bus did not always come on schedule, and there was some tolerance by school authorities about being late as long as it was occasional. Kramer Junior High School was a 20-30 minute bus ride away from the apartment. The bus route went down Nichols Avenue (now Martin Luther King Avenue), passed St. Elizabeth's Hospital, whose extensive grounds and facilities extended for almost a mile and which we understood to be a mental hospital, and then through a heavily Black residential area along South Capitol Street before arriving at the street where we got off the bus. From there we walked about a mile to the school. Schools in Washington in the 1950s were segregated. There was an entirely separate school system for Negroes, duplicating the structure of the white schools.

Blacks were expected to ride at the back of the bus, but Washington in the late 1940s and 1950s was a cosmopolitan city and this law was largely ignored on local transit buses. I had been brought up to believe that it was not polite to sit if women were standing (that was said without reference only to white women) so I always gave up my seat to any woman who was standing. Sometimes I gave it up to a Black woman, who occasionally showed some surprise. Occasionally a white male would make an unpleasant comment but I ignored any such mutterings. One time when I was on a bus with my mother and gave up my seat, my mother told me afterwards that she had not intended to mean Black women when she said I should stand for women, but she also felt that no harm was done and if I wanted to give up my seat, that was ok with her.

There didn't seem to be any friendship, warmth, tenderness or intimacy between my mother and Chick and very little if any public display of affection that I ever saw. Chick was never physically cruel to me but he was skilled at ways to undermine my self-confidence and he practiced deliberate mental cruelty. He used to make comments about my father, such as that I walked like my father, or that my father would be disappointed in me. On one occasion when I was in the 8th grade and I talked back to him he hit me (something that he rarely did) and I lost control and hit him back, fighting him with years of pent-up rage, knocking him down and getting on top of him, hitting him as hard as I could. He was surprised and stunned. My mother dragged me off him. He never hit me again and he never said a word about it afterwards. Some time later that day my mother said something, the details of which I do not recall, but it was to the effect that she understood why I was angry but that was not the way to deal with it.

Sex was an uncomfortable topic at our house. I never had any conversation with my mother or with Chick about sex. Apparently I was supposed to get my education in the street. I remember my mother telling me (for reasons I don't remember) that she thought sex was only for the creation of children, she didn't like it very much, even though it was necessary to create children she thought it was disgusting, and that she

didn't want or permit sex in her relation with my stepfather. I recall being extremely uncomfortable at that disclosure and wished that she had not said it. I'm not sure why she thought it was something I should know as she had never mentioned sex to me previously. Sex was a topic that was never discussed at home and I never discussed it with friends because it was apparent to me that I was supposed to know about it already and I was too insecure and embarrassed to reveal to my friends that I did not know much about it.

Summers in Washington were hot and oppressive. There was no air conditioning. We had a "box fan" in the living room where my mother and Chick slept but there were no fans in our bedroom. On long hot summer evenings we had the windows open and hoped for some breeze. Most of the time we slept in our underwear with not even a sheet over us. It was difficult to get to sleep on hot summer evenings. I would perspire just lying still.

In June of 1949 we went to Connecticut for about two weeks. I think we went by car. I remember being confused by roadside stands advertising "submarines" and couldn't figure out why there were submarines when we had not gotten to the sea yet, but eventually I learned the reference was to "sub sandwiches," I guess because of their shape. Other roadside stands advertised "grinders" (which I learned was short for "Guinea Grinders", a slang term for Italians combined with another term for sub sandwiches. We spent time in Connecticut shifting between Norwich (where Aunt Irene Broadhurst lived) and New London (where Aunt Evon Broadhurst Griswold lived). Mother and Chick did not remain with us in Connecticut, and I guess they went on to Vermont to visit other relatives of mother's. Aunt Irene worked for the city of Norwich, in the electric utility department, but Uncle Herbert was not working at that time so he was around quite a bit.

Joe remembers that we went to the movies almost every day with great uncle John Manning (brother to Grandma Elizabeth Manning Broadhurst) while we were in Norwich and Uncle John bought us ice cream afterwards. I recall Aunt Hattie's (Harriet Manning Miller) fish chowder, which was apparently the dish known in Nova Scotia as Finan Haddie. Joe told me that Evon and Tip were away that summer (but not the whole time we were there, because I remember Tip; he had one leg amputated because of cancer), so Irene was house sitting in New London. I remember swimming in the Thames River, which ran in front of their house at 391 Pequot Avenue. I learned to



swim in the Thames River by lying in shallow water, holding myself up by my hands on the bottom of the river along the shore, and figuring out how to "dog paddle." At least it was a start.

Evon's house on Pequot Avenue had a low ceiling at the bottom of the stairway to the second floor. In my usual haste running down the stairs and jumping the last few stairs, I forgot about the low ceiling and hit my head on the top of the door frame, knocking myself out momentarily. Irene was there while I was stunned and slowly coming back to consciousness. I remember the hit song "Irene, Good Night" (by the Weavers, I think) playing in the background in my semi-conscious state and it struck me funny. Whenever I hear that song it brings back the stairway incident.

Our cousin Patty (Evon's daughter, Patricia Griswold) had a boy friend named Gil, who had a convertible in which he took us for a ride several times. Gil was a photographer and he took the first professional photos of Joe and me. There were docks all along the shore in front of Evon's house at 391 Pequot Avenue, with boats tied up at berths along the dock, many of them deep sea fishing boats with platforms mounted on the bow that extended ten feet or so over the water. These were specialized tuna boats, and the platform was designed for throwing harpoons to catch the large tuna. From the front of Evon's house we could see U.S. Navy submarines coming and going from Groton, across the river. While we were in New London a young man, probably a friend of Patty, took us on a ride on a very fast mahogany Chris Craft inboard speedboat that could travel 50 mph over water. It was an incredibly powerful boat for that day and it was a thrilling ride for a 13-year old who had never been in a boat before (other than the slow cruise ship down the Potomac River to Mount Vernon).



I remember taking the bus to downtown Norwich and shopping at the "5 and 10 cent store" for souvenir junk and postcards to take back home. We visited some relatives that I did not know. I did not understand how they were related to us and no one bothered to explain precisely who they were and it did not occur to me to ask. Joe remembers that Irene took him to visit the *Norwich Bulletin*, the newspaper where our father had worked as a reporter and city editor. There were still people working at the paper who remembered him, including Miles Standish, a reporter and managing editor who was a longtime friend of my father. I have no idea why I did not go on that trip to the *Bulletin* office, and it is one of the regrets of my life that I did not find out more about my father and his family while I still had living relatives and while there were still people alive who had known him..

Joe and I were sent away to camp during the long hot summers as soon as we were old enough to go away from home over night. Chick did not present camp as a wonderful adventure and an opportunity to get out of Washington's summer heat—rather, he indicated that we were so troublesome that my mother needed a rest from us and he hoped that the order and discipline of camp life would cause a change in our behavior and attitude.



Later in the summer of 1949, just as I was turning 13, Joe and I were sent to YMCA Camp Letts, which was located in nearby Maryland on a river that flowed into the Chesapeake Bay. We stayed in wooden cabins in double bunks, which of course I was used to at that time. Swimming and boating were the major activities. I could "dog paddle" but could not really swim with a crawl stroke. I wanted to go out in the small boats, rowboat or canoe. Swimming classes were mandatory and I did not like the cold salt water with the stinging jelly fish. The swimming area had a net around it, but some jelly fish managed to get past the net.

In order to use a boat I had to pass a water survival test, either by swimming enough laps across the pool to equal a quarter mile or by treading water for ten minutes. I was not making much progress learning to swim the way they wanted me to, because they kept insisting that I had to keep my face in the water when I swam and turn my head to the side on alternate strokes to breathe, the classic crawl stroke. I did not like to

get my head under water. It made me sneeze. [I learned later that I had an allergic reaction with symptoms similar to asthma when I put my head under water, so all my life I have avoided swimming under water when possible.] The swimming counselors would not let me swim in my awkward way of keeping my head out of the water. They used the national YMCA swim program that had a series of steps swimmers had to go through, progressing from guppies to sharks. So I chose the option to tread water for ten minutes, and when I finally passed the survival test the color of my swimming "buddy tag" was changed from red to green and I was allowed to take out a rowboat or a canoe or swim in the deep section of the pool. The camp had many boats, rowboats, canoes, and sailboats and I had my first lessons in sailing that summer.



While at Camp Letts I was part of a group of campers that took an overnight trip on a Chesapeake Bay "Skipjack" - a very large sailing boat with a single mast with a mainsail and a jib but with an auxiliary engine for maneuvering in harbors. Skipjacks were traditional commercial fishing boats in the Chesapeake, but by that time many of the fulltime fishermen were using trawlers. We sailed down the river into the Chesapeake, then into the harbor at Annapolis, Maryland, where we dropped anchor and spent the night. We slept on the deck in sleeping bags. Sleeping on deck under the stars in that great harbor was a pretty exciting experience.

The following summer (1950) Joe and I were sent off first to Camp Sankanac, a church camp on French Creek near Pughtown, Pennsylvania, south of Pottstown. An adult "Bible

Conference" was associated with the camp and was located on adjoining property. Joe remembers that this was a religious camp where one couldn't go around without a shirt even when swimming. The camp program director (whose name was Joe Cosgrove, a student at Wheaton College, an evangelical bible college in Illinois) was also the director of radio programs for the Bible Conference, which had a regular Sunday evening live radio broadcast in Philadelphia and on other radio stations. [In 2006, 56 years later, Joe Cosgrove contacted me by email, having found this paragraph referencing him in the earlier web version of this autobiography.] The campers were marched over to the Bible Conference after the evening meal on Sunday to participate in the Sunday evening service.



For reasons I do not know or remember, maybe because I was an older camper and reasonably compliant, I was asked to be the announcer on the radio show one Sunday evening early in the summer. I was quite nervous but I managed to conceal it and apparently it went well. Joe Cosgrove told me I had the voice and the talent for announcing and he let me serve as announcer for the rest of the weeks I was at camp. I was a good reader and had lots of experience in church of being in front of a group to read, and of course I had listened to lots of radio shows, so I had an idea of how an announcer should sound. It was an exhilarating experience. I felt an emotional fervor, warmth and excitement in this group that I had not experienced before, and I suspect from hindsight that a lot of what I felt was confidence, approval and emotional support for doing something successfully. It was certainly an unusual experience for a 14-year old. I was excited to see how a radio show operated and to be able to work with a radio script, and in its own way this experience was one of several key events that led me gradually toward a career interest in religion.

Following the four weeks at Sankanac, Joe and I were sent away again for another four weeks, this time to Camp Sandy Cove, located on the shore of the North East River in the town of North East, Maryland. This was a very different type of camping experience. Sandy Cove had horses, which I learned to ride well enough that I was allowed to go on the weekly overnight camping trips on horseback. Camping out under the stars with just a bedroll carried behind the saddle, with one of the horses carrying the common supplies as a pack animal, was a novel and exhilarating experience and I loved it. When we reached the site where we were camping for the night we took care

of the horses, watered and fed them, hobbled them and tied them with a long line so they could move about reasonably freely but not get far away, cooked our meal outdoors on an open fire, listened to stories from the staff around the campfire, then spread out in our sleeping bags to sleep under the stars. It never rained on these trips. That was very fortunate.

Joe remembers that the camp director's son learned the hard way not to use poison ivy for toilet paper on camping trips. Our memories are very different.



Art - Camp Sandy Cove - 1950

I wanted to go back to Sandy Cove the following year and I was good enough with the horses that Miles Strodel, the camp director, offered me the position of "counselor in training" (CIT) for the following summer, with a regular assignment caring for the horses. I would not get paid, but my summer fees would be cut in half. Chick allowed me to go back to the camp as a CIT, but he wrote a letter to the director saying that he did not want me to have anything to do with the horses, that I was being sent away for the summer because I was not properly respectful and obedient to my mother and that letting me work with the horses would feed my tendency to want to do "showey" things and would seem a reward rather than a punishment. Miles Strodel, the director, officially assigned me to help with watercraft but in his wisdom I suspect he did not take the letter from Chick very seriously or he saw through Chick's hostility toward me.

He told me in the first days of camp that he was leaving some time unscheduled for me so that I could help with the horses when I wanted to. Joe did not go back to Sandy Cove that summer.

In the summer of 1952 Joe and I went once more to Vermont, this time for most of the summer. I was now sixteen years old. Joe was fourteen. We spent most of the time with the Pecors and a lot of that time was spent at the Pecor "Camp Ridgwood" in the mountains that we first visited in 1947. I loved being at the camp. It was a very casual and relaxed place. There were porch swings and there was a large screened jungle hammock hanging between the trees. We had lots of games, and we played badminton and croquet.

Camp Ridgwood was a hunting lodge, and apparently our uncles and their friends used it for deer hunting in the fall season. There were several guns in a wall-mounted gun rack in the den. One of them was a 16-gauge shotgun, together with a box of shotgun shells.

There was also a .22 caliber rifle and boxes of long rifle cartridges. One of my uncles told me I could use whatever guns I wanted. He was only there for the weekend and returned back to Montpelier to work. Joan, Kernie, Joe and I would take walks in the woods together and I usually carried one of the guns with me. I was careful with guns and had a lot of experience with them but I was also excited to be in the woods with a gun because it gave me an opportunity that I had not had before—pretend to be hunting. I was a pretty good shot with a rifle, having had lots of good training at paper targets at summer camp, although I had not used a shotgun before and I had never actually hunted.

I shot at just about anything that moved. I was not used to moving targets. Mostly I missed, but one afternoon we came across a chipmunk sitting on a log some distance away and I took a shot and was lucky enough to hit it—or maybe unlucky enough to hit it, because neither Joe nor the girls would speak to me for the rest of the day.

After that I took walks in the woods by myself. I decided it was better not to get the others angry at me and I still wanted to use the guns. One time I saw a deer, which was about as scared as I was, the deer choosing to disappear very quickly. I had no interest in shooting a deer and I was aware that it was illegal to shoot them out of hunting season. On another occasion I came across a mountain lion standing on the path in front of me about 25 yards away. Mountain lions in Vermont are not very big, only about the size of a large dog, but they can be pretty scary when you are alone and have never faced one before. I had a single shot 16-gauge shotgun, so I realized I would only get one shot and I was fully aware that at that distance a shotgun would not do much damage. We stared at each other for a moment, then I raised the shotgun and fired at the mountain lion; both of us turned and ran as fast as we could in opposite directions.

At one point during that week there was a scream from the direction of the outhouse. One of the women had opened the door to the outhouse and discovered a porcupine sitting on the seat. Someone had left the lid off the hole in the seat and the very large porcupine had crawled up from below the house. At close range a porcupine can be quite dangerous. They can literally throw their quills when they are angry or frightened. It was up to me as the oldest male around at the time to deal with the problem. I obtained the shotgun, loaded it with buckshot (which was the heaviest shell available), peeked around the door cautiously to see where the porcupine was sitting, and fired at close range. The porcupine swung his tail violently unleashing a barrage of quills all over the inside of the outhouse - but I had gotten him cleanly with one shot. I had to clean up the mess I had made and bury the corpse. But I was a hero for a day or so. I was the man around the house until the uncles came up at the end of the week.

There was a military surplus jungle hammock hanging between two trees in the front yard. Jungle hammocks have a canopy over head to protect from sun and mosquito netting sides that zip up to the canopy to keep out mosquitoes and other flying insects. It was fun to lie in the hammock, particularly with my cousin Joan, whom I decided I was in love with. We would lie there together reading or talking, seemingly for hours. My mother told me I should not spend so much time with Joan. But that advice or command, whichever it was intended to be, did not have much effect on either of us and Joan and I continued to spend innocent time together in the hammock.

Back in school in the 9th Grade I sang in the school's "Major Chorus" - a performing choir that was a major school activity in which about a third of the 9th grade students participated. It was an invitational chorus for which applicants had to try out, but it was an honor to get in and it counted as a full academic class (unlike other electives that counted only a partial credit). One of the highlights of that year was a performance on the early morning wake-up show on radio station WTOP in Washington.

The studio was downtown and our performing time slot began at 7 a.m. I had to get up at 5 a.m., take an early bus into downtown, and then find the radio station in downtown Washington. The station was a long way from the end of the bus run but I did not know what transfer bus went in that direction so I walked. Washington is any easy city to find your way around if you know the address, and I knew approximately where the station was located so I did not get lost. En route to the station I had a quick breakfast (hamburger and coffee) at the White Castle, a Washington institution that served tiny hamburgers for ten cents each and was open 24-hours daily, with stores located all over Washington. Fortunately I passed by one that morning.

In January 1952 I completed the 9th grade at Kramer and graduated to Anacostia High School, for the first semester of the sophomore year. Anacostia H.S. was located about two blocks from Kramer J.H.S. and closer to my D.C. Transit bus stop on South Capitol Street. It was a slightly shorter walk to and from school, but it was a world away socially and educationally.

High school brought some significant academic changes and some new activities. My 10th grade English class was taught by a demanding and stern woman with a Ph. D. in classics who was the school's lone and unhappy Latin teacher. She was not happy to be teaching English. She wanted to teach only Latin but classical languages were already in their decline so her schedule was fleshed out with English classes. My English class with her was large, about 50 students, seated in formal rows. She was a very formal teacher. Dr. Cantrell controlled the class with an iron fist and ruled with intimidation and fear. She believed that teaching English meant teaching grammar (she had no interest in literature) and she was a stickler for detail. Each student got one chance

to get the correct answer to whatever question she asked the student each day, as she went around the room one student after another in order, reviewing the answers from the homework assignments, giving either a check or an F. She instilled fear but we learned grammar!

There were numerous activities and clubs for students. I joined the photography club. I learned how to develop black and white film and print and enlarge photos. The school had a well-equipped dark room. I bought my first 35mm camera that fall (an Argus C3), much more complex than the Kodak "Brownie" box camera I had used up to that time. I had to learn how to use a light meter, understand the function of shutter speed (necessary for action shots) and "f-stops" to control light, the "speed" of film, the use of filters, and the other technical factors necessary to take good photos. I became a staff photographer for the school newspaper and I was assigned to take photos at athletic events. That got me into school events that I might not otherwise have attended.



The photography club's dark room was located in the chemistry lab and the club advisor was the chemistry teacher, which made sense since there were lots of chemicals used in developing photographs. I was taking chemistry that semester anyway and there

was a chemistry club for those interested. Since I was in the chemistry lab after school and already knew a few students in the chemistry club, I joined that club also. Neither club was particularly well supervised. I was encouraged to pursue some particular project in which I had an interest, so I developed an interest in chemical explosives. [These days that would probably get me on a terrorist watch list!] There was a lot of useful information in reference and chemistry books in the lab and it was easy to get formulas and instructions for some basic sensitive "trigger" chemicals for setting off an explosion — and I made a few of them. Most did not work or I did not make them properly, and in any event they were not particularly dangerous mixtures and they were made in very small quantities.

However I managed to create an unintended explosion in the lab one day after school. In class we had performed various experiments using a variety of different chemicals and we had been clearly instructed that both the metals *sodium* and *potassium* were dangerously explosive if they were not handled carefully and were allowed to dry out. One was kept in a water solution and the other was stored in kerosene. It was extremely important that when one of these chemicals was needed for an experiment that it remain submerged in its particular solution while the necessary quantity was cut and removed from the container. Somehow I mixed up the two in my memory and put a large chunk of sodium into the water-filled cutting tank, creating an instant explosion that showered the lab with flaming pieces of sodium, some of which were embedded in the ceiling. It was awkward to explain to the teacher what I had done in her absence to make such a mess, but she did not do anything by way of discipline other than comment that maybe next time I would be more careful to remember the particular chemical rules that applied to each metal. I had learned the lesson.

I joined the Jr-ROTC (Reserve Officer Training Corps) program, which in those days was a program conducted in every Washington public high school by the direction of Congress. This was shortly after World War 2 had ended and during the Korean War. We were very conscious of the need for a trained military. Congress wanted the nations capital to set the example. Conveniently, students who joined the ROTC program (which we called the cadet corps) did not have to take physical education, a bonus for me since I still did not like to take common showers in the locker room.

I had to buy my cadet uniform. The uniforms were navy blue with a white belt and gloves and an officer style navy blue hat. During the spring and fall when the weather was warmer than during the winter months, we shifted to "summer uniforms" of khaki dress pants and shirts, black ties and black belts. We wore ROTC uniforms every Tuesday and Thursday for "parade drill" and on the other days we wore regular school clothes, and either had a class session on military history and tactics or we drilled outside without uniforms.

We marched with military rifles, the Springfield 03-A3 standard issue army bolt action rifle from which the firing pins had been removed. We learned many of the same things that recruits learned in regular army basic training: how to march; military formations; how to take apart our rifles, clean and reassemble them; military nomenclature; and basic infantry tactics. We learned operational military tactics for a rifle company and practiced patrol formations with weapons for a 9-man rifle squad that included a 3-man rapid fire weapons team that carried a BAR (Browning Automatic Rifle). A regular military officer and several non-commissioned officers were assigned to each school; our assigned officer was Captain Robert Thompson, a retired infantry officer from WW2. He was assisted by two enlisted men.

Anacostia High School's military facilities were located in the school's basement and included an armory where hundreds of rifles were stored in locked cabinets, offices for the military staff, a classroom for military use, a gun and ammunition storage locker for the target weapons and cases of live ammunition (each wooden case held 10,000 rounds), and a target firing range for live fire practice with .22-caliber long rifle target weapons. The rifle range was as good a range as I have seen, well-designed with safety features including an electric target retrieval system. Firing weapons in an enclosed concrete and steel room is very noisy, and we had to wear ear protection when the range was in use.

About once a month we went on a field trip to a military reservation or base in the Washington area or within 100 miles. Most interesting of the various trips were to the Patuxent Naval Air Station and to the Quantico Marine Base, although we visited other military facilities also. We saw naval and marine fighter aircraft called in to attack a simulated tank formation located in a field a quarter-mile away from where we were observing. We ate with the enlisted personnel in the mess hall and saw first hand what sailors complained about. The navy food was plentiful but not something to enlist for.



We saw live fire artillery demonstrations targeting buildings and trucks that obviously had been attacked previously. We saw two marine fighter pilots each put a rocket dead center in a 10 x 10 foot white sheet spread out on the ground as a target. These demonstrations were designed to keep us interested in military life and to encourage us to go into Officer Candidate School at some later point.

I was very interested in riflery, which I had been introduced to in summer camp, and was able to demonstrate expert marksmanship fairly quickly. As my skill grew (I was on the firing range many days after school) I was able to put five consecutive shots into the same hole the diameter of a pencil and to shoot at and ignite a "kitchen match" mounted on the bull's-eye of the target. For that I was awarded a 'sharpshooter' rating that came with a medal that I could wear on my cadet uniform. About the same time I obtained a rating as a qualified NRA rifle instructor. I was 16 years old. We competed with other high school ROTC units in competitive matches.

More important to me, in the next semester not only was I a member of the school's competitive rifle team, I was also given the responsibility as "range officer" of the rifle range. That meant that I was the officer in charge of the rifle range whenever it was open and being used for target practice. Some of that use was during the classroom instruction period, but most of it was after school. Often Captain Thompson was not present in the area, and he was almost never actually in the rifle range itself, although sometimes he was in his office nearby. I operated the rifle range most days after school when I did not have another activity to go to. I had keys to the armory, the rifles and the ammunition locker. I was required to fill out standard military daily reports detailing who used the range and the amount of ammunition used, just as in any other military facility. It was good training. But in today's social climate that level of authority and responsibility for weapons in a school would just not be possible and it seems incredible that I had that much responsibility and access to weapons at age 16....

Our 7th Regiment ROTC unit marched in all significant parades in Washington. There were quite a few of them. We marched in the presidential inaugural parade for Dwight Eisenhower in January 1953. When we marched in full parade formation it was an impressive sight—there were 8 companies in the regiment, each with two platoons of about 25, plus the color guard, the drill team, the regimental command staff, and the regimental band. Combined with other regiments from Washington's high schools, the ROTC units made quite an impressive show. We thought we were ready for war.

The quality of education at Anacostia High School was very good. Requirements were firm, classroom presentation was good and for the most part real teaching went on, class misbehavior or disruption was rare, most students got C's, you had to earn A's and B's, and students regularly "failed" and had to repeat or drop courses. Social attitudes

were conservative by any of today's standards: there were girls "who did" and those that "did not" and everyone knew—or thought they knew-- "who did" - there was no sex culture as such, there were no drugs, and use of alcohol was confined to a few kids who were "punks" or trouble-makers. Most of them dropped out of school before graduation. There was some cheating on tests or homework, but those who were caught were punished by an "F" in whatever test or assignment was involved. My academic record continued to consist almost entirely of A's.



Television was rare. I had heard about it and I had seen an occasional television set with a small four or five inch black and white screen at a friend or neighbor's house. Television was only broadcast between 5 pm and 11 pm. When I saw a program it was usually "Howdy Doody," which came on in late afternoon. We never had a television set in our house while I was growing up.

In the summer of 1952 when I was 16 years old I was sent to Camp Wampanoag located on Buzzard's Bay, on Cape Cod, Massachusetts, as a Counselor in Training. That summer Joe was a camper in the Senior Unit. Camp counselors were generally college students from the selective colleges in New England. When I arrived at camp I learned they were one counselor short and there was a need for an additional junior counselor. There were several CIT's that summer and fortunately I was given the job. Instead of

being charged half the camping rate for the 8-week session, I actually earned a \$100 salary for the season.



Joe Broadhurst 1955

The camp specialized in sailing, but I was a novice at sailing, not having had much previous experience. I was put in charge of canoeing and had to develop a program to teach the basics of canoeing to the campers, including safety and self-rescue skills. I was also counselor to a tent group of six campers, all ten years old. I was responsible for their well-being (some kids got sick or homesick), their health and safety (which meant performing a daily inspection for poison ivy, tick bites, etc.), supervising the clean up of the tent for inspection each morning, supervising the rest period after lunch, and getting them to bed by the time the bugle signaled "lights out." There was an occasional bed wetter among the ten-year old campers, and part of the challenge was keeping that information from the other

campers. The parents of bed wetters provided several extra sets of sheets, and we found discreet ways of changing the sheets when they were wet so that other boys would not know. Some of the other boys were aware of the bed wetting, but they did not make life uncomfortable for the unfortunate boy.

Peter Fritz was a cute and charming blond-headed ten-year-old happy kid from Long Island who was in my tent unit that summer. Most kids came for the full 8-week period, but some only came for half-sessions of 4-weeks. Peter's parents were wealthy. During the summer when Mr. Fritz visited his son, he made a point of talking with me about Peter and always gave me a \$20 tip when he left. I did not know that counselors in private camps got tips, but it was a welcome surprise. Then at the end of the summer when the Fritzes came to pick up their son, Peter's grandfather gave me a \$100 tip. I was overwhelmed. That was equal to my pay for the entire summer. Other counselors were a bit envious, but that gave me wages that were equivalent to theirs, since most of them were experienced and were paid a larger summer salary. I thought this was a pretty neat way to spend the summer....

Wampanoag was a great experience, and even though I was sent to camp against my will to get me away from home, I decided about this time that I really liked camp. It was valuable for two reasons in particular: it provided an opportunity for me to develop self-confidence and it helped me to discover that I liked working at camps and with kids. Some of the counselors had attended prep schools and some of the administration were independent school teachers. As I thought about college and career objectives I

began to think of camp and recreation administration as a possible career option, or even teaching in an independent school.

That summer Aunt Irene Broadhurst drove up to Massachusetts to visit me at camp. I was just learning to drive. We did not have a car at home at that time. In those days a learner's permit was not necessary. A 16 year old could drive as a learner so long as an adult licensed driver was in the front seat. So I prevailed on Irene to let me drive her car, and I had a lot of fun (although I don't think it was as much fun for Irene!) driving around the area near the camp on the country roads. We drove down to Falmouth one afternoon and on another occasion we drove all the way to Provincetown. I had already done a lot of driving that summer--one of the older counselors had a 1941 red Chevrolet convertible and he let me drive his car whenever we went into town on our days off.

I went back to Camp Wampanoag as a counselor in the summers of 1953 and 1954. The owners of the camp were Dorothy Taylor, a strong woman in her 60s who had been an owner of Wampanoag for a long time and who lived most of the year in Newton, Massachusetts, and William E. Mulliken, who was headmaster of Friends Academy, a private junior school in North Dartmouth, Massachusetts, who had become an owner in recent years. They were enthusiastic and very able directors and they had a loyal following of parents largely from independent schools who sent their kids year after year. The program director was Lee Pattison, a tall and lanky 40-year old, an enthusiastic and charismatic leader and a great story teller, who organized the camp's daily program and directed the staff.

Most of the counselor staff were college students from the better small private colleges around New England, and most of them also returned each year during their college years and most had previously gone to independent schools. From these counselors I got to know something both about private camps and about the world of selective independent schools and colleges, and I liked the camaraderie very much. In the evening, after lights out, there was a gathering of off duty counselors in the old house that was the center of camp activities, where many of the counselors played bridge. Although I was younger than the other counselors, they treated me with respect and among other things taught me the elements of bridge and introduced me to my first beer. The camp experience played a major role in my later decision to pursue a career in teaching in independent schools.

We lived in the apartment on Wayne Place from 1944 until the summer of 1953. Chick used one of the wooden storage lockers in the basement to store files and boxes of old records, as well as Christmas decorations, our footlockers for camp, old suitcases and other items we did not have room for in our apartment. It was kept locked and I did

not know where he kept the keys. But I was curious as to what was in there that he was so secretive about.

In the late spring of 1953, just before we moved away from that apartment I saw some papers and letters on top of a file cabinet in the storage locker. He must have set the papers down and forgotten about them. I reached through the wooden slats of the storage room and was able to get hold of the papers. I was stunned to discover a very disturbing letter that Chick had written about me. I was determined to get into that storage room to see what else was in that file cabinet. It did not take me long to figure out that I could unscrew the clasp that held the lock and then could open the door without unlocking it.

Chick kept copies of every letter he wrote. There was a copy of a letter from Chick to Miles Strodel, the camp director of Sandy Cove Boys Camp, in which Chick said that he did not want me involved with the horses at camp because it was something that I liked to do but that I did not deserve it and should not be rewarded for my misbehavior at home. Another letter was to the Principal of Anacostia High School, written a few weeks before I discovered it and just after I had received a promotion in the ROTC to 1st Lt. of the 1st Platoon of A Company, the lead company when we were on parade. That was a significant honor that carried a lot of prestige and that involved wearing an officer's sabre (a curved dress sword) with my officer's dress uniform with gold epaulets. Chick's letter advised the school principal that I was unworthy of such an honor and he would not let me have the honor or hold the rank. I had wondered why my promotion had been suddenly withdrawn without explanation by the corps' military adviser a few weeks after I had won the promotion and just a few days before I discovered that letter.

I also discovered Chick's military papers. They showed he had been drafted into the army and then discharged as a private within six months "for the convenience of the service" because the war was over and he was no longer needed. He was not a Captain, as he had always claimed. (My father was a 1st Lieutenant and Chick had wanted to better him by one rank.) Chick did not serve overseas. He had not been in combat. He did not earn a purple heart.

I took the evidence of his lies and the treacherous letters upstairs to my mother, upset and crying, and threw them on the table. She read them a bit stunned but did not say anything at first, but then she made me put them back and told me not to mention that I had ever seen them. She said it would be better for me that way; otherwise we would make a bad situation worse. She betrayed her duties as a mother when she decided to pretend that she did not know what Chick had done. But I knew, and it hurt me more than I can say, both that Chick would do such a mean-spirited and

destructive thing and that my mother would let him get away with it. It left me feeling powerless and very alone. I think it was at that moment that I detached myself from both of them emotionally. I just would not let them hurt me again.

In the summer of 1953 we moved - without my prior knowledge - from southeast Washington to a small 2-bedroom brick rented house at 216 Lawrence Drive in Falls Church, Virginia. I would have been in the second semester of my junior year at Anacostia High School that fall. Neither Chick nor my mother had said anything about moving and I did not learn about it until I was met by Chick at the Greyhound bus station in Washington when I returned from Camp Wampanoag in August. I don't remember if Joe was with me at camp that summer. Chick casually told me that we had moved over the summer and we would be going directly to our new house. We traveled to our new home in Falls Church by taxi. We did not have a car. It was certainly an odd way to discover that we had moved, and it was a shock to learn that I would not return to the apartment that had been my home since the second grade, and that I would be separated from my school and my friends with no opportunity to say goodbye. It was devastating, but it was also symptomatic of our very dysfunctional family relationships.



Several weeks later I enrolled at Falls Church High School. That was a very different experience from Anacostia. I had completed 11A, the first half of the junior year, at Anacostia. Falls Church did not use the split year system, so I had to start the junior year over again. Falls Church High School was much less

demanding than Anacostia H.S.. There was a more casual attitude toward academics among students at Falls Church and I had the impression that not only was the school less demanding but the teachers were not in control to the same degree that they were at Anacostia. There was more disorder and rowdiness than I was used to. In part that was because Falls Church had students that ranged from 8th graders through seniors, whereas Anacostia had no students below 10th grade. That made a very big difference in the emotional and social climate of the school.

For the first time I had to ride a school bus to school. I could not participate as easily in school activities, clubs or sports, since I had no way to get home after school

if I did not ride the bus. We still did not have a car, though we lived in the suburbs where virtually everyone else had a car. There were some public buses in Falls Church but they were used primarily by commuters going into downtown Washington and they were not practical for transportation to and from school. Previously when I had attended Anacostia High School I always used public transport, which was frequent and cheap, so transportation had never been an issue as to whether or not I participated in school activities or was able to go to the homes of school friends. Those buses in Washington gave me freedom that I did not have in Falls Church....

The back yard of our rented house on Lawrence Drive in Falls Church adjoined the athletic fields of National Gardens Baptist Church, which very conveniently became our new church. Chick was away much of the time traveling on business. My mother attended church with us occasionally, but Joe and I attended regularly. It was an active Southern Baptist church and it made my mother uncomfortable. Mother didn't like southern people very much and she seemed put off by the informality and friendliness of the church people. I participated in a variety of church activities, from the church softball team to youth conferences at far away places, including a trip to Natural Bridge, Virginia, by Trailways bus with my friend Charles Reynolds.

The trip to Natural Bridge was an 8-hour trip on an inter-city bus. In those days Virginia law required Negroes to ride in the back of the bus, but Charlie and I regularly rode the school bus together and sat in the back because we were among the first to get on the bus in the morning. We went to the back of the Trailways bus as we were used to doing in the school bus. After we had been on the bus for quite some time it became evident to us that we were being stared at by both the Negroes and the white folks and we eventually realized that we were not supposed to sit in the back of the bus, which was reserved for Negroes, so we sheepishly moved toward seats in the front of the bus. [I used the term Negroes intentionally, because it was the polite term used in those days; the terms "Blacks" and "African-Americans" became politically correct many years later.]....

I was now in my junior year and I had to begin to think about a career and college. I had been considering becoming a physical education teacher or full-time camp director, since I had gone to summer camp every year since I was 13 years old, and making a career out of something I liked so much seemed quite a wonderful life. I had flirted briefly with the idea of a career in aeronautical engineering, since that was a hot new area of study at the time but the math and chemistry requirements specified in the Georgia Tech and University of Maryland School of Engineering course catalogs looked formidable and daunting and scared me off. There was no "college counseling" as such. Guidance counselors directed students to the college catalog section of the school library. I spent a lot of time browsing catalogs and looking at requirements to see

what I thought I could handle and what I might like to do. I needed guidance and encouragement that I did not get.

Sometime late in my junior year I gave up on those career options. Since I was interested in religion and I was encouraged by my church to consider ministry as a career option, and financial aid was available if I went that route, I determined that practical concerns dictated that I consider the ministry. The minister of the church, the Reverend J. Harvey Nichols, pushed me in that direction and promised scholarship money if I went to the University of Richmond, a college affiliated with the Virginia Baptist Convention. It seemed at the time a good option....

In the early spring of 1954 during my junior year our nuclear family suddenly disintegrated. We had lived in Falls Church for about nine months. Apparently Chick became unemployed shortly after we moved to Falls Church. There is a difference of memory between Joe and me about whether and when we knew that he was unemployed. I have no memory of knowing it. Family business was never discussed with Joe or me. I think my mother was also in the dark most of the time. There was no unemployment benefit in those days and years later I learned Chick had borrowed money from just about everyone he knew. That may have extended to people in our church. Somehow people in the church became aware that we were having hard times. Joe remembers that we had a gift basket of food left at our front door at Thanksgiving or Christmas.

I remember that Chick was around more of the time than we were used to. Chick was a compulsive liar and braggart. I had gotten used to it and I did not bring friends home if I knew he was there because he embarrassed me with his stories, which became increasingly unbelievable if you listened to him very long. That became a significant problem for me, since whenever we had friends in the house, usually in the basement area where we had a ping pong table and dart board and other games to occupy us, Chick would join us while we were with our friends and tell war stories or tall tales of his exploits around the world, being gassed in the trenches in France during World War I, his travels throughout China working with Chaing Kai Shek, or his friendship with Haile Selassie, the emperor of Ethiopia, or other adventures that could not all have been true since they all occurred during the same post-World War I period of time.

Chick also talked to church officials about sizable contributions to the church he could arrange but he always hinted darkly that these sources were criminals and gangsters who wanted to do some good and he seemed annoyed when people at the church had some reservations about accepting tainted money from characters with the shady background of the supposed contributors. Apparently Chick's tall tales raised some suspicions in the community about his propensity for telling untruths, but what I did not know was that while Chick pretended to have a job and left the house each morning

as if he was going to work, he apparently had not worked for some time and had not paid household bills including rent for the house we lived in.

Chick's odd behavior and difficulty with the truth had attracted the attention of some church leaders. On a Sunday in the spring of 1954 after the church service I was called into the office of the Rev. J Harvey Nichols, and there were some deacons there including Leonard O'Neal and Vernon Reynolds. Rev. Nichols told me that they had learned that our family was about to be evicted from our rented house on Lawrence Drive, that Leonard O'Neal had followed Chick when he left the house in the morning, presumably to go to work, and discovered that he generally sat on a bench in a downtown park and went to the downtown post office and checked a post box. [Mr. O'Neal was a U.S. Capitol policeman and apparently took his detective work seriously.] As a result of what he found, Mr. O'Neal did some checking around and found that an eviction order had been issued to be carried out on Monday.

I was told to go home with Joe and we — including mother — were to pack quickly because they were sending my mother to Montpelier, Vermont by train that afternoon and they had arranged for Joe and me to live at the home of church members. We were given just enough time to go home and pack a suitcase. When I got home I told mother directly to pack and get ready to go in a few minutes, that we were being evicted from the house, that we had to leave right away, that she was being sent to her home in Montpelier. She obeyed without resistance or question. I was surprised that she did not resist and did not ask any questions. She must have known already or at least sensed that something was very wrong. I became suddenly aware at age 17 of being in charge and she accepted it. All of us packed hurriedly, and within the hour we were in Rev. Nichols car, speeding down Arlington Boulevard headed toward Washington and Union Station to make the late afternoon train. There was not much time. Reverend Nichols bought a ticket for mother and put her on the train to Vermont.

We had to abandon everything in the house on Lawrence Drive that we could not carry in our suitcases. I saved whatever occurred to me at the moment, including my United States stamp collection and some photos and awards and a few other things. Our departure happened so quickly that I had no time to think clearly about what to take, but speed was impressed on me because of the departure schedule of the train that mother was to take to Vermont.

I have no idea what happened to my rifle or some of my other possessions., or even what I owned at that time. I have no memory of items moved from Washington to suburban Virginia. I do not know if my rifle or my bicycle were left in the house in Falls Church, but Joe told me that he had taken his rifle and had it until some years

later when he accidentally left it in Mexico. If it had been in Falls Church surely I would have taken it with me to the Reynolds. I suspect that I left it in the gun locker at Anacostia High School in the spring of 1953, of course expecting it to be there when I returned to school in the fall.

In a telephone conversation Joe told me recently that he had assumed our sudden abandonment of the house was something mother and I had planned with the church people. Joe assumed that I must have told the church people about our financial troubles, because he had not done so. He said he had no inkling that anything was going on until he came home from church that Sunday and was told to hurry and pack, that he was going to live with the Collins. He said that mother always blamed the church people for the breakup, but someone had to have told them about our situation. He reminded me that a food basket had been left at our door on either Thanksgiving or Christmas. Joe said he assumed that I told the church people since he never discussed family business with anyone, not his friends, not church people, not school personnel. Joe said that he was confronted by teachers at Falls Church High School about the trouble and had always assumed I had told school personnel to gain sympathy. I told Joe that school personnel knew because I had tried to withdraw from school to take the job at Sears and they had talked me out of it. I assume that school personnel also talked to Mrs. Reynolds, because she talked to me about staying in school, and somewhat later invited me to live with them.

In that same conversation Joe told me something else I did not know that indicates just how dysfunctional and bizarre our family really was. Mother had gone first to Vermont on the train, but a few months afterwards she went to live with her sister Lorraine in upstate New York. Sometime later she moved back to Washington to live with Chick in an apartment on Q St near Dupont Circle. I do not know the timing of these moves, only their sequence. I do not understand why mother did not tell me that she was back in Washington. I found out about her return to Washington 50 years later. During the summer of 1955 mother moved to an apartment in the Jefferson Village Apartments area of Falls Church, almost adjacent to the drug store in which I had worked. Joe left the Collins house and joined her there. I remember being in that apartment and I must have stayed there sometime on one of my trips home from college during my freshman year, but I have no memory of either mother or Chick being there.

After the forced breakup Joe went to live with Buddy Collins and his mother, a single parent who lived about a block from the church. I was assigned to live with the O'Neals, who also lived about a block from the church, in the other direction. The O'Neals had four children, Charles, who was a senior; Jackie and Janet, who were already in college; and Elsie, who was in my class. I was never comfortable with the

O'Neals. They were a good and kind family, but they were from the deep rural south of Mississippi and their customs and style of life were very different from what I was used to and I could not adjust to it.

For example, the O'Neals had fried chicken every Sunday dinner after church and I could not get used to the fact that often the chicken we ate for dinner had not long before been running loose in their backyard. Mr. O'Neal tried to teach me the art of "ringing the neck" of the chicken, which involved holding the chicken by its head, rotating it slowly and then jerking the neck suddenly, which caused the head to snap off and the now headless chicken to spurt blood from its neck as it ran around the yard. I felt sick when I saw this. They thought my distress was funny. The following Sunday Mr. O'Neal suggested that I could kill the chicken with the butcher knife if I wanted, but he obviously felt it a duty to teach this city kid an essential household skill. I could not bring myself to do it. It was obvious to me, and I guess to them, that this was not a good match. I began to spend more time with the Reynolds family. Charles and Steve Reynolds were my closest friends.

The O'Neals had a black Studebaker which Charles O'Neal drove to school. He was a senior, I was a junior. Sometimes he let me drive it. The following year Charles was attending Bluefield College, in Bluefield, Virginia, in the farthest southwestern tip of Virginia on the border of West Virginia. I visited him there, driving the family car; I'm not sure why I went there but I think I was sent there in hopes that I might also consider attending there with Charles. Bluefield College was a junior college affiliated with the Virginia Baptists.

My best friend was Charles Reynolds. I was very comfortable with the Reynolds, and they picked up pretty quickly on the fact that I was not happy at the O'Neals, so Mrs. Reynolds invited me to live with them. I was very happy and grateful at the opportunity. Charles' room was small, with just room enough for his bed and an upright dresser on which he kept his 45rpm record player and collection of popular hit songs of the 1950s. His younger brother Steve had a larger room with twin beds. I stayed in Steve's room.



Charles Reynolds - 1955

The Reynolds quickly became my new family. Charles was about my age. His brother Steve was a couple years younger. (Mike was a baby and Ginny was not yet born.) Vernon Reynolds worked at National Airport as a lead aircraft

mechanic for Capital Airlines. For the first time I experienced what it was like to be in a real family, where there was love and caring and conversation. It was different than anything I had experienced in my obviously dysfunctional family. They made me feel that I was part of their family. I was with them for holidays and even went on short vacations with them to their relatives' homes in Roanoke, Virginia. During this time I rarely heard from my mother; I received an occasional letter from her. She did not come to my high school graduation. The Reynolds did. I find it interesting and a bit sad that it did not occur to me to wonder what my mother was doing and where she was and why I did not hear from her, but I did not feel her loss so much as I felt that I had at last found a family with the Reynolds. I was hungry for love and affection and I had finally found it.

After the family breakup in the spring of my junior year I became aware that I was now on my own. I had no money and no job. I did not want to be a burden to the Reynolds and I was determined to help pay my way. I saw an advertisement in the local paper for a stock clerk at Sears Roebuck so I went down into Arlington to the Sears store to apply for the job. They hired me right away but told me I had to get an approval from my school. (I'm not sure why since I was old enough to quit school, but I think the personnel manager was wise enough to figure out that someone had to talk me out of what I was doing). I don't remember the details of what happened next, but I went to the guidance counselor

and whatever else happened I remember the Reynolds sitting me down that evening and encouraging me not to quit school, that it was not necessary, that things would work out just fine.



L-R: Mike, Vernon, Hilda, Ginny Reynolds
1966

So I stayed in school but I obtained a part-time job as a "soda jerk" at Graham Road Pharmacy, a nearby drug store that had a lunch counter that served hot and cold sandwiches, hamburgers and hot dogs, ice cream, and other short order items. I worked 5 days a week, 4 hours a day, 5 pm to 9 pm. I worked alone most evenings and had to "close" on week nights, which involved cleaning the counter, the grill and food serving equipment and putting away the food. Eddie Citron, the pharmacist-owner, let me eat whatever I wanted (within reason) at the counter during my break, which I could take only if business was slow enough so that I could sit down at the counter. Mostly that meant I cooked myself a hamburger or made a chocolate milk shake. Most nights I worked alone. Sometimes I had to work on Saturdays, either day or evening, and then often the day person worked with me. I got the standard wage at that time

of \$.75 per hour, \$15 per week for my 30 hours, which gave me enough money that I could contribute something to the Reynolds, although they rarely let me pay anything. But I was able to buy my own clothes and had some spending money, so I was doing fine financially. [Later in an interesting coincidence Joe worked at Jefferson Village Pharmacy, a few blocks farther away, owned by Elliott Citron, brother of Eddie Citron. Joe tells me that Elliott was a lot nicer than Eddie.]

People in the church were apparently more aware of my needs than my mother was. I did not have leather dress shoes; someone in the church became aware of that, believed that I should have them, and took me shopping for black Florsheim dress shoes. Someone else (actually the mother of my "girl friend" at the time) observed that I could not see as well as I should, and made arrangements through the local welfare bureau for me to have an eye exam and to obtain my first eyeglasses. One day while running in the front yard, chasing Steve I think, I fell over a bicycle that was on the walkway and landed on my head on the flagstone sidewalk in front of the Reynolds' house. I was cut badly on my face and lip, my front tooth had penetrated through my upper lip and I needed stitches. They took me to their doctor and he stitched it up, but there was never a bill that I was aware of. If there was, Mrs. Reynolds paid it without saying anything.

I have fond memories of the Reynolds house at 218 Strathmeade Street (later the number was changed to 2954). In the basement of the house Charles had a collection of model trains which he was constantly expanding. I think, but cannot recall clearly, that he collected both the larger Lionel engines as well as the smaller HO gauge trains. [I had an American Flyer train, set up in the basement at Lawrence Drive, but that was abandoned along with everything else.] He also had a collection of mechanical banks. There was a heating stove in the basement into which we could put almost anything that would burn including cardboard and wadded up newspapers and it would heat up the basement very quickly. Sometimes it became too hot. We spent a lot of time in the basement.

Vernon Reynolds was a lead mechanic for Capital Airlines (which I think merged with National Airlines later) at National Airport. He drove a green 1937 Plymouth with a floor mounted gearshift and wide running boards, a car that I always admired. We affectionately called it *The Green Hornet*. He kept that car in first-rate mechanical condition. I always hoped that when they were ready to dispose of that car that I could buy it, but I was away at college when they decided to sell it, and my brother Joe bought it. He managed to wreck it within a few months of getting it.

Sometime during my senior year Joe and I each received a check for \$1000 from the estate of my great-uncle John Manning (brother of my grandmother Elizabeth Manning

Broadhurst). I had heard his name mentioned but we did not keep contact with the Broadhursts and at that time I did not know exactly who he was, but I was grateful to get the check and used it to purchase my first car. Vernon helped me select a four-door 1950 Dodge Meadowbrook Sedan, shiny black, with "fluid drive" – an experimental hybrid transmission that preceded the automatic transmission that we use today. It had a gear shift lever on the steering wheel, three forward gears and a clutch. Shifting gears or using the clutch when stopped was not necessary so long as the car was kept in third gear when the car was stopped. A fluid torque converter between the engine and the clutch prevented damage to the engine when the clutch was not used. When approaching a stop light, you used the brakes to come to a stop without pushing in the clutch pedal, leaving the car in third gear, and would then start off again by pressing on the accelerator without using the clutch. You would pick up speed very slowly because the car was still in third gear. This was supposed to be an impressive automotive break-through but it was not very practical and we jokingly called it the "slush-a-matic" transmission.

Vernon Reynolds thought I should learn to take care of my car and be able to perform routine maintenance on it including changing the oil; and since I did not have much money, I thought that was a good idea also. One day in the spring of my senior year he taught me how change the oil and oil filter and I had just completed that task. He had been working on his car at the same time and was in the basement working on something. He asked me to go out to my car and bring him the air cleaner and he would show me how to clean it. I didn't know what an air cleaner was, but I looked around for something that could be an air cleaner and I brought him the cap to the oil filler pipe, which had steel mesh inside the cover that was not quite as fine as steel wool but it was the only thing I could see that looked like it could be what he wanted. So I brought it to him. He took it from me, looked at it, and asked me what I wanted him to do with it. I said he had asked me to get the air cleaner. He broke into laughter, and said, "you know, for a kid as smart as you are, you sure are dumb!"

I had learned the hard way that the air filter is a large round filter located inside the round steel casing that covers the carburetor that keeps dirt and dust from getting into the carburetor along with the air mixture, and that it needs to be vacuumed out periodically and eventually replaced. But he treated me just as he would one of his own kids, and while I was embarrassed by that incident I took it as a fatherly thing for him to have done. That phrase stuck with me and it served as a reminder to me through the years that my academic and intellectual accomplishments and interests could not be an excuse for not being able to do the ordinary things of life and I would still be "dumb" if I did not learn to do routine car maintenance or home repair or even computer maintenance. It was an important lesson....

During the fall of my senior year, encouraged by my school, I took a competitive exam and won the top prize scholarship to the University of Virginia, a 4-year grant of \$6000, \$1500 each year for four years, which was a lot of money in those days. Eventually and reluctantly, I decided to turn it down. I was afraid that \$1500 was not enough to cover my expenses for the year because the University of Virginia (despite being a state school) was a considerably more expensive school than the University of Richmond. Tuition was slightly lower, but room and board at Virginia was considerably more expensive.

More important at the time, my church would only provide financial assistance if I went to a Virginia Baptist affiliated university, and that meant the University of Richmond. I was not particularly disappointed at having to give up the scholarship, because I was fearful that Virginia might be more competitive than I was used to. I lacked confidence in my ability to compete academically.... Although I had a straight-A academic record and was the valedictorian of my high school graduating class, I had no idea how I compared academically with students elsewhere. I was conscious that the quality of education at Falls Church was not as good as at Anacostia High School, but after I was in college I became aware that my high school preparation was pretty good and I was at least as prepared as other students in my college class. I rarely got a grade below an A in college and was selected for *Phi Beta Kappa* toward the end of my junior year. I finished first in my college class.

In the middle of my senior year, during the two week Christmas vacation, I worked as a mail carrier. The Post Office hired temporary workers to deliver the mail at Christmas time, and I was able to get one of those jobs. Postal workers were paid pretty well, and even as a temporary worker I got pretty good wages. I delivered mail on a regular mail route. The mailman on that route spent more time at the Post Office sorting mail and organizing it for delivery. In those days there were two mail deliveries each day. The heavy volume of mail required more time to sort and organize than the regular carrier could handle, so temporary workers handled one of the daily deliveries. I was fortunate enough to get one of those jobs, and I continued to do that job for two subsequent years when I was in college but came home to the Reynolds for Christmas.

In June 1955 I graduated from Falls Church High School. Our graduation ceremony was held at the Lisner Auditorium of George Washington University. I had to deliver the valedictory from memory—they would not allow notes or a written text. Lisner was a huge auditorium used for many large public events and I was very scared as I started the speech, but somehow I got through it. I was able to control my emotions and my voice, but my legs were shaking and I was perspiring heavily. Mother was not present at my graduation. According to Joe, and unknown to me until now, my mother was living

with Chick in Washington at the time of my graduation, making her absence from my graduation even more disappointing and incomprehensible.

I had been working at summer camps for several years prior to my graduation, and I had come to love the experience, which I believe had a lot to do with helping me mature socially and acquire the independence and leadership that proved invaluable later; but now that I was graduating and was headed off to college, I thought I needed to get a "real" summer job. On the advice of a member of my church who worked for the Federal government I took the Civil Service Examination for clerk-typists and placed high enough on the list to be able to qualify for a GS-3 job at the Agriculture Department. My job was to type marketing orders and correspondence for the signature of the Secretary or Under-Secretary of Agriculture. I worked there in the summers of 1955, 1956 and 1957. Downtown Washington was a wonderful place to work -- on my lunch break I had the opportunity every day to visit the Smithsonian Institution's impressive exhibits, art galleries, Natural History Museum and the Army Medical Museum, which were all within a short walk from the Agriculture Department's main building where I worked.

In September 1955 I enrolled in Richmond College, the undergraduate division for men at the University of Richmond. The trip from Falls Church, Virginia, where I was living with the Reynolds, was about 110 miles and the drive took about $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours. My first dormitory was one of the "temporary" buildings that had been built quickly during World War 2 as barracks for military officers being trained at the University. They were poorly built in the early 1940s because they were expected to be taken down at the end of the war, but the University decided to keep them for use as freshman dorms. By 1955 they had used up their useful lives. They were not air conditioned and were always uncomfortable: too hot in the Richmond summers and too drafty and cold during the winters. We survived....

Because I was receiving financial aid from the university I was required to participate in the campus work program. Someone gave me what turned out to be good advice, to try to get on the dishwashing crew at Westhampton College, the women's college of the university. It was located on the other side of the campus, across the lake and on a hill. The reason was clear and welcome—the food was better at Westhampton. There were 8 men on the dishwashing crew and I managed to get one of the slots.... The job was hot and unpleasant, but was counterbalanced by the significantly better quality of the food so it was probably a fair trade....

I went "home" to Falls Church to the Reynolds house as many weekends as I could. Their home had become my home and I felt better there and more comfortable with the Reynolds than I ever felt with mother and Chick. I spent Christmas vacations

there. I had the black Dodge sedan I had acquired in the summer after my senior year, so I could go home when I wanted. Sometimes other students rode with me and helped out with gas. Insurance cost me about \$100 a year and gasoline was widely available for about 30 cents per gallon—except in the areas along US 1 north of Fredericksburg where the constant gasoline price wars sometimes kept the prices as low as 15 cents per gallon.

A job with the post office at Christmas was considered a good one to get. I took the civil service exam for mailmen and scored high enough to land a Christmas temporary job at the Falls Church post office, which lasted two or three weeks at Christmas. Mailmen in those days delivered the mail twice a day, and I was able to get the route that included the Reynolds house, so it was familiar territory. I remember coming home some days cold and wet or exhausted from tramping through the snow all day and thinking that the mail carrier's slogan that rain, snow, sleet or cold did not deter them from their daily rounds was not such a good idea after all.



Richard H. "Dick" Wood

In Richmond I met Dick Wood and his family. They sort of "adopted" me into their family. Over the next few years I spent a lot of time with the Wood family and went on frequent weekend trips with them to their summer home near Bertrand, Virginia on the Rappahannock River near its mouth where it entered the Chesapeake Bay. I learned to water ski there. There was a boat ramp on the James River a short ways out of Richmond where the River was flat and wide and Dick and I went water skiing there several times when I was staying with them in Richmond, towing their boat behind their station wagon.

I decided sometime during the 1956-57 year that I could no longer afford a car. The financial pressure was too great. I sold the car. Then, in the spring of that year I purchased a 1957 Harley Davidson motorcycle, a two-cycle 125cc. machine known as the "Harley Hummer." It had a top speed of 60 mph (going down hill or with the wind behind me!) but it got 100 miles per gallon and insurance was not required, so my cost for transportation back to Falls Church, and around Richmond, became significantly less than with a car....

I graduated from the University of Richmond in June 1959, first in my graduating class once again.

In the summer following graduation from Richmond I obtained a job as a program administrator at the YMCA camp for Richmond, which was located east of Richmond on the James River. Dick Wood went with me as camp bugler for a week that summer. Generally Dick went to a private camp in North Carolina. Later that summer I went with Dot Wood to help her drive on the trip to take Dick to camp in NC. That was the summer, I think, that I spent a longer time at the Wood's cottage on the Rappahannock. The cottage needed some work and Charlie Wood asked me if I thought I could put a new roof on the cottage. It did not look like it would be very difficult to do and I told him that I could manage it, so Charlie had the shingles delivered to the cottage. The family went to "the river" for the weekend and left me up there during the week to do the roofing. I had the use of their boat and a little red International Farmall cub tractor (an antique) for transportation (there was a country store about two miles away that I could get to by tractor) and enough food for a week. They came back the following weekend to find the new roof had been installed. It was hot work, but the time by myself was enjoyable. I spent my free hours fishing, taking the boat out for a spin, mowing the fields with the tractor, or hiking along the old country road.

I needed that summer break before heading north to Rochester, New York, for graduate school to pursue a career about which I had some serious doubts. In September I drove north, stopping in Falls Church to visit the Reynolds, then headed up US 15 to Rochester. It was September and it was increasingly cold as I drove north. Fall had arrived early, the days were considerably shorter than they were in Virginia, the leaves were rapidly losing their fall color and were already dropping from the trees in great heaps on the sidewalks.... It was symbolic of what was to come....

Fortuitously in the spring of 1960 I was asked by one of the faculty, the professor of New Testament James Rodney Branton, to work with him as co-pastor of a rural church about 35 miles west of Rochester in the Town of Gaines.... He did not have time to assume that responsibility alone, and it seemed like a much better position for me than the downtown Rochester church where I had few serious responsibilities, so I accepted the offer with pleasure. The Gaines Congregational Church was a rural church in a largely farming community about 35 miles from Rochester. Dr. Branton and I worked well together, alternating the duties so that they fit into our respective academic schedules....

In the spring of 1961 Dr. Branton and I had prepared for Good Friday and Easter services. I had driven out to Gaines on Thursday afternoon to stay in the home of a parishioner. I think it was at the home of Winton and Nina Hatch. Our Good Friday service was scheduled for Friday afternoon, and shortly before the service was scheduled to begin I got a phone call from Rochester that Dr. Branton had suffered a massive heart attack a short time previously and had died suddenly. That was a shock

in more ways than one—I not only lost my mentor, but I had to carry on with the most important services of the year by myself. I had an easier time with the events of Good Friday than I did with Easter Sunday, but I managed to get through the weekend without any major blunders and was able to create the necessary sermons “on the fly” to my amazement.

For the next two years I commuted from Rochester to Gaines on weekends, staying at the home of one of the parishioners each time. They were wonderful people, tradesmen, farmers, school teachers, small business owners, some landed gentry whose income source was not apparent, factory workers, blue collar folks for the most part, in other words, a typical protestant congregation whose members attended church regularly but did not want to take their religion too seriously or think much about it.

Gaines is a rural community situated along New York's Route 104, the ridge road roughly paralleling the south side of Lake Ontario that stretches out between Rochester and Buffalo, just north of the Village of Albion in Orleans County. The church building, which had been built literally by the members of the church from timber that had been cut locally, was located adjacent to the Grange Hall and a quaint country store. Life and modernity had largely bypassed Gaines then, and even now the town has not changed much in the more than 40 years since 1961 when I became the student minister at the Gaines Congregational Church.

There were some interesting and delightful families in Gaines. It did not take me long to observe that this was a very inter-connected community with a tangled web of relationships. Most everyone in town seemed to be related to many other people, and it took a chart to help me understand the relationships.... One of the homes in which I stayed from time to time was that of Edward and Marguerite Hamilton. He was the Sunday school superintendent. Both Ed and Marguerite were community leaders, active in both church and PTA. They had a daughter, Carol Sue, who was away at college, and a son Richard, who was a member of the youth group. After some confusion over whether our first date was actually a “date” and some time after our first casual meeting at her home, Sue and I began to date for real, and we were married on June 15, 1963....



Graduate theological education requires three years of study beyond the undergraduate baccalaureate degree. It is a long road. Summers provided some relief from the combined pressure of school and church. Fortunately the Gaines church was used to having theological students as pastors, so they were used to not having their minister available during the summer months.

During the summer of 1960 after my first year at Colgate Rochester, I got a job as chaplain at the Manatoc Scout Reservation, outside Akron, Ohio, having found the job through a posting on a bulletin board at Colgate Rochester. Manatoc hosted Boy Scout troops and Explorer posts that came to the camp for a week with their own leaders who were responsible for supervising their troops. Large military style tents with wooden floors and bunks were provided by the camp. The camp staff provided program activities. As part of the program there was a morning devotional each day that troops could attend with their leaders, or not, as they preferred, and that daily program was the chaplain's primary responsibility. I had a cabin provided for my use, and during part of the time I had a surplus military jeep to use to get around. The chaplain's job was not much of a challenge and I was bored by it. During the next two summers I continued to work at Manatoc, but I took the position as Rifle Range Director. That gave me a lot of time to keep up my marksmanship skills....

In June of 1962 I graduated from CRDS. I decided to remain at the Gaines Church while I figured out where to pursue the doctorate and how to finance it, or alternatively found a larger suburban church that could provide a better living and that was tolerant of my progressive religious outlook. I was tired of the academic pressure and wanted a year off anyway....

I was now a minister in a rural parish. My formal theological education had ended and my practical theological education had begun. Gaines wanted a full-time minister but could not really afford it yet. They agreed to pay me \$30 per week, not much more than I was getting as a student minister. I could not have lived on that even in those days. Fortunately an opportunity came along that provided the means to remain at Gaines as their minister. One of the church elders was the current chair of the Board of Commissioners of Orleans County. New York State had just implemented a change in their judicial system that mandated counseling services be provided by the Family Court in each county, and in Orleans County it was decided that the service would be provided under the jurisdiction of the Probation Department. The commissioner approached me and asked for help in writing the job description. The more I learned about it, the more it was obvious that I had the background and training necessary for family counseling, so I indicated my interest in doing the job myself. He agreed it made sense and got the position approved by the Supreme Court judge responsible for the Family Court and by the Board of Commissioners.

I was made an officer of the Probation Department, earning about \$65 per week, and found that the job came with powers as an officer of the court, including the power of arrest and the authority (and duty) to carry a concealed weapon. The job actually involved counseling with juveniles as ordered by the court as part of a probation order, marital counseling in family disputes that came under the jurisdiction of the court, and special investigations for the court in adoption and termination of parents' rights proceedings as well as background reports preparatory to sentencing in criminal convictions....

In the spring of 1962 when the decision for me to remain in Gaines after graduation had been made, it was no longer practical or desirable that I continue to stay in members homes, so I bought a used 35-ft mobile home and had it installed behind the church next to an old cemetery. I had not realized that the cemetery was there until after the mobile home had been installed. A septic tank had to be put in and that became my job. I borrowed a tractor with a shovel and dug the hole for the tank and the ditch for the pipe. One of the church members gave me general instructions on how to install the septic system. I used a 50-gallon drum for the tank. Of course that would not work for the long term and it would never pass inspection if there was any inspection, but this was long before the days when such requirements existed in rural areas. Water and electricity were run underground from the church, so there was no separate meter for either. The mobile home was heated by an oil furnace, so an oil tank was installed outside the home. There was no phone. I used the church phone if I needed to make phone calls....

In the spring of 1963 the mobile home burned down. My office during the week was in a building adjoining both the courthouse and the sheriff's office. That day I had stopped somewhere, probably the grocery store, on my way home. A deputy that had been looking for me spotted my car and pulled me over to tell me that my home was on fire. I had red flashing lights mounted behind the grill of my car, and that was one of the few times I used them, but I got home quickly, to find that the mobile home was a total loss. Most of my books were inside in a bookcase near the door, and I was able to rescue some of them. The fire department blamed arson for the fire and suspicion fell on a juvenile that I had arrested a few days before for violation of a probation order. I was back to living at the home of church members, but this time I had no desire to keep moving around, so I stayed at the home of Winton and Nina Hatch, who lived about a block from the church.

In June I was to be married to Sue. I needed a place to live. Just prior to our marriage Sue and I had bought a small 2-bedroom house at Point Breeze, on the shore of Lake Ontario, about five or six miles from town. The house had not been lived in for two years; its owner had moved to Florida after her husband died. One of the

attorneys that I worked with regularly on court business was also a real estate broker, and he mentioned that he had a listing for a house located on the lake that he had never seen and had forgotten about, but he suggested I look at it, and he gave me the key. It was a cute little house, situated high up on a bank overlooking the lake, with a pebble beach and three acres of land. The owner was asking \$12,000. I had no idea how I would get a down payment, but the lawyer suggested I offer a low price, see what happened, and then worry about how to pay for it. That sounded like a reasonable plan, so I offered \$8000 and it was immediately accepted. The bank said they would give me a mortgage but I had to have 20% down payment. Ed Hamilton, my future father in law, offered to sell some of his Bell telephone stock and he gave me the \$1600 I needed for the down payment.



Sue and I were married in June 1963 and moved into the house. The view there was spectacular. The house was small but comfortable; it had an innovation in heating for that time, glass panels mounted in the walls that heated the rooms with electricity. Like other houses in the area, there was a dual water system. The house had a well for drinking water but even though on the shore of a lake, well

water was unreliable. Water for showers, flushing toilets and laundry was provided by a 5000 gallon cistern in the basement of the house that stored rainwater that was drained from the roof and flowed through pipes into the storage tank. Sinks had three faucets, the extra faucet for water for cooking and drinking.

We had a wonderful time at that house during the summer. We acquired a small boat with a 10-hp Mercury engine, which we kept on the rocky beach, and of course we had an outdoor grill for barbecues. Three acres was a lot of grass to cut with a hand-pushed lawnmower and I decided to let two of the three acres remain as a field with uncut hay. I could get a local farmer to cut the hay each fall, the value of the hay his compensation, a fair deal for all.

However life must move on, and the stay at Gaines for that final year after graduation had been intended as an interlude between Colgate Rochester and a doctoral program. I had concluded that even with a fellowship I could not manage the costs of a doctoral program without also being minister of a church and stretching out the doctoral program. I was not willing to do that. So I put out some inquiries to prep schools through the Council on Religion in Independent Schools. I did not need a doctorate to

teach at that level. That could lead to a viable option that would focus my career toward education rather than parish ministry.

In late August of 1963 on a Friday evening I got a phone call from Norman Wakely, who identified himself as the Assistant Headmaster at Cardigan Mountain School in Canaan, New Hampshire. He invited me to come up to New Hampshire to look at his school. Our conversation was a comedy of miscommunication errors. He was not clear that he was looking for someone with my background in religion to teach religious studies and to be the school chaplain. I had spent that week talking to a number of out of state schools as places for Orleans County to send juveniles as an alternative to the state training schools in New York, who were primarily for hardcore delinquents and youth criminals. I had the authority to make arrangements with private schools (such as George Junior Republic, a privately run delinquent facility) for placement and would obtain an order from the Family Court judge for the placement once arrangements were made. I heard his conversation in that context, and I kept telling him that he could send me the information and I would consider it, but that I did not want to go to New Hampshire just to visit a school.



Norm Wakely was persistent, however, and called me again the following week. This time I got the message that he had gotten my resume from the Council on Religion in Independent Schools and he was talking about hiring me as chaplain and as head of the religion department at Cardigan. Sue thought I should look at Cardigan as an opportunity, so with some reluctance I agreed to a visit over Labor Day weekend. We decided that we would use that trip to go to Boston for a visit with my mother, who had not come to the wedding and had not met Sue.

We were delighted by our visit to Cardigan. It was a beautiful campus set on the shores of a small and charming lake. The faculty was friendly and cordial. A new and elegant chapel had been built on the campus by a renowned Boston architect, with wonderful office and classroom facilities. The "mission statement" for the religion department was compatible with my liberal theological beliefs (although we did not know at that time that the Unitarian headmaster was soon to be fired and Norman Wakely, the assistant headmaster who was trying to hire us, had a quite different and more traditional philosophy in mind). After our weekend stay, while driving away from

the campus, Sue and I looked at each other and agreed that we should accept that job and start our life together in this exciting new context.

After leaving the campus we drove down Route 4 through southern New Hampshire to Boston to spend a couple days with my mother in Boston. My mother had a tiny second or third floor apartment in a row apartment building on Commonwealth Avenue in Boston that was reached by taking what appeared to be a freight elevator. Mother's bed was in a sleeping alcove in the apartment. Sue and I slept on a sofa bed in the living room. Mother was a constant smoker and the apartment was filled with a smoky haze. After we had gone to bed mother was up for several hours in the kitchen doing endless cleaning that seemed to have no point. During most of that time she chatted on endlessly about her job, its challenges, its personnel, local gossip and the intricacies and mechanics of keeping financial records. She was oblivious to the fact that we were trying to sleep. Eventually she went to bed and snored and coughed loudly throughout what remained of the night. It was a necessary but boring and uneventful few days.

After arriving back in Gaines from our visit with my mother in Boston I called Norm Wakely to tell him that I would accept the position and we worked out specifics for a contractual agreement. I would report for duty at the end of September. We were given a small two-room apartment on the second floor of Brewster Hall, the dorm closest to the chapel. The apartment had an efficiency kitchen hidden behind sliding doors, but since our meals would be in the dining room it did not matter much to us. My salary was \$3600 per year, but housing, meals when school was in session, utilities and telephone were provided, so we had virtually no expenses. I was feeling pretty good about our financial condition.

We remained at Cardigan for four years. They were some of the best years of our lives. My teaching duties went beyond religion, where classes were oriented toward the history and literature of the biblical period, and a course in values and ethics as a basis for decision-making; at various times I taught classes in English, ancient history and algebra. During those years all faculty had non-academic responsibilities, such as supervising dormitories and trying to create some semblance of a normal home environment, and serving as advisors and coaches for various activities during the different seasons. Since I had experience with waterfront activities, I soon was responsible for the boating activities and the sailing team, and at other times I was responsible for the rifle program.

Since I was a southern boy, I had no experience with the two activities that dominated the winter months—skiing and hockey. Someone figured I could do the least damage as assistant hockey coach, and since I had never seen a game of hockey before and had never been on skis, I guess that was the logical decision. However I soon learned to

skate and also to ski well enough so that in the following year I was at least good enough to teach basic skiing to those who, like me, had no previous experience with skis before arriving at Cardigan.

During the years we were at Cardigan we had our first child. Sandy was born in November of our second year. We acquired our first car that was more than minimally adequate basic transportation in April 1964, a few days after they first went on sale—a 1964 aqua Ford Mustang, with a V-8 engine, automatic transmission, leather bucket seats, center console, and a white automatic electric top. As delivered our car cost \$4000, but the monthly payments were quite affordable.



We also acquired a tiny vacation home in the mountains a 30-minute ride from school. It was a 10 by 20 foot empty shell built on five acres of land reached by a dirt road up a mountain that was inaccessible in winter. But it was ours. We added a front deck and we installed a used propane gas refrigerator purchased from a farmer who had installed electricity. The refrigerator operated on the Servel principle -- lighting a small propane flame at its base. Surprisingly it was cold enough to make ice, something that amazed all who saw it.

Many of the students we knew in those days became friends as well as students and have kept touch with us through the years. We were substitute parents to many students whose own families were broken, or whose parents had jobs overseas and sent their kids away to school for any number of reasons. Some of the kids were "forgotten" at holidays, and there were times during the spring vacation period when we took kids with nowhere to go on week long ski trips to Mount Killington, or took them with us on weekend vacations. Other times we were invited by families to their homes elsewhere in New England for a weekend holiday. Forty-five to fifty years have passed since we were at Cardigan and we still hear from some of our former students occasionally.... That was the most satisfying of my several careers.

